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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS:

A CONTRIBUTION TO BAPTIST

History and Biography

BY JOSEPH RICKER, D. D.

With an Introduction by G. D. B. PEPPER, D. D., LL. D.

AUGUSTA: [Me.]
BURLEIGH & FLYNT, PRINTERS.
1894.

PREFACE.

The author is well aware that to some, this volume may appear chiefly conspicuous for what it does *not* contain. To such, be they few or many, he begs leave to say that, from its very scope and purpose, the book could never rise above the level of the partial and the fragmentary,—could never, in any event, reach a stage where “finishing touches” would be in order. As its title indicates, it deals with matters that pertain to only a single life-time; and even of these, it could deal with comparatively few. The line must be drawn somewhere, and *just where*, was not left very much in the discretion of the author. The adverse and determining factors in the case were, lack of strength and lack of space. To have made a very large book would have been impossible under existing circumstances, and unwise under *any* circumstances. It is a real grief not to have been able to pay loving tributes to many other names that are dear to the denomination and dear to the heart of the writer. But the conditions were simply prohibitive. Even at the best, it was necessary to solicit aid at the kindly hands of others. The contributions of Doctors Pepper, Hovey, Stearns, King, Mathews, and Spencer, and of the Rev. Messrs. Newcombe, and Crocker, and George F. Emery, Esq., will speak for themselves. The reader will join the author in grateful acknowledgments to these brethren whose pens have so materially enriched the pages that follow. While this volume is, of necessity, thus defective and fragmentary, it is a pleasure to know that a well-rounded and worthy history of the Baptists of Maine is in course of preparation, and is expected to issue from the press at no very distant day. Fortunately, the task is in able and experienced hands.

THE AUTHOR.

Augusta, June 27, 1894.

INTRODUCTION.

Neither this book nor its author needs from any man an "Introduction." The sufficient introduction of the author is his name; of the book, its title and author. Time flies. Times change. The new is soon the old. There is a continuous life of church, denomination, community; but this life is mutable. It suffers ceaseless transformation. This holds pre-eminently in this country, and to a high degree even in New England. Take a photograph of such a continuous life, as it was fifty years ago, and compare it with the life as we now know it, and the contrasts are even more impressive than the resemblances. It is as when we look into the face of a living friend, and then into the face of one of his old photographs. The faces are two, yet one; the persons one, yet two. The comparison, in either case, is full of interest; in case of the associated life, the comparison for those who are participants in the life, is also full of profit. We see whence the life has come; we ask whither it tends. Have the changes been for the better or for the worse? Or, have they been partly good and partly bad? What has been lost from the past, that ought to be restored? What remains, that

ought to be either rejected or retained? Of new elements that have come in, what should be conserved? what dropped? How may we make the future better than either the past or present? History, whether in the large or in the small, rightly understood, is a wise counselor.

This book does not claim to be a history. The author's aim is not so pretentious. *Dr. Ricker* is never *pretentious*. It is better than that which usually passes as history. It is a first-hand report of men and things; of life, secular and religious, personal and associated, from one who has himself been intimately connected with that of which he has written; has carefully observed and studied; has wisely discriminated and thoroughly understood; and who reports, not what he half remembers, or half imagines to have been, but what has been. He chooses to call the contents of his book "material for history." But it is not material drawn together and dumped confusedly upon its pages, "lying around loose." The pen that makes the record never learned to write otherwise than with rhetorical grace, logical order, and luminous perspicacity. To read what that pen writes never yet was to do penance, and it is doubly safe to predict that this volume will lack no charm of style.

The part of the volume which, to most, will have the greater charm, is that in which are the pen-sketches of the men who, together with the author, have been the foremost leaders, especially in our

Maine denominational history, and who have completed their work and passed on to their reward. The men who to-day are the active workers, take into themselves the fruits of these men's labors ; but to most, the men themselves are little more than names. These men will in these pages again live and speak, and in some sense take up anew their work, to prosecute it in time to come, through those who read and appreciate. It is especially fitting that President Hovey should write of his life-long friend and associate, Dr. O. S. Stearns, a name very dear and precious to Maine Baptists, and to thousands in all parts of the world, in whom he has been, is, and will be an inspiration to all that is sweetest, noblest and best in aim, work, and achievement.

To this volume, whose appearance many have awaited with great interest, will be given a hearty welcome and sympathetic appreciation. The prayer often on the author's lips has been "that we may serve our own generation by the will of God." This prayer has in his case been doubly answered already, for he has served two generations. In this book he will serve other generations than his own. But many hearts will pray, that, if God will, he may still remain with us on the earth, to continue yet a while longer, in person, his Christian service.

G. D. B. PEPPER.

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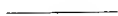
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PART I.



HISTORICAL.

CHAPTER I.

NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY LIFE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Country life as it existed in Maine, and for that matter in New England, in the earlier years of the century, is only a memory to-day. The contrast between then and now is simply wonderful. The changes wrought in the domestic habits of the people amount almost to revolution. In order to have any fit idea of the regulation household of the olden days, we must in fancy restore so many things that the bare thought is a weariness. Let the mention of a few suffice. Among them would be the evening glow of the tallow candle-dip, (and in extreme cases, even of the more primitive pitch-pine knot,) the tinder box and steel, the huge open fire-place whose hungry maw only a fabulous amount of wood could satisfy, the brick oven whose delicious treasures enriched and gave zest to the thrice-daily meal, the iron crane from whose pendent hooks swung kettles large and small according to the needs of the hour, the tin "kitchen" and tin "baker" both of which so well served the wants of the time, the spinning wheel and loom whose whir and clack furnished music in plenty from "early morn to dewy

eve," and music too, of a thrifty order. Unlike the music of the piano and organ of later times, it bore fruit in the shape of homespun clothes for the whole household which would outwear the frail fabrics of the modern factory three-fold. The tinder box and steel were the fore-runner of the lucifer match and were the main resort when the fire had chanced not to "keep" over night. But sometimes they would fail to yield the needed spark, and then there was nothing left but to borrow fire from a neighbor's hearth. The writer has walked a mile many a morning on such an errand.

In the thought of the present generation, all these things belong to the shadowy realms of tradition. They have had their day and passed into history, but, thank Heaven, not into oblivion! They marked an important stage in the developments of the century, and cannot be reckoned out of the annals of that cherished and heroic period.

Other customs pertaining to the primitive days of the republic, might find appropriate mention at this point, and among them, the methods of locomotion. This was largely accomplished on foot, though there was much horseback riding, one feature of which was the "pillion," as an annex to the saddle. By its aid two could ride at a time, and with measurable comfort. In the early years of the century it was a common event to see a man in the saddle, and his wife, (sometimes with a child in her arms,) on the pillion behind him. For the

convenience of such, "horse-blocks," made with reference to ease of mounting and dismounting were set up in many a door-yard and on many a church-lawn. And not only would the couple ride about town thus, but make long journeys at the rate of from thirty to fifty miles per day. It was not until about 1825 that wheel carriages began to be much seen, especially in the agricultural districts. For a family to own a wagon, was quite a mark of distinction, and as for chaises, the possession of one indicated an altitude in the financial and social scale but one remove from gentle blood.

Then, as now, the social needs of the people claimed and secured gratification, but in what simple and unconventional ways! Did Mrs. A. incline to pass an afternoon and take tea with her neighbor, Mrs. B.? Without the shadow of a scruple, she would go unannounced to the said neighbor's, feeling a serene and well-grounded confidence that she would meet with a heart-full welcome. And in like manner Mrs. B., whenever the impulse took her, would make a draft upon the hospitalities of Mrs. A. No red tape then, no scented notes, no cold formalities. Nature had free play, and who shall say that it was not as well thus, as in the more ceremonious, and too often heartless, fashion of later days?

For recreation, the corn-husking, the apple-paring bee, the house or barn-raising, the "May training," the "general muster," the town meeting, the

fourth of July, and the like, well sufficed. And it *was* recreation. The humor might sometimes have been a trifle grim, but it was of the genuine brand. Its flavor was pronounced, and often irresistible. If now and then boisterous, it was only when hard cider or New England rum, one or both, had been dispensed in excess. If this last suggestion shocks the reader, he will do well to remember that the temperance reformation had then scarcely come to the birth. The drink habit, when not carried to excess, had not fallen under the ban of public opinion; and though drunkenness was the exception it was far from uncommon.

Another contrasting feature of these far-off-times had reference to postal facilities. In most country places, (and these pages treat mainly of the country and not of the city), the mail carrier was a *rara avis*. Weekly deliveries were looked upon as a piece of great good fortune, and even bi-monthly accommodations were thankfully welcomed in the more remote and sparsely populated settlements, and the dimensions of the mail were in keeping with its frequency, or rather infrequency. Postman Tucker, who for many years served the writer's native town and many adjacent towns as well, made his rounds on horseback, and with a pouch of amusingly diminutive size. The era of "dailies" had not dawned, and even the weekly newspaper press was patronized by only here and there a family. The amount of correspondence by

letter, moreover, was comparatively insignificant. This, doubtless, was owing in part to the enormous cost of postage. Even as late as 1842 the author had a correspondent in St. Louis, and for each letter sent or received we paid the government twenty-five cents! For points less remote the charge was less according to distance, the lowest being six and a quarter cents.

The size of families was another notable characteristic of the times in question. The change from then to now furnishes much food for reflection, not to say solicitude. In those days, the same persons were often the parents of ten or twelve children. It was then a common thing for a single district school, in its winter session, to number from sixty to eighty stalwart boys and girls in actual attendance. And yet, in those same districts, the teacher's roll now rarely shows more than fifteen or twenty names—a fact unpleasantly suggestive of family decay.

But despite this startling contrast, the reader may find it hard to suppress a sense of pity for the poor unfortunates whose fate it was to live in that period of meagre development and primitive simplicity. If so, it may be of service to him to make a further study of the other side of the leaf. It were wrong to affirm that, all things considered, the former times were better than the present, for it is certain they were not. Beyond a question, the larger advantage lies with the times in which we

are living. But there were notable exceptions that should be neither forgotten nor ignored, and among them these: A single case of murder or suicide would then send a thrill of horror almost from side to side of the land. The persistent Sabbath-breaker was distrusted and discounted by the general public. Habitual absentees from church, however correct in their morals, were at a disadvantage in the community. Once in a week, nearly everybody might be seen in some place of religious worship. Sunday travelling and Sunday visiting were alike under the ban. The Sunday newspaper would have been instantly crushed, as if it had been the egg of a viper. In short, the day was set apart from all others, in a real, practical sense. At its dawn a sacred hush seemed to fall upon the whole land. An air of cheerful sobriety pervaded the throngs of church-goers. Reverence for the house of God was in the ascendant, but the dismal gloom on which so many love to descant, was the exception, and its opposite the rule. And then in the business world a spirit of sturdy and wholesome integrity held sway. Homely but honest toil was the rule; drones were the exception. Most things were done by main strength. The era of invention was but just dawning. Mowers, and reapers, and binders and threshers, and the like, were things of the morrow. The steam whistle had not been heard in the land. The electrical telegraph had no existence, save, possibly, in the fertile brain of its

inventor. No track had yet been laid on the ocean's bed, along which the lightning could flash its messages from continent to continent. The telephone had not made conversation possible between parties a thousand miles asunder. The phonograph had not caught in its meshes the thousand-keyed tones of the human voice, and held them captive for future use. The sun had not been laid under contribution for pictures of men, and animals, and landscapes, and the very stars of heaven,—pictures often of wondrous accuracy and beauty. All these things are of to-day. Their virgin message is to the present generation. Their mission is of stupendous significance. They mean much to the race,—very much to the Kingdom of God on earth. They are to be welcomed and wielded for His glory. Otherwise, they would never have been sent. But beyond a doubt, they have their perilous side. In order to answer the high ends for which they are fitted, they need to be handled with almost superhuman care and skill.

The lucifer match is a wonderful boon to the world, yet of what terrible ruin it has been the occasion, owing to its improper use ! The electrical current has destroyed how many lives because of wrong methods in the attempt to harness it to the car of progress, and make it subservient to the purposes or caprices of man. No, the advantages are not all with the moderns. In confirmation of this, consider how far the increase of crime has outrun

the increase of population, how comparatively cheap human life is becoming, how common suicide and murder, how prevalent and startling business dishonesty, how loose and inadequate Sabbath observance, how misused and perverted public office, how lax and unstable the marriage relation, and, finally, how insanely reckless and unscrupulous men can become in their mad race for place and power.

Another consideration which should moderate the self-gratulation of the present generation, is the obvious fact that the marvels of progress it is witnessing are but the fruit of former sowing. The seed-bed of this sudden bound upward and onward lies far back in the past. The present generation is dependent upon former generations not only for existence, but for those intellectual and spiritual forces that have made its wonderful achievements possible. Noble sires are necessary to noble sons. The family, the church, and the school-house of a hundred years ago, go far to account for the well-nigh miraculous developments of these times in which we live. The principal secret lies in the fact that our fathers labored and we are entered into their labors. The credit of all these improvements belongs primarily to them. Under God, they created the conditions out of which our phenomenal progress has grown. We owe them a debt too great for computation, and the only way we can discharge it, is to do for succeeding generations what our fathers did for us.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF THAT PERIOD.

In the period under consideration, conventionalities were at a heavy discount. True, Fashion must needs hold her court after a sort, but her jurisdiction was limited and her sceptre feeble. The spirit of caste existed indeed, though it was in shadow rather than substance. But some things there were that had a vigorous hold upon the public mind and heart, and told with wonderful effect upon the character and destiny of the people. And one of them was the typical "red school-house at the cross roads." Of these (though most of them were *not* red, being quite innocent of paint), there was an average of, say, ten in each town. In summer young women, and in winter young men were commonly the short-lived dictators who wielded the ferule and the birch, and taught the "young idea how to shoot." In these lowly structures there was the hiding of much power. Next to the meeting-house, they were the chief glory of the State. From them came the annual supply of teachers. They were, moreover, the natural recruiting stations of the academy, as the academy was of the college. True, instruction in them was largely

limited to the "three Rs," but the line was, by no means, drawn at that point. Grammar put in its claims, and not without effect. Nor were such branches as Astronomy, Natural Philosophy and Rhetoric wholly ignored. The more aspiring of the scholars were not to be hopelessly checked in their progress while as yet they had but just begun to climb the hill of science. Having once tasted the Pierian waters, they longed for a deeper draught, and so pushed onward and upward towards the sources whence these waters came. But the way was rough and toilsome beyond the thought of the present generation.

To speak in military phrase, independent skirmishing was the rule, and systematic drill the exception. Progress towards the summit was too commonly of the nature of a promiscuous scramble, rather than of a measured march by companies. A kind of crude classification there was, but not of the helpful sort that now prevails. In a word, the graded system, as we see it to-day, had not been born. But, nevertheless, the New England district school of those early times wrought wonderfully well for the community, the country, and the world. As an intellectual and moral force, its power could scarcely be exaggerated. In every particular, its characteristics were of the stalwart order. Of this fact its government will furnish a good illustration. From the time the pupil left home in the morning until he returned in the evening, he was supposed

to be amenable to the "schoolmaster" in every minute particular. For every profane or vulgar word he might speak, for every omission to remove his hat and bow to whatever person of mature years he might chance to meet, for every petty mischief he might do a neighbor, for every unseemly blow he might inflict upon a fellow-pupil, in a word, for whatever offence he might commit against good morals or good manners, he was reasonably sure to be held to a full account before the assembled school. And it was no trifling account either. The alternative, more commonly, was a smarting palm from a heavy ferule, or a smarting back from a vigorously wielded rod. True, such heroic treatment was not apt to be often in requisition, and for the very reason that swift and severe punishment was sure to wait upon every known violation of law. It might be supposed that the pupils of such a teacher must have hated him as a tyrant. But it should be remembered that the public sentiment, both of the school and the community, then leaned towards that type of government, and hence, that the transgressor would have been at a disadvantage before any tribunal to which he could appeal. His conscience being on the side of the law, there was nothing left him but to stifle whatever of resentment might be burning in his bosom. As a matter of fact, the teachers of those days had as tender hearts and were as warmly beloved and as highly respected as are the teachers of our day.

The transition from the school to the church is always easy. The school-house and meeting-house of those far-off days were in natural and intimate accord, and herein is a suggestion of what is to follow in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE, CHURCH ATTENDANCE, AND SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

The typical New England meeting-house of a hundred years ago could lay but feeble claim to either beauty or convenience. Its dimensions were commonly ample both as to ground-plan and height. Its auditorium was furnished with heavy galleries on three of its sides, the other side being occupied by the pulpit which was lofty almost beyond modern belief. Once in a week, at least, the pastor of those days looked down upon his people. In many cases, the traditional "sounding board" was suspended over the preacher's head, after what seemed to the eye of wondering childhood, a dangerous fashion. The pews were square, with seats on three sides. These seats were provided with hinges so that they could be turned up during the service of prayer, as otherwise the occupants would have had but scant standing room; and to have remained sitting would have been deemed a rude breach of decorum. The clatter caused by the dropping of the seats at the close of the prayer, was something for children to remember the rest of their lives. Cushions, even if their use had been

mechanically convenient, would have been tabooed because of their ominous suggestiveness of "ease in Zion!" Of the backs of the pews, it is sufficient to say that they were primly perpendicular and often of sufficient height to conceal from the general gaze the juvenile contingent of occupants. And yet the people of those days never seemed to regard it as a hardship to occupy such church sittings during two *lengthy* services each Sunday.

The amount of timber in such a structure was something wonderful. It were worth a trifle to know for how many modern houses it would have sufficed. How such massive frames were ever reared, a broadside at a time, without derrick or tackle, will always be a wonder to posterity.

This style of architecture continued to prevail, to a large extent, up to about 1825 when it began to give place to a variety less unsightly and more convenient, but still plain even to baldness. One row of long windows was made to do service in place of two rows of short ones, the pulpit was lowered somewhat, gallery conveniences, except in the more populous communities, were restricted to the end of the auditorium opposite the pulpit, the pews were oblong instead of square, and the old-time "deacons' seat" in front of the pulpit and facing the people, was dispensed with. But it was only with the tardy and reluctant consent of the ancients of the community, that any of these improvements were at length tolerated. The

gauge by which they measured the pride of the human heart was very simple. To them, a feather on the bonnet, a curl on the head, a steeple on the church or a cushion in the pew, was decisive. To their apprehension, these vanities, and everything kindred to them, belonged to the kingdom of Satan. In the shadow of their robust theology, a taste for the beautiful was a plant of slow growth. It came up under great tribulation. The New England pioneers were "Roundheads" all, and it was only natural that their immediate descendants should imbibe their spirit and adopt their standards of judgment. The "Cavalier" contingent of immigrants from abroad, found homes under more indulgent skies. But the hard-headed, God-fearing Puritan, as was fitting, chose the bleak shores and rugged climate of New England, and, of necessity, brought with him the sometimes narrow but always heroic characteristics of his kind, and noble characteristics they were, in the main. More than any other people of their time or,—shall I say it?—of any time, have they contributed to make the world go round and onward. But of this, more hereafter.

The caption to this chapter calls for some words upon Sabbath observance and church attendance. The two are so interlinked that it would not be easy to treat them separately. The due observance of the Sabbath necessarily includes regular church attendance, and regular church attendance presup-

poses respect and reverence for the holy day. At this point there has been a sad decadence within the memory of many now living. In most respects there have been great improvements, much and wonderful progress in the religious world. But just here we are confronted with a grave and ominous exception. To this exception, these pages have already made allusion. But mere allusion is not enough. The subject is too grave, too far-reaching, to be thus lightly dismissed. Let us, therefore, give it further thought. It is a saddening reflection that the New England Sunday is not what it once was. As the writer remembers it in the period of his boyhood, it was emphatically a day of rest from worldly toil on the part of both man and beast. The ox was free from the yoke and the horse was held to no service save the light one of taking the older and more infirm members of the family to the house of worship. The plow rested in the furrow and the sickle hung idly in its place. The music of the saw and the hammer was hushed, and the hum of household industry ceased. Pleasure seekers were not abroad. The sportsman's gun sent its echoes through neither field nor forest, and the waters of brook and lake were not vexed with the angler's seductive arts. Throughout the entire country-side there was a hush whose very silence was eloquent beyond all spoken language.

It is scarcely too much to say that everybody attended church. The seniors rode, the juniors walked, the distance being, in many cases, three or four miles. It was a discredit, almost a disgrace, not to go. Habitual absentees, except for good reason, were looked upon as lacking in the higher and finer qualities of mind and heart. In a word, attendance upon public worship was a matter of course. It is but pardonable exaggeration to say that everybody expected to see everybody else there, due allowance being made for the sick and aged, and the few others who for some local reason, *must* remain away. The Sunday meeting was the principal centre around which the social and religious life of the community revolved. True, the church lawn or the horse-shed was apt to be the scene of more or less quiet talk about crops, politics, and the like. But those who took part in such discussions usually wore an air of self-restraint, as if conscious that their conversation was not suited to the occasion.

There were no Sunday papers then to win the people away from the sanctuary, and destroy their relish for sacred things. No pleasure parties were planned, whether for riding or boating. The farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, the teacher, the lawyer, the doctor, were accustomed to mingle with the throng of worshippers. At the appointed hour, the people might be seen coming from all directions, on foot, on horseback, or in such vehicles as the times afforded,—any way to reach the house of

God. It was a goodly sight. Would that it were thus now. Sixty or seventy years have wrought changes of which the rising race of to-day can form but a faint conception. Two generations have come and gone, and lo, the change ! I beg not to be misunderstood. I am no pessimist. I believe that, on the whole, the present times are much better than the former. The great missionary movement of the century was then scarcely beyond its birth throes. Now, it has taken on proportions which challenge the wonder if not the admiration of the world. What is now called church work, was then little known. The pastor preached and visited somewhat, and a few of the members gathered weekly for prayer and monthly for church conference, and that was about all. Everything, as now remembered, was self-centred, and of the hum-drum type. There were occasional revivals, to be sure, of great power, and great fruitfulness ; but their effect was mainly local. Christians then, as a body, seemed to be without any adequate conception of their duty to the great outside world. Their sympathies were mainly confined to their own dooryards, certainly, to their own church and community. Of the spirit of the gospel, in its larger meaning, they were strangely oblivious. To its possibilities, as related to the whole race, they seemed purblind. And hence, when the waking time came, and a few choice spirits began to prophesy over the dry bones, there

was a shaking, indeed, but the resurrection to life was a tardy process.

It was many and weary years before the prophet's exceeding great army stood up, in its might, to do battle for the Lord. The vision, in all its amplitude and glory, tarried long, but at length its message to a slumbering church was heard and heeded. No ! We cannot desire that the shadow upon the dial of time should move backward three-quarters of a century. We could live in no better time than now. Everything is astir. Progress is the crowning feature of the age. Educationally, philanthropically and religiously, the world is moving on with a momentum never before attained. But in this very stir and rush, and because of it, there are dangers not a few, and among them, this, that in the exhilaration and confidence begotten of our surroundings, we shall cut loose from old and safe moorings and drift away into uncertain seas, and amid treacherous shoals and sunken rocks. And one of the chief of these moorings is the typical New England Sunday of which an astute modern reviewer writes in these forcible terms : "Scorn it as may those who never knew what it was, the Puritan Sunday made men, thinking men, strong men, who in the world looked always to something beyond the approval of their fellows, felt always that there was somewhere someone who knew what they were in their hearts. It made a large part of what is worthy in our institutions and our men in New

England and New York, in Virginia and the Carolinas, and throughout the growing Union." Even so! And yet this old-time day, this day as it was within the memory of many now living, has become the subject for derisive merriment on the part of many who would warmly resent any hint that they were not themselves of Puritan blood, and of the choicest brand at that. Their inconsistency is on a par with their wit. The one is transparent and the other cheap. Nothing is more thin and flavorless than flippant sarcasm. It requires but little talent, and is uncomfortably suggestive of shallow pretense and over-much vanity. But those who indulge in it are not always of this class. Its shafts are sometimes deftly hurled by the hand of the highly gifted and highly cultured. The late Henry Ward Beecher was an instance in point. He was a prince in this style of oratory, and by its use, doubtless, thought to amuse his audience and at the same time, work a cure of the evils at which his shafts of irony were aimed. With this end in view, he would sometimes select the Puritan manner of keeping Sunday for his target, and belabor it as he only could do. But is it not just possible that his methods were of the destructive rather than of the curative order? Many a one unwittingly "scatters firebrands, arrows and death." As men go, the danger is always on the side of license rather than of restraint.

Admit that Sunday, in the olden time, had its sharp angles and dismal shadings, what then? Was the lawless hand of the iconoclast needed to remedy the evil? Must the massive, and precious, and priceless institution itself be battered down because of some incidental and temporary misuse to which it may have been subjected? Clearly, there was a thousand fold more to praise than to censure in the Sabbath observance of the olden time, and those who lampoon it, show symptoms of great recklessness if not of great wickedness. It is well worth the while of such to pause and ask themselves whether the Sabbath of to-day is likely to prove as rich a legacy to our sons as the Sabbath of our fathers has proved to us. There was, doubtless, somewhat of the severe, and possibly of the grotesque in it; but there was very much of the heroic, as well. More than language can set forth, it helped to mature and strengthen those sturdy qualities which distinguished the early settlers of New England. It was suited to those times and, in its essential features, it is suited to all times. With lines somewhat more soft and angles somewhat less sharp, it is just what the world needs everywhere, and under all circumstances. How much more of good to mankind did it hold in its embrace, than does the Sunday of to-day with its tons of pernicious literature, its alarmingly large contingent of non-church goers, and its throngs of pleasure-seekers in every walk of life! It is sad to close this

chapter with what must seem to the reader a wail of apprehension and misgiving. Would that it could have been otherwise. But I am far from hopeless in respect to the result. There are not a few who are thoroughly awake to the fact that this strong buttress of safety to church and state is in imminent peril of destruction. Having been forewarned, they are forearmed. Their numbers are rapidly increasing, and, as never before, the alarm is being sounded far and wide. God grant that it may be heard and heeded !

CHAPTER IV.

THE CIVIL STATUS OF THE BAPTISTS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The preceding chapters are merely introductory to the main purpose in hand. In order to realize this purpose it is now necessary to narrow our field of observation to the denomination in whose interest these pages are more especially written. As the reader proceeds he will perceive that I am not aiming to write a history, but only such fragments of history as have, in the main, fallen under my own observation, and which, therefore, pertain to but a short, though most interesting period of the denomination's life in Maine.

In the far-away time, the Baptists of Massachusetts (of which Maine was then a part), and of most of the other original states of the Union, were at a great disadvantage with their surroundings. They were but a feeble folk as to numbers, worldly substance, social standing, and educational equipment. In New England especially, the dominant church was in the seat of power, and, (as they then claimed), by divine right. It was then a function of the *town* to call, settle, and support its one minister. Ecclesiastically speaking, the town was

the parish and the parish the town. The lines which bounded them were identical. The inhabitants of the town, *as such*, were taxed for the support of the minister just as they were taxed for the support of schools and the maintenance of the highways. If any of them failed to pay this tax voluntarily, their property was liable to be levied upon to satisfy the claim.

To the Baptists, this proved a sore oppression, a burning injustice. In many cases, the only cow of the family was seized and sold for the benefit of the parish, and within the memory of some now living, the head of more than one family was thrust into jail because of his inability or refusal to satisfy the claim. Such instances, however, were rare after the advent of the present century. It is doubtful whether, after Maine became a separate state in 1820, a measure so extreme was ever put in force, though "territorial" parishes continued to exist many years thereafter. The town in which the writer was first settled in the ministry, was such a parish, and the claim set up was, that every householder in the town who was not connected with some other society, was legally liable to be taxed in the interest of the "standing order." True, the actual enforcement of such claim had fallen into "innocuous desuetude," but it was stoutly maintained that the liability still existed, and, indeed, its enforcement was sometimes mildly threatened. In the earlier times, the only way for a Baptist to avoid

the compulsory support of the parish minister, was, by "signing off," as it was called, that is, by putting his name to a paper, the tenor of which was that he wished and purposed to worship elsewhere. Otherwise, there was no escape for him. Whatever he might choose to pay for the support of his own minister, was over and above the amount exacted of him by the semi-state church. To many it may seem that this unsavory episode in the ecclesiastical history of New England should be left to die out of the memory of man. But wherefore? History is not history unless it gives a true picture of the past. Suppression is mutilation, and mutilation is misrepresentation, and misrepresentation is falsehood. It is important that the student of history should have the whole truth, and in due proportion; it is important also that Baptists should keep somewhat in mind the cost of their birthright. I have said that they were once obscure, and every way feeble. But this statement calls for an important modification. For they were not feeble *every* way. In their convictions and their purposes to stand by their convictions, they were strong, and this meant much in its relation to their future growth and standing.

At another point also, they were strong. They had *much to stand for*, and this, of itself, is always a tower of strength to any church or any party. If such church or party can offer a decisive reason for its right and its duty to *be*, its future is as good as

assured. And this, the Baptists of those times could easily do. The lines of divergence between them and their powerful opponents were many and clearly defined. Among the questions of difference were these : Whether the authority of the holy Scriptures is sovereign and final, apart from all human standards and traditions? Whether any other than a converted church membership can fulfil the New Testament requirement? Whether the parent's faith can be a substitute for that of the child, or whether the child must believe for himself? Whether the form of initiation into the church, as prescribed by its Head, can be innocently changed at the option of the administrator, or candidate, or church itself? Whether the magistrate has a right to restrict the freedom of individual opinion, or, in any wise, coerce the human conscience? and finally, whether the doctrine of the new birth, as commonly held by evangelical Christians, has a sufficient warrant in the New Testament, or is only a figment of the imagination?

Touching this latter point, the reader should bear in mind that the quasi-state church of New England was the mother of both the Congregational and Unitarian bodies of the present day, and that the separation between the two had not then taken place. The whole body was permeated, not to say saturated, with the leaven of Unitarianism. The new birth, in the sense of being a supernatural change wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit, was generally repudiated by its membership. Or,

to state the case in a milder form, the really spiritual members, (of whom there were commonly a few in every place,) were so handicapped by their environments that their best endeavors were comparatively fruitless. The stalwart faith of the earlier New England fathers had, for the most part, become a thing of the past. The form remained, but the spirit was wanting. The old-time routine of public worship was still adhered to. The children were still brought to the altar, and often in increased numbers, because of the heresy of the "half-way covenant." The town's minister still preached, after his fashion, and stress of habit and education still brought the people together to hear him. But decent morality had come to be regarded as a sufficient qualification for church membership. Rank Arminianism ruled the times, and the Pauline doctrines of grace, once so dear to the Puritan heart, were mostly discarded. The general drift was towards the perfunctory and the formal. If men asked for bread, as they often did, the chances were that they would get a stone. But under this superincumbent mass of worldliness and secularism, there were smouldering fires all the while that were bound to burst forth ere long and make havoc of the hay, wood, and stubble.

Against such a state of things there could not but be a revolt sooner or later. People, not a few, were famishing for the bread which they failed to get at the hands of their appointed teachers and

guides. One sovereign resource, however, was left to them. Through the printed Word, the Holy Spirit wrought upon their hearts, convincing them of sin, and revealing to them the way of deliverance from its curse and pollution. And thus, despite the general dearth of religious interest, occasional, but striking cases of conversion were occurring from time to time. This state of things meant much for the Baptists, since many of these secret seekers and successful finders were prominent leaders, and, in not a few cases, office bearers in the parish church. But after the radical change that had passed upon them, it was impossible that they could be in harmony with their surroundings. For they had come to know what their fellow members did not know. A new life had taken possession of them, and they naturally yearned for fellowship with those who had like precious faith with themselves. But where should they find them? Not in their own church, save in a few solitary instances. They had knowledge of the Baptists, but only as an obscure, inconsiderable and plebian sect, whose society was to be avoided rather than courted. Of their beliefs they knew little, and of their heart-experiences less. They were drawing away from their own church, not as Baptists, but as protesters against its cold and lifeless round of religious observances.

The idea of going over to the oppressed and despised Baptists was not in all their thoughts.

But it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. They could hardly do otherwise than fall into conversation with here and there one of the much-maligned Baptists, and upon comparing notes with them, were surprised, if not disappointed, to find that, *experimentally*, the shiboleth of the one was the shiboleth of the other! Here was a cross that they had not counted on. They saw not how they could continue to go with those with whom it had been their pride to walk hitherto, but could they so far humble themselves as to go over to the Baptists? The cross seemed too heavy to bear. They could not, however, thrust aside one transparent fact. They were at one with the members of the hated sect so far as their inner lives were concerned. Their personal experiences as to sin and its remedy, as to the slavery of the one and the blessed efficacy of the other, were in perfect accord. What were they to do then? Clearly, on the great central facts of the gospel, they were agreed; why then should they not walk together? Even as to outward forms, after due investigation, they found, to their mutual surprise, that they were also agreed, which is only another form of saying that the new-comers found themselves in the Baptist fold without any previous purpose or consent of their own.

Plainly, there was now only one thing for them to do. They must eat in their lot with the Baptists, forasmuch as they themselves were Baptists.

The thing was predestinated. The question of obloquy did not now matter. They had found their own people, and it became their joy, henceforth, to dwell among them and be of them. Here was such an impulse as a feeble and struggling people rarely get. It contributed mightily to the emancipation of the denomination from the civil thralldom in which it had hitherto been held. Many of the new recruits were prominent and choice men in their respective localities. There was in them more of the sovereign than of the serf, more of the prince than of the peasant. They compelled the respect of their fellow men, however reluctantly accorded, and to them, under God, were the Baptists very largely indebted for the removal of those legal disabilities under which they had groaned for many a weary year. At an earlier stage in their history, Roger Williams had lived and wrought, and so had Isaac Backus, and so had a host of other worthies, and now an opportune tide from the parish church itself set in, after which there was little pause until the last vestige of state control was swept away, and the grand spectacle of all Christian denominations standing as equals before the law, burst upon the sight, like a vision from above. It was a hard-fought battle, but the issue marked a long step forward in the world's progress. No more note worthy victory is recorded in all the religious annals of New England.

Much has been said, and truly, touching Puritan inconsistency in the matter of religious intolerance. That a people who had fled from their native shores in order to escape persecution, should themselves turn persecutors, seems at the first blush, simply astounding. Their contention was for freedom to worship God without dictation from either church or state. It seems, however, that it was freedom for themselves that they coveted and not for others who might chance to differ from them. But let it be said, by way of apology, that in their day, the idea of the absolute freedom of the individual conscience had not been grasped and mastered save by a very few. The spirit of the Mosaic code still held partial control of the public mind, and the right of the state to suppress heresy was still conceded by a large majority of the people. Our Congregational brethren, therefore, are not to be held to a severe account for what their fathers did, and even to their fathers should be accorded due charity, in consideration of the ignorance that marked the age in which they lived.

CHAPTER V.

THE EARLY BAPTIST MINISTERS OF MAINE.

The Baptist ministry of my childhood days holds a very distinct place in my memory. In several particulars, it was in marked contrast with our ministry of the present time. As representative of what was then substantially true of the whole State, a group of pastors and evangelists belonging to that period, shall here be named. The most of them are personally and vividly remembered by the writer, since his father's house was one of their many transient homes. What they did and said, how they reasoned out of the Scriptures, the fervency of their prayers, and the tenderness and fidelity with which they conversed with the non-professing members of the household, made a very strong impression upon his mind and heart. They were, Wentworth Lord of Parsonsfield, Henry Smith of Waterboro, Timothy Remick of Cornish, Ebenezer Kinsman of Limerick, Zebulon Delano of Lebanon, Abner Flanders of Buxton, John Seavey of Limington, Simon Locke of Lyman, Nathaniel Lord of Berwick, Joseph Eaton of Wells, and William Godding of Shapleigh. All these from York county.

From other parts of the State well-known names might be quoted almost indefinitely. Among them would be Phineas Pillsbury of Nobleboro', William Allen of Jefferson, James Gillpatrick of Bluehill, Daniel Merrill and David Nutter of Sedgwick, John Haynes and Charles Miller of Livermore, Henry Kendall of Topsham, John Tripp of Hebron, Silas Stearns of Bath, Manasseh Lawrence of Sumner, and Isaac Case of Readfield. Probably not more than one third of all these veteran soldiers of the cross ever received a stipulated salary. Their people contributed, it is true, somewhat towards their support, but only in a fragmentary way. At irregular intervals, and as the impulse took them, they would spare for the minister's family a joint of meat, a sack of wheat or corn, a load of hay or wood, a box of butter, a home-made cheese, and, on rare occasions, a little money. But, as above intimated, the bestowments were of the haphazard order.

Perhaps the venerable pastor would mount his horse for a visit to a parishioner, and, somewhat to his own advantage though not to that of the beast which bore him, would return with a welcome addition to his family stores. But be that as it might, through various but very promiscuous channels, "gifts" of greater or less value were wont to find their way to the pastor's home in the course of the year. And was this all he received from his people? As a rule, yes; and it is reasonably doubtful

whether the annnal average amounted to the sum of one hundred dollars. This, however, was, in part, the fault of the ministers themselves, or at least of some of them, who were in the habit of preaching against salaries. Their contention was, that the man who would contract with a people to serve them as pastor for a given sum of money, was an "hireling," and that he must of necessity care more for the "fleece than for the flock." Of course, their theory was narrow and illogical, but it bore fruit all the same, and fruit that was sour and unwholesome. It doubtless had its origin in the forced levy upon the people in the interest of the parish ministers. A town tax for the support of a town pastor, was well calculated to re-act in that way. At any rate, it did so re-act upon many minds.

How then did the Baptist ministers of that day contrive to support their families? Mostly by the labor of their own hands upon their own acres. For almost without exception, all outside of the cities and large villages owned farms of larger or smaller proportions. It should be remembered that the generation of ministers here meant belonged chiefly to the last quarter of the last century and the first third of the present century. They were a stalwart class of men, stalwart in body, stalwart in character, and stalwart in their convictions. Their average literary acquirements were small but their faith was large. It held in its grasp the great

things of God with a strength and tenacity that amply accounts for the success which crowned their labors. If the dead languages were beyond their reach the Bible was not. In that was the hiding of their power. They pondered its words as well as its thoughts so habitually, that both were ever ready at their call.

In the line of reference and quotation, they were often skillful to the verge of wonder. Their preaching was doctrinal rather than ethical, experimental rather than practical. They had themselves *lived upon*, and *lived through*, what they communicated to the people. They were fitted to the times in which they lived. If they could not have done the work of the ministry of the present day, no more could the ministry of the present day have done their work. Their range of subjects was narrow, but central and vital. Their outfit was simple. Like David, they coveted but the sling and the stone. The terrors of the law, and the remedies of the gospel furnished the warp and the woof of their preaching. The scalpel and the balm, the probe and the oil, are the fitting symbols of their ministrations,—ministrations which, as before said, were narrow as to range, but often wonderfully effective as to results. The type of their piety was of the robust order. It was among their chief joys to testify that the Lord found them before they found Him. Nature had done much for them, and grace more. In divers ways and by various instrumentali-

ties, they were brought into the Kingdom. Sometimes, in the privacy of their own homes, the Spirit wrought upon them through the Word, and so wrought *in* them the mighty change. Sometimes a "New-light" preacher would cross their path and bring them a message from God. Sometimes the parish minister, unlike most of his brethren, would prove a "son of thunder" to them and thus arouse them to a sense of impending danger. And so, by various means but by the same Spirit, they were made new creatures in Christ Jesus. The change was *the* event of their lives. It modified and colored everything in their sturdy and rugged natures. It was intensely individual.

Their new-born views pertaining to the guilt and consequences of sin, and its sovereign remedies as provided in the gospel, could not do less than transform them in life and character. Giving themselves now, as never before, to the study of God's word, they soon found that they were not at one with the church of their fathers. They were not long in discovering that mere outward morality is no sufficient qualification for church membership but that there must be the "new man" born from above, before the sacred threshold could be rightly passed. As a logical consequence of this discovery, they were forced to the conclusion that while one could believe for himself he could, by no means, believe for another, and hence that the child could not be scripturally baptized on the faith of its

parents and thus virtually become a member of the church. They could find no authority in the Bible for the baptism of a child, save upon the condition of the child's own personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and beyond that, they could find no trace of evidence that baptism could be administered to any one save by the one act which the Word describes, and which the highest scholarship of the world now declares to have been *the* act performed and submitted to by primitive Christians. And then, too, it is not a little significant that so many of them, on their own testimony, arrived at these conclusions by the simple study of the Word, and hence, without either counsel or suggestion from others.

In not a few instances, they knew next to nothing about the Baptists, and so had no thought that they themselves were in substantial harmony with them upon all the main points of Scripture teaching. And hence, when the fact came to their knowledge, it was both a surprise and a mortification to them. They naturally reluctated against allying themselves with a people whom popular rumor had branded as ignorant and obstinate schismatics without social standing, and, therefore, without recognition in the higher walks of life. It was inevitable that such of them as were connected with the church of their fathers, (and the number of such was quite large,) should desire to continue such connection, since in that church they were

wielding no little influence, and commanding no little respect. But they soon found that this could not be. They had become Baptists without, at first, suspecting whither they were tending. Alone, and by independent investigation, they had been forced to conclusions which logically compelled them to sunder life-long ties, and ally themselves with a hitherto strange people ; but strange only for the time being. In the final event, their union with the Baptists was like the union of kindred drops of water. The two only needed contact to become one, and so their ecclesiastical status was determined by the logic of events, and not by any choice or purpose of their own. By the simple law of affinity, and to their own surprise, they found themselves within the circle of Baptist fellowship. It was their natural home, as they soon found to their great satisfaction. But the new relations involved new obligations. The people among whom they had come were, for the most part, without pastors or even evangelists, save as here and there an itinerant made the circuit of the churches as occasion served. This state of things forced a question of personal duty upon the newcomers. As above intimated, many of them were men of affairs, men of rugged sense and judgment, and, therefore, men with power to influence and lead other men. They were, moreover, mighty in the Scriptures, and in process of time, developed a talent for public speaking of no mean order, inso-

much that the common people heard them gladly. A natural result followed. Not a few of them, impelled by their own convictions and the desire of the churches, drifted into the ministry; and it is not too much to say that in that high and sacred calling, they did yeoman's service. The larger portion of them became long-time and honored pastors, while a select few moved like flames of fire among the scattered communities of the State where no Baptist churches had yet been formed, and where there was little preaching of any kind. In this way Baptist principles were widely and rapidly diffused, and the denomination grew apace.

The reader should not infer that our people of that day were mainly dependent upon this source of ministerial supply, but only that it was one of many sources of such supply. He should also guard against the impression that there were no Baptist ministers in those times of distinguished ability and high social standing. There were such in considerable numbers. Among many others, the names of Doctors Stoughton, and Manning, and Stillman, and Baldwin, and Smith, will suggest themselves at once. And then there was our own Daniel Merrill, of blessed memory, who for many years was so conspicuous a figure in the Baptist ranks of Maine. Equally important is it to bear in mind that what has been said about salaries must not be understood as being of universal application. Even then, in the larger centers, fixed though small

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come at length, and then the suspense was over. On rising to his feet amid the hushed stillness of the congregation, the preacher would announce that a text had just then struck his mind upon which he would speak as the Lord might be pleased to give him liberty. However the people might love and revere him, they could but notice that whatever his text, his thoughts were quite certain to move in the same well-worn channel from week to week, and month to month, and year to year, no matter how long his ministry among them might last. Indeed, all he said to them in all those years, could, for substance, easily have been compressed into half a dozen sermons. And there was as little variation in language as in thought. But in the minds of many of his hearers, these defects were, in part, atoned for by evident sincerity, and an excess of emotional fervor and earnestness. The creation, the fall, the incarnation, the atonement, the work of the Spirit, the resurrection, and the final judgment,—most, if not all of them,—were perilously sure to figure in nearly every discourse.

All this was true of the writer's own pastor, and he was fairly representative of a considerable number of other pastors in different sections of the State. To their apprehension, ministerial education was not merely unnecessary, but in sharp antagonism with the idea of a divine call to the sacred office. Schools to that

end, they insisted, could be only so many "mills" to turn out a generation of "man-made" preachers. Such schools were a terror and an abomination to them, and as they thought, so thought many of their people. This was only a natural re-action from what they had witnessed in the popular ministry of that day, the most of whose members were educated to be sure, but lamentably wanting in the chief elements of spiritual power and efficiency. Many of them seemed wholly destitute of any experience of the new birth, and wholly destitute of skill, therefore, to guide the inquiring sinner to Christ. The abounding leaven of Unitarianism in the Puritan church was then in the course of elimination, but the winnowing process had not reached such a stage of advancement as to leave the Trinitarian section of the body in possession of the vigorous spiritual life it has since attained. The "half-way covenant" had borne its baleful fruits, decent morality was a ready passport to church membership, and real experimental godliness had well-nigh died out of the successors of the sturdy Puritans of an earlier day. Hence the Baptist protest.

Vividly and personally conscious of having themselves experienced the new birth, Potter and Case and other men of like spirit, had been journeying hither and thither among the people, and tearfully beseeching them to become reconciled to God, and wonderful was the effect. They were neither from nor of the schools, and, illogically but naturally,

many of their hearers jumped to the conclusion that the schools were responsible for the lack of zeal and piety on the part of the ministers of the dominant church. But not thus did all the Baptists of that day think and feel. The more discerning and broad-minded among them took early ground in favor of an educated ministry, and hence, of founding schools to that end. And so, for the time being, the "house was divided against itself." The struggle was long and painful. A formidable minority stubbornly and persistently contended that the college and seminary would prove a hindrance rather than a help to the denomination. They made no end of talk about the mischievous tendency of "vain philosophy," and of the "rudiments of the world," and of the "knowledge that puffeth up," and the like. These differences were often painfully apparent during the sessions of the Convention and the Associations. Ministerial education was too exigent a matter not to be a living issue on all such occasions. Its friends felt pressed in spirit to push its claims, and in doing so, were liable sometimes to say things which had been better unsaid, especially in the presence of their "uneducated" brethren.

Indeed, it was difficult for them to say anything in advocacy of the schools of the prophets without wounding to the quick sundry of their fellow-workers in the ministry. The latter felt all allusions of the kind as a reflection upon their intelligence and

fitness to exercise the functions of preacher and pastor. But the inevitable must always happen. There could be but one outcome to such differences. The wheels of progress were in motion then as now. Slowly but surely the churches came to feel that they must have pastors who could teach as well as talk, and that, in order to do this, the college and the seminary were indispensable, and must, therefore, receive the countenance and support of the denomination. This demand, at first scarcely audible, but, in no very long time, loud and imperative, was decisive of the whole matter. The voice of the churches could not be disregarded. An intelligent ministry or no ministry at all, was the alternative. The vocation of illiterate preachers, with here and there a conspicuous exception, was gone, because of a lack of hearers. And so the controversy touching ministerial education died a lingering but natural death.

Related to the subject of ministerial training so closely as to be, in a manner, included in it, was the question of "note preaching." A conflict at this point was but a logical outcome of existing conditions. If the preacher was to rely upon the inspiration of the moment for his message to the people, (as a considerable minority of our ministers once, and for a long series of years, thought and taught,) then it were a heresy of no small proportions to meditate before-hand what he should say. And if it were heretical to meditate what he should

say, how much more to *write* it out and read it from the pulpit! The present generation of our people can have but a faint conception of the warmth and stubbornness with which this controversy was waged. For many and many a year, the question was fruitful of abounding unrest and irritation. The practice was stigmatized by the opposition as wholly foreign to the genius of the Gospel, as an affront to the Holy Spirit, as a device of Satan, as a legitimate out-come of the "man-made" ministry which the schools were giving to the churches, and hence, as a grievous wrong to the cause of God. "Paper sermons" and "cold victuals" were among the not very elegant characterizations of note preaching that were often upon the lips of excited but well-meaning Christian men and women. To their apprehension, the intellectual was in deadly conflict with the spiritual. Pre-arrangements and programmes were their abomination. To designate an associational preacher a year in advance was to them rank presumption, an invasion of the prerogatives of the Holy Spirit. The Lord himself would select the man and give him his message on the spot, and at the very hour of its delivery.

This theory was sometimes acted on, and not always without some curious if not ludicrous complications. Thus, upon one public occasion, the hour had come for the sermon. The ministers, (of whom a goodly number were present, and

among them President Chaplin of the college,) were in a room by themselves. The quest, of course, was for the man upon whom the Lord had laid the special duty of the hour. The first suggestion was that any one who might be feeling that burden upon his heart should make it known to the company. The suggestion was followed by blank silence. The situation, of course, was a little embarrassing. In order to simplify the problem, it was at length proposed that all who did *not* feel it to be their duty to preach the sermon should retire from the room. President Chaplin seized his hat and was the first to reach the door. Others promptly followed until only two were left in the room, each of whom stoutly insisted that the Lord had committed to him the special message of the hour! Here was a serio-comic outcome. What should be done? There seemed only one safe alternative. *Both* were allowed to preach!

All these things now belong to the past, but, in epitome at least, it is well to put them upon record as a part of the history of the times so vividly remembered by the writer. It should be distinctly noted, however, that only an inconsiderable section of the denomination were thus narrow and, (because narrow) censorious in spirit, so late as the period to which reference is here had. The demand, even then, for thoughtful and intelligent pulpit utterances was wide-spread and strong, and the question as to whether paper might be as used

a help to that end, was largely left to the choice of the preacher himself.

Another question that was a long time at the front, and concerning which there was a wide diversity of opinion and feeling, calls for brief mention. From the beginning of Baptist movements in Maine, up to about 1830, to the laity of the churches was accorded "liberty of testimony" in the presence of the Sabbath congregation. The exceptions to this practice were mainly confined to the cities and larger centers of population. The time assigned for the exercise of this liberty was immediately after the sermon. At that stage in the services, the preacher was accustomed to say, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," or words to that effect; and quite commonly, one or more of the congregation, male or female as the case might be, would rise and "witness to the truth," as it was called. Sometimes such exhortations would be fervid and impressive beyond even the sermon itself. But not infrequently, persons quite without gifts would fancy that they heard the voice of the Spirit, and so make the attempt, with the result of unseemly failure on their part, and of ridicule on the part of the devout portion of the congregation. But be this as it might, liberty to "speak in meeting" was stoutly and persistently claimed as a sacred heritage of all regenerated souls; and hence, when the propriety of the practice began to be questioned, and the old-time freedom to be curtailed, there was no

little outcry on the part of many. The protest was emphatic and many-sided, sometimes taking the form of tearful grief, and sometimes of rebuke and denunciation. Often the pastor's standing with his people was seriously affected by his attitude in regard to this practice. Whichever view he took, he was fairly sure of the applause of one portion of his congregation, and the censure of the other ; for in most communities the people were divided in opinion as to the propriety of such indiscriminate liberty of testimony under such circumstances. But this question, like many another, only needed time to settle itself. As looked back upon from this distance, it is interesting and instructive to recall the processes by which all these points of difference have been gradually adjusted, so that now there is substantial harmony where there was once discord, and order where there was once confusion ; and especially instructive is it to note, that these happy results have been achieved not by a policy of repression, but by the utmost freedom of the individual conscience, understanding, and will. This fact speaks volumes in favor of the Baptist church polity, as distinguished from the polity of the semi-hierarchical churches of the Protestant world.

CHAPTER VII. .

DISTURBING QUESTIONS CONTINUED.

The Temperance Reform.

The temperance reform, in its earlier stages, was the occasion of no little commotion among the churches. As men are made, this is not strange, a fact that will more clearly appear in the sequel. At the dawn of the nineteenth century, and for several years thereafter, we were fast becoming a nation of drunkards. It was quite the exception, when the entrance or exit, the birth or burial of any poor mortal transpired without the friendly offices of the rum bottle. Its aid was invoked alike to assuage grief and augment joy. At the "raising" of buildings, the harvesting of hay, the husking of corn, the music of wedding bells, the sad notes of the funeral dirge, the dedication of churches, the ordination of ministers, the voting precincts of citizens, the mustering of the soldiers for drill and duty, the annual recurrence of the nation's birthday, in a word, at all merry-makings, and, indeed, on all social occasions whether merry or mournful, its presence was anticipated as a matter of course, and its absence regretted if inevitable, and resented if intentional. Did the pastor call? The decanter,

sideboard or no sideboard, was set forth to give cheer to the occasion. Was a man elected to office? The "treating" of the crowd was a forfeit he must pay, or be called mean. Was one melting with the heat? Rum or its equivalent was the sovereign remedy. Was he freezing with the cold? The same antidote was prescribed with a sublime disregard to consistency. The uniformity of the laws of nature seemed no longer of any account. Cause and effect, premise and conclusion, were in the most fantastic relations to each other. At length it had turned true that a man could take fire in his bosom and not be burned. If actions speak louder than words, what other inference is possible?

The evil was greatly aggravated by the universal use of the juice of the apple. Figuratively speaking, cider flowed in rivers throughout the land. Like bread, it was reckoned as a family necessity. Almost literally, no cellar was without it. It was a plebian beverage and the common people drank it as the German does his beer. Twelve, fifteen, or even twenty barrels were no unusual supply for a single family. The "cider-pitcher" was always at hand, and pilgrimages to the cellar to fill its hungry maw, were always in order. Without extravagant hyperbole, it may be said that it was always on the table at meal time, always dispensed to callers come when or whence they might, always conveniently near to quench the thirst of toilers in field and shop, and always within call during the cosy evening

hours. The writer knows whereof he affirms. In his boyhood he was a constant witness to every phase of the habit as just set forth. Orchards were then planted with reference to cider rather than to fruit. The art of grafting and budding was little in vogue, but cider-presses abounded on every hand. The poet has said of wine that it "cheers but not inebriates." Cider may do both, and worse than all, it may and does stimulate and whet the appetite for the fiery poison of the still. And so the evil grew into ever increasing and festering harvests of corruption and death. Men seemed to be under the spell of a terrible nightmare. and therefore unconscious of the frightful ruin that was being wrought in the land. But, thank God, there came a waking time, at length. As of old, voices began to be heard crying in the wilderness. Lyman Beecher thundered from his pulpit; George B. Cheever had his dream and told it; other brave souls sounded the alarm, and presently there was a mighty shaking among the dry bones. From near and from far, was heard the sound of tramping feet hastening to the rescue. Neighbor talked with neighbor. Paul's resolve to eat no more meat, if his doing so would cause his brother to stumble, found a ready and pertinent application; and Cain's sneaking and evasive query, "Am I my brother's keeper?" was, in its way, equally effective. It was seen and felt that something must be done, and done speedily to stay this

murky tide of death, and that in order to meet the pressing want of the hour, there must be associated effort. To this end, meetings were called, lectures delivered, and a pledge of abstinence, at first partial and afterwards total, agreed upon. A pledge thus radical, and thus early in the movement, could not but prove a dividing line, with good men ranged on either side of it.

The more zealous and progressive, and, it is only fair to add, the more sagacious and far-seeing, could discern no effectual remedy short of total abstinence from the intoxicating cup. But not so thought the ultra conservatives. They heard no call from God to "sign away their liberty." They saw no reason for assuming such a yoke of bondage themselves, or of imposing it upon others. The venerable and sainted pastor of the writer belonged to this latter class. When treating of this subject, he was wont to say, (and upon high authority,) that every creature of God is good and to be received with thanksgiving, and that as rum, like every other article adapted to some need of man, is a creature of God, it would be wrong to pledge one's self irrevocably against its use. He also argued that in order to conform to the requirement to be temperate in all things, they must be used in some form and to some extent, and much more to the same effect. And this was but a representative case. In the beginning of the reform there were many such, including some ministers and deacons, and

more of the rank and file of the denomination. They saw, or fancied they saw in the movement, much that was suspicious. There were in it sly and sinister designs, and under it lurking dangers, political, or ecclesiastical, or both, of large proportions. So they feared, and so they charged. Misunderstandings and heart-burnings could not but be the result. For a while, both sides were represented in nearly every church. Chief friends were separated. Schisms abounded on every hand. Pastors often found the ground under their feet any thing but stable.

A decided stand in favor of the reform, was sure to array a portion of their congregation against them. But it is due to a very large majority of the ministers of that day to say that they bravely met the crisis. With exemplary fidelity and great zeal, they preached and prayed and lectured in favor of the reform, and often at the cost of place, and much-needed support. The conflict in our churches was for the most part sharp, but short. Appetite and greed for gain, supplemented by a feeble but specious show of argument, kept the field, even in the church, for a long time. But as light increased, it became more and more manifest that the friends of the reform were in the right, both as to principle and method, and that the opposition were palpably and hopelessly in the wrong, and must therefore go to the wall. It was a case of the "survival of the fittest." The fire

went out at length, for lack of fuel. The temperance reform, as a distracting element in our churches, now exists only in history. To that extent, the battle was long since fought and victory for the right achieved. It continues to rage, indeed, on the great field, but not within our church lines. Trifling differences of opinion may sometimes arise as to methods, but not as to the grand underlying principle. At that point the denomination are in substantial harmony and have been for a generation. It was in the nature of things that such should be the result. It was the old story over again. Truth was mighty and prevailed, as it always must when in fair and open conflict with error.

CHAPTER VIII.

DISTURBING QUESTIONS CONTINUED.

The Anti-Slavery Reform.

The question of human slavery began to force itself into prominence early in the present century. It was a question to compel and hold the attention of philanthropic and Christian minds. Very naturally, the more it was studied the more commanding it became. Garrison, in the historic "Liberator," fulminated his wrathful and sturdy philippics against the monstrous wrong. Wendell Phillips, in more polished and keener periods, dealt it staggering blows. A long array of others, in and out of the churches, rose up in their might and made war upon the much-discussed institution. From the nature of the case, the conflict could not be otherwise than fierce and persistent. The property question abounds in nerves. Only a slight adverse touch is needed to cause it to quiver from centre to circumference. The *meum* and *tuum* in human nature call for gingerly treatment. The Southern gentleman was the absolute *owner* of his slaves. Either by inheritance or purchase, they were *his*; his by the law of the land, his, as he contended, by the sanction of God himself. For were not his chosen

people of old, slaveholders? Were not Abraham and many of his descendants rich in servants, and did not Paul return an escaped slave to his master?

In response to this claim, the abolitionists strenuously insisted that God winked at the wrong because of the prevailing ignorance of those early times, but that, as light increased, all excuse for its perpetuation was taken away, that human slavery was wrong, only wrong, and that continually, wrong in principle, wrong in practice, a blot upon the Christian church, and a hideous anomaly in a republic built upon the dogma that all men are created free and equal; that the gospel, in its whole tenor and spirit, provides for its everlasting banishment from among men; that it came from the pit, and to the pit should return; that it was a burning outrage upon our common humanity, and a deep and damning affront to God. And so the conflict raged. If an abolitionist went South and incantiously aired his sentiments, he was sure to be served with notice to quit, and in default of obedience, to expect personal violence in some of its many forms. If a slaveholder came North, he was equally liable to be looked at askance, and denied the ordinary rites of Christian hospitality. The conflict was indeed an irrepressible one, and especially so in the religious world. The people of the South did not stand alone in their defence of slavery. A large section of the Northern people stood with them against the growing army of abolitionists. The lines were sharply drawn in all the non-slave holding states.

In most of the individual churches, of whatever denomination, the two parties were represented. The consequences can easily be guessed. Unseemly words were spoken, harsh epithets bandied, and chief friends separated. In place of harmony was discord, in place of love, alienation if not hatred. Churches not a few were rent in twain, and if, by some favoring providence, other churches were not thus torn and distracted, the sweet fellowship of former years was sadly marred. It was indeed a fateful day for hay, wood, and stubble, and whatever else could not stand the test of fire. Our annual associations and conventions were permeated with the disturbing leaven so that their sessions were often made dreary and profitless. The time had gone by when the black man could be reckoned out of such occasions. He had come to stay. He was ubiquitous. Turn which ever way you might, he confronted you, The press teemed with affirmations and negations touching his status and his destiny. From thousands of pulpits his wrongs were portrayed and his rights vindicated, while many other pulpits dealt in apologies and palliations, and a few, in sturdy denials that the "patriarchal institution" was without the sanction of God, and, hence, antagonistic to the highest welfare of the race. But it was every year becoming more and more apparent that either the institution or the country must go to the wall. All the world knows the result. The institution, to all legal intents, vanished at length, in the dust

and smoke, and carnage of the battle field. As looked back upon, it seems like a frightful nightmare. But the shock of war, like the tempests and lightnings of the heavens, did but clear the atmosphere of impurities, and render it more fit to nourish the nation's life and make it strong and vigorous. All the same, however, the ordeal proved a terrible strain upon the strength and endurance of our churches.

To every one whose memory covers the thirty years immediately preceding the late Civil War, it must seem a miracle of mercy that they were not only not made devoid of all power for good, but that they continued, as a whole, to live and even grow all the while. The dawning light of the day which followed that long and dreadful night of agony and blood, was the harbinger of joy to how many! For then it was that the clarion of freedom proclaimed liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof. It was an auspicious day indeed to the quandom master, the quandom slave, the church, the country, the world. The cause of the dissensions in question, being thus removed, the dissensions themselves could not long survive, since there was nothing upon which they could feed. The ugly, angry, and ominous ulcer that had so long threatened the life of every thing good in church and state, was, at length, a thing of the past. The scar might and must remain, but the thing itself was gone. And so the churches had rest.

CHAPTER IX.

DISTURBING QUESTIONS CONTINUED.

Foreign Missions.

That the claims of the race to a knowledge of the Gospel and its blessed provisions, could ever have been questioned by any Christian mind, now seems marvellously incredible. And yet it is within the memory of the author, when these claims were in serious doubt by not a few devout and pious souls. How, or whence, this doubt came, is not a matter for present discussion. But that it once existed in a very pronounced form and was a disturbing element in our churches, there is no room for question. In my childhood days, and even later, heated debates upon this point were quite the fashion. These differences were doubtless due, in part, to the prevailing antinomian heresy of those times, but more to a blindness that seems to have been scarcely less than judicial. But whatever the cause, the resulting indifference was well-nigh past present belief. For generations, the sleep that, in this regard, oppressed the eye-lids of the church, was practically the sleep of death. But there came a waking time, and to the Baptist churches especially, it came after

a wondrous fashion. In 1812 Adoniram Judson and his wife, both young and in the first flush of missionary zeal, sailed for India under the auspices of the American Board, then in the infancy of its existence. Their conversion to Baptist principles during their voyage thither is familiar to all the world.

It was one of those wonderful strokes of Providence that usher in new and great eras. The effect of the strange tidings, as they were borne back to the American shores, was electrical. To the Baptists of the land they proved a bugle call. At first, the denomination were dazed and put to their wit's end by the sudden blast. Not at all of their own motion, but by a signal and startling providence of God, a missionary of their own faith, and of the choicest type, was already in the foreign field, and in danger of starving for lack of support. By the change in his sentiments he had forfeited the continued sympathy and aid of the society that had sent him forth, and so was without any human resource for his daily bread. Here was a call indeed, a call so manifestly from God that it could not be lightly thrust aside. In its resounding echoes was heard the old-time summons, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength O Zion." It was a novel appeal indeed, and fell upon unaccustomed ears. Hitherto the horizon of the American Baptists, (as indeed of American Christians generally,) had been mainly limited to their own parishes, if not to their own

door-yards. Any practical thought of the spiritual well-being of the race had but feebly obtruded itself upon their attention. Their idea of Christian service was chiefly limited to their own salvation. Beyond the palings of the little vineyards in their own immediate keeping their thoughts had rarely strayed. Their piety had been strangely self-centered, and hence, narrow and dwarfed. But at length, they found themselves face to face with a new and startling problem.

Adoniram Judson and his heroic wife had become Baptists, and under what circumstances! There is scarcely anything more dramatic in any of the incidents of which mention is made in the old Hebrew chronicles. To the American Baptists, it was God's voice of warning and command. Complacent slumber was no longer possible. The problem was before them and must be dealt with. To ignore it was impossible. They must say yea or nay to its demand. Which should it be? To such a question only one answer was possible. Such were the phenomenal conditions under which foreign missionary endeavor by American Baptists was born. But it was well-born. A good measure of life and vigor marked it from the first. And with such a life, it was bound to grow. Checked, it might be; destroyed, never. From its own inherent nature, it could not but assimilate to itself elements of strength and power. The process was gradual but the outcome certain, since its roots were in a soil

prepared by God himself. Only time and patience were needed. From the nature of the case, the denomination could not at once adjust itself to the new order of things. The first result was not peace, but a sword. The opposers were many, the doubters more. But by the choicer spirits in the churches, the tidings from the other side of the world were hailed with glad surprise. They heard in them the voice of command, and made haste to get into line and ready for action. But for weary years they were sadly handicapped by foes in front and laggards in the rear. Discussions, pro and con, ruled the hour. The question everywhere obtruded itself into the counsels of the denomination.

It is safe to say that the ultra calvanism of those times, reinforced by ignorance and covetousness, was largely responsible for the halting progress of the enterprise. A poll of the denomination's membership at any point in the first ten or fifteen years after the birth of the enterprise, would almost certainly have shown a majority for the policy of inaction. Ignoring the express and kingly command to go into all the world and bear the good news of salvation to all men, pleas of every shade from the specious to the frivolous and absurd, were the order of the day. "Heathen enough at home," the "curse against Canaan," the "Divine purposes," and scores of others equally irrelevant, were persistently and effusively urged as conclusive of the whole matter. But, strangely enough, the Divine purpose in the

conversion of Judson to Baptist principles, after such a marvellous fashion, was conveniently forgotten by these doughty champions of the misconceived doctrines of grace. They were sorely exercised lest the ark of gospel truth should be defiled by the unhallowed touch of profane hands. They plead with much and persistent earnestness that God should be left to do his own work, in his own way, and at his own time. How well I remember it all, child though I was !

From about 1820 until I had nearly grown to young manhood, the question as to whether American Christians owed a great duty, or, indeed, any duty at all to the heathen world, was a question instinct with life in most of our churches. The caldron was often hot even to seething. The matter would not down. It was too exigent to be ignored, too vital to be carelessly waived aside. Its demand for consideration and settlement was both strenuous and persistent. The long and brutal imprisonment of Judson, coupled with the sublime fortitude with which it was endured, the peerless constancy of his heroic wife, her early death and the thrilling story of what she dared and did, deeply stirred the hearts of many, and won them over to the support of the new order of things. And so it came to pass that the voice of opposition, though not immediately or for many weary years silenced, did yet become weaker and weaker, until, at length, its echoes well-nigh died out of the land. In Maine this result was

hastened by the short but strikingly brilliant missionary career of one of her own sons. In the annals of Gospel work in the foreign field, the name of George Dana Boardman will always hold a conspicuous place. He was the first graduate of our college, the first foreign missionary from our State, and the first herald of salvation to the Karen tribes of the East.

In the very few years that intervened between his arrival upon the field and his summons to his final reward, he sowed seed and garnered fruit which, for amount and quality, have had but few parallels since the days of the apostles. This one object-lesson gave a mighty impulse to the cause. In its presence, many a doubter stood convinced, and many an opposer was struck dumb. Cavillers, with any claim to fairness, cavilled no longer, but freely admitted that God was, in very deed, setting the seal of his approval upon foreign missionary endeavor. It was now plain to both friend and foe upon which altar fire from heaven had fallen. That the sacrifices of the Judsons, and Boardmans, and all who stood with them, were the ones approved and accepted of God, it was impossible longer to doubt. And so the unseemly struggle began to grow less tense, the spirit of opposition slowly but sensibly weakened from year to year, the ranks of the faithful grew apace, and each fresh advance gave fresh promise of such victories as have been foretold indeed, but never yet fully realized. Auspi-

cious was the day when our churches, at length, came into substantial accord on the question of Gospel work in foreign lands.

The influence of this great missionary up-rising of the century upon the home field, here claims careful consideration. Theodore Parker, a very prince of free thinkers, and an intense and contemptuous hater of evangelical religion, spoke some notable words at the time of Judson's death. These words were to the effect, that while the distinguished missionary had nothing but "wretèhed dogmas" to offer the heathen, his own personal sacrifices to a lofty moral ideal, were of incalculable worth to the world, outweighing by far all that the enterprise had yet cost. And then passing from the individual to the denomination represented, he spoke in glowing terms of its wonderful growth as the direct and normal result of *its* sacrifices for the same object. I cite this thought not because it is new, but because such hearty currency was given to it by such a man. Whatever else Theodore Parker knew or did not know, it is clear that he understood one law of moral and spiritual growth. That it is necessary to "scatter" in order to "increase" did not need the fiat of God to make it true, since it belongs to the very nature of things, and is, therefore, eternally true. When Judson joined their ranks the Baptists of the United States were, to all appearance, a feeble and inconsiderable factor in society. There was every reason why they should have been. As a body, they were

neither rich nor learned. Numerically small, and socially inconspicuous, they neither belouged, nor claimed to belong, to the great ones of either church or state. Their ideals of education were, in the main, of the hum-drum order, and their aspirations correspondingly feeble. To such results, all their antecedents and environments had tended.

As these pages have before intimated, they, in common with most other Christians of that day, were self-centered, and, to that extent, ignoble, in their aims. What they needed was higher ground and a broader outlook. To such a change, the Judson episode was a direct challenge. It summoned them to immediate and vigorous action. It supplied motives and ideals of the grandest type. It was a call to cause a shaking among the driest of the dry bones. The result was more than a revelation ; it was a revolution. Among its incidents, as we have seen, was the opening of blind eyes and the unstopping of deaf ears. Christians who had been hybernating, as it were, in their narrow and chilly quarters, through a long winter of semi-consciousness, suddenly felt themselves rudely disturbed, and began to awake and ask, in a half-dazed way, what it all meant. Nor were they suffered to lapse again into their former state of complacent inaction. The call was so urgent and so manifestly from God, that it compelled those to whom it was addressed, to ponder anew, and many of them for the first time, the import of what has been so long and so fitly called the Great Commission.

At first, it was not easy for the denomination to adjust its sense of sight to the wider horizon, and the broader field of vision. But in no long time the whole grand expanse began to lift itself out of the gloom, and reveal its wonderful proportions. To such a revelation there could be but one outcome, since those to whom it appealed, short as had been the range of their spiritual vision, were in essential sympathy with the Lord Jesus Christ. They now began to see as they had never seen before, and to feel as they had never felt before. Their piety became practical and aggressive. It was no longer mainly introspective. It set about doing something for others, and doing it in earnest. It required no prophet's eye to foresee the sequel to this new departure. The churches at once began to put on fresh garments of strength and beauty. Revivals of great power became general throughout the land. The hide-bound policy of the past was gradually forced to the rear. To *do* as well as to *be*, became the watch-word of the truest and the best. Broader views and higher conceptions of what was surely in store for the race, animated and inspired the rank and file of the churches as never before. Growth and enlargement became more and more a feature of the times. The twenties and thirties may well go upon record as a period of rapid expansion. The home field and the foreign field acted and re-acted upon each other with most inspiring effect, and the influences thus set on foot have gathered strength and momentum as decade after decade

has come and gone, until the results have outrun all the hopes of those early times.

Our thousands of that day have long since grown into the millions, and the ratio of increase was, perhaps, never greater than now. It is a wonderful record and is largely due, as the writer believes, to the spirit that took possession of the denomination in connection with the conversion of Judson to Baptist views, and the consequent necessity laid upon it to gird itself for work in the foreign field. Very instructive as well as inspiring is it, to contemplate the denomination's growth from this standpoint. It is an evolution that will bear much study. As one result, the whole country is dotted with colleges, seminaries, and academies that would otherwise have had no existence. As another, the hearts of God's people are opening as never before to the claims of every good cause. The purse is now dispensing its treasures to the verge of wonder on the part of those whose memories go back to the early years of the century. *Then*, the gift of ten dollars by a "well to do" Christian man would have been regarded as almost princely. *Now*, the gift of a hundred by a man of the same class would excite little remark. Yes, the outcome of gospel work in foreign lands is grand beyond conception, whether regarded in the light of its direct fruits, or of its wonderful re-action upon the home field. For all this let God be thanked, and his people cheered and encouraged.

CHAPTER X.

DISTURBING QUESTIONS CONTINUED.

The Antinomian Heresy.

The high calvinism of a portion of our Baptist fathers was largely due to their environments. Among these were the peculiar circumstances attending their conversion. As in the case of Saul of Tarsus, the Lord seems to have called them out from among the people for a special purpose. Not of their own will did they come into the possession of the new life. With them, at least, it is clear that regeneration preceded any "willing or running" on their part. Not until the new life had been begotten within them, could it either be consciously felt by its subjects, or be made manifest to others. This is only another form of saying that it must *exist* before it could *act*. In regeneration, (if the figure is to be taken in its obvious and literal sense,) the "soul is passive and receives from God, while in conversion it is active and turns to God." Now holding these distinctions in mind, is it any cause for wonder that many of the men to whom reference is here had, should have become calvinists of the antinomian brand? Consider their antecedents and surroundings. Many of them were nominal

members of the then dominant church, which, in those days, gave only feeble and tardy assent to anything supernatural in religion. And yet conversions of a pronounced type were not very unusual, conversions too for which human reason wholly failed to account. Their subjects were quite without the "means of grace," as that phrase is now understood.

The era of "revivals" had not dawned. Personal labor for the conversion of men and women was very little in vogue. It is scarcely too much to say that no man cared for their souls. They had their Bibles, it is true, and could read them if they would. They also attended upon Sabbath services, but only in a perfunctory way,—not a strange thing, certainly, since there was little in the services to meet the deepest needs of their souls. But despite all this, striking instances of conversion would ever and anon occur. The subjects of this change were often the strong, stalwart men of the community. Their testimony concerning it was, for substance, that at a certain time, in shop, or field, or by the way, they became strangely exercised as to their eternal well-being. The law of God rose up to their view as never before, and made its demands upon them. Its message to them was one of despair rather than of hope. They had trampled upon it so heedlessly and so long, that now it could only threaten and frown. For them, a curse and not a blessing, was in it. Its threatenings were like the

angry mutterings of thunder in the heavens. They owed it everything, and could pay it nothing. Whichever way they turned, they found the heavens brass over their heads, and the earth iron beneath their feet. While they saw and felt that the law was 'holy, just, and good,' they knew all too well that it had no word of hope for any who had, even for once, defied its authority and set at naught its requirements. They saw moreover, as in a glass, that in order for deliverance from the sore straits into which they had come, its demands must in some way be satisfied. But how? This question was their despair. The abounding provisions of the gospel had not gladdened their vision. In a kind of vague and misty fashion, they had seen them, but had not *perceived* them. Their eyes were holden so that they were still in darkness, and hence in despair. But the vision did but tarry. It came at length with its message of peace and pardon. A flood of joy filled their souls. Where there had been distressing doubt, there was now glad assurance. All things suddenly seemed new to them—they themselves were new, new creatures in Christ Jesus. The whole creation became vocal with praise to God. To their apprehension, the sun was brighter, the air balmier, the flowers sweeter, the birds more tuneful, and the whole universe grander and more beautiful than ever before. And wherefore? Simply, because they now had evidence of their justification before

the law, not because they themselves had kept it, but because of their faith in the perfect One who had kept it, and who had voluntarily assumed the penalty due to their transgressions. They now hated sin as never before because they saw it in the light of Divine love and forbearance.

These men had become old while I was yet a boy, but how vividly I remember their public testimonies to the effect that the Lord found them before they found Him. With beaming face and streaming eyes, they would tell how He wrought upon them by his spirit, how He opened their blind eyes, how He snatched them as "brands from the burning," and much more of like import. In their view, their conversion was the Lord's work and not man's. At the time of this crowning crisis in their lives, they were not Baptists, a fact more fully set forth elsewhere in these pages. They were simply converts, but converts of a thorough type. Beyond all question, they were men of conviction. Their subsequent secession from the dominant and well-nigh only church of the day, was of the nature of a revolt against its ultra arminian teachings, its cold formalism, its non-recognition of the new birth as a supernatural event, and hence, its fatal lack as a spiritual force in the world. This revolt was of slow growth. The situation made it inevitable as a final result, but the first step was not taken without much of mental struggle and hesitation. Once taken, however, it was decisive. The movement,

on the instant, began to gather strength and momentum. The pendulum only needed to be set free at one extreme in order to oscillate to the opposite extreme. This it must do by a law of necessity. To halt at the perpendicular line, (in the neighborhood of which the truth is apt to lie,) is impossible. The arc of the circle must be traversed and the two extremes touched. Hyper-calvinism was born of hyper-arminianism, and, in its turn, gave birth to the Freewill Baptist secession under Randall.

But for the bald antinomianism which had invaded, and in part, permeated the Baptist denomination, that secession would never have been heard of. Very interesting is it, as well as instructive, to recall the theological oscillations of that period. That there were giants in those days, it is impossible to doubt. The air was often full of missiles hurled at each other by doughty champions on either side, and not the leaders only, but the rank and file were intensely interested touching the high themes in dispute, and were not slow to take a hand in the controversies of the day. As an educating process, it was of no little significance. It stimulated thought and inquiry, led to a more diligent and critical study of the Bible, and enabled Christians the more readily to give a reason for the hope that was in them. It was by no means an unmixed evil. Storms in nature have a beneficent mission, are in fact indispensable to the highest good of the uni-

verse. They clear the elements of impurities that would otherwise make the earth uninhabitable. Is there no analogy at this point between the natural and the spiritual? Many seem to have got the notion, (largely from the ceaseless and half-senseless out-pourings of the secular press,) that if Christians would only sink their differences, cease to inquire, cease to think, and so cease to have individual opinions, and resolve themselves all into one church, the millennium would dawn at once! But a greater calamity than this could befall neither the church nor the world. Every interest of humanity would suffer more than words can express. The body politic would be seized with a kind of moral *dry-rot* that would sadly mar and weaken it in all its functions. The blight would be slow in process but fatal in result. No, even strife is better than stagnation. Let discussion go on, let honest differences be brought to the surface at proper times, and in a proper spirit, and be weighed and examined in the light and glare of the best age the world has ever seen. In this way alone can the weal of the individual or of society be best promoted. A truce to all this sentimental talk about a union that can be no union at all, save in seeming. Union will come, but not by any forced or conventional process. The true and the false are always on trial. The former can alone survive the ordeal. Whatever cannot stand the fire will in the end be burned up.

The antinomian heresy is an illustration in point. In the olden time it was defiant and aggressive. The dogmatism of its advocates was colossal. Their logic was of the cast-iron order. Their fatal weakness was in their premises. Grant them but these, and their conclusions were unassailable. Their mistake was in starting wrong. The assumptions upon which they built were without warrant either in fact or reason, and hence their superstructure was bound to topple over. Their belief in the doctrine of election was of a very grim type. They held to it, as expounded by Dr. Gill rather than by Andrew Fuller, and just here was the fatally vulnerable point in their armor, since almost no latitude was left for the play of the human will. The dogma was directly adapted to blunt one's sense of moral accountability, and, indeed, went perilously near to making sin, in the sense of guilt, impossible. Its defenders held that Christ died for the elect only, that the strivings of the Holy Spirit were vouchsafed to no others, and hence, that it was illogical and wrong to exhort the unconverted to repent and turn to God, since they are utterly without power, of their own volition, to take one step in that direction.

Such were the antinomian contingent of the denomination in the early part of the century. Their regards were mainly confined to a single aspect of revealed truth. To them, God was everything and man nothing. In their scheme,

human effort was at a heavy discount. As obstructionists in Zion, they were pre-eminent. They obstinately planted themselves across the path of progress, only as it found warrant in the half-truth that constituted the sum of their theology. From the very nature of the case, they could have nothing in common with the reform movements of the day. Especially, were they out of sympathy with missionary endeavor. The conditions of the race, as they then existed, had, like everything else, been ordained of God, and it was no better than a brazen impertinence for man to attempt to improve them. The ark needed no Uzziah to save it from taking harm. By the fiat of God the heathen were made what they are, and whenever He should see fit to change their status it would be done. Until that time should come, no human intermeddling was admissible. To the same category belonged Sunday-schools, the temperance reform, theological training, and the like. They were all of man's devising—were, in fact, of the devil, and so could have no place in the kingdom of Christ.

It need not be added, that these brethren of the "old school," as they were called, though numerically small, were a sadly disturbing element in the churches. They were a simple drag on all Christian activity. Naturally, there would be a few of them in nearly every church,—often, enough to benumb and palsy the whole body.

Such were the two schools that contended for many years within the Baptist fold. The one party gloried in what they were fond of calling sovereign grace, wholly apart from works; the other believed in the same doctrine, inclusive of works. Dr. Gill's teachings were more acceptable to the former, Andrew Fuller's to the latter. The difference in these teachings was very wide. The Gillites constituted what has since been known as the "old school" of which we have just been speaking; while all others chose the platform upon which the great body of the denomination now stands. Under its teachings man's free moral agency is left intact. Cause and effect, in their relation to this freedom of choice, remain in full force. Salvation is free to all who will accept it upon the prescribed terms. The difficulty in the case is in the heart of the sinner. That constraining grace is stronger and more effective in some cases than in others, is no concern of his. Salvation is within his reach whenever he has a heart to comply with the conditions on which it is offered. If, therefore, he lacks the heart, the will, to do this, he could rightly blame neither God nor man. To claim that God is bound to put a constraint upon him, and in a manner force his will, is a weak and wicked assumption. If, under such circumstances, he loses his soul, he has nobody but himself to thank.

But it is time that the last word in this paper were spoken, which can be done in a very brief

space. The controversy between the two schools in question, as every one knows, died long since, died of inanition, died because nothing was left upon which it could feed. At the time the Old School contingent separated from the main body, they had several churches of their faith scattered about the State, enough, I think, to form a small quarterly meeting. But, setting at naught all conditions of growth, they began to dwindle from the first, and to-day they are so few and feeble that they can hardly be reckoned as a factor in the religious life of the State.

And so a period was put to all chafing and strife occasioned by the antinomian heresy. Many years have passed since it ceased to be a disturbing element in our Zion. For all practical ends, it is but a memory. It belongs to history, and as such, is here recalled and put upon record.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COLLEGE.

Three agencies, at least, call for particular mention in these memorials, because of their great helpfulness to the denomination. They are the College, the Press, and the Convention. Treating them in the order named, and in successive chapters, the college will first claim attention. Nothing like a history of the institution, even in the barest outline, will be attempted. Personal recollections pertaining to my student life, and covering the four years beginning with 1835, will furnish the chief material for this chapter. College life at Waterville then and now, abounds in sharp and novel contrasts. These contrasts pertain to personnel, government, curriculum, athletics, expenses, social habits, and indeed, to every side of the life in question. Prominent among them is the difference in the average age of the entering classes. My own class will furnish a fair illustration. Of the thirty or more who were freshmen with me, all but four were from nineteen to twenty-five years of age, the average being nearly, if not quite, twenty-two. This would indicate that many more *came* than

were *sent*,—that is, that many more were there of their own choice, than were *placed* there by parents or guardians. This fact meant much every way. The man who goes to college of his own motion, goes for a purpose. In the nature of the case, he has an object in view that stirs him to action. He has counted the cost and made up his mind to pay it. He sees a prize at the end of the race and resolves to win it. Whereas, the boy who is sent to college, is liable to be without any definite aim, and, therefore, without the inspiration that such aim is apt to enkindle. He is liable, I say, to such a misfortune, though it is by no means certain that it will befall him. His antecedents, re-inforced by mental and moral stamina, may have been such that the college will give him just the impulse needed to push him on to high endeavor and worthy achievement. But still, his chances of failure are many more than in the case of him whose face, in the outset, is set as a flint in the same direction.

A purposeless man is sure to lag in the race of life. The soldiers in Gideon's army who lingered when in pursuit of the foe to kneel down and drink, were at a sad disadvantage with those who simply swept the water into their hands and drank it as they ran. To a test analogous to this, were not a few of those subjected, who, sixty years ago, resorted to Waterville college for such training as it could then give. Many of them were picked

men. Their desire for liberal learning had long been like fire shut up in their bones, but how to gratify it was to many of them the problem of problems. Home cares, financial straits, the farm, the shop, or some kindred obstacle, often rose like a dead wall across their path, as if to bar all further progress. Hence, the wearing and wearisome waiting before they could even enter upon the career for which they had so long pined. Quite the reverse of this is true of the college to-day, since the average age of entering classes can now hardly exceed seventeen.

Another interesting contrast is furnished in the type of government which prevailed in those early days. So far as administration was concerned, an oligarchy, pure and simple, was then in supreme control, and the oligarchs consisted of the teaching force and no others. College "senates," with student representation, had never been so much as dreamed of. To the president and faculty alone, were accorded the right and duty of governmental administration, and such administration was more commonly of the martinet variety. I do not say that it was not also parental, that is, after the fashion of those times. But even parents may be something of martinets, and often to the great profit of their children. Dr. Chaplin who presided over the college for the first thirteen years of its existence, was a father to the students in, perhaps, the best sense of that word, but like all college presi-

dents of the period, he stood much upon ceremony. Thus, if a student had occasion to speak to him, even though it were out of doors and in a pouring rain, and failed to remove his hat, the good Doctor would instantly remove his own, and follow the act with a suggestion that the abashed young man would not soon forget. The now too nearly obsolete idea that students go to college to be governed as well as taught in book knowledge, was then in high vogue. To learn how to submit to legitimate authority, was regarded as an essential part of a well rounded and finished education. The college laws, as framed by the trustees, gave to the president and his subordinates jurisdiction that covered all the outgoings and incomings of the student, and from their findings there was no appeal, save to the general public. There were no "exits" then, no class banquets beyond the limits of Waterville.

Frequent mingling in village society was discountenanced and, in great part, prohibited. Unexcused absences from recitations, chapel services, and public worship on Sunday, were made odious by a fine of ten cents for each such absence. They also put the offender at a disadvantage in the final award of class-room honors. Attendance upon balls or other society merry-makings, even for once, in term-time, was condoned only upon the promise of abstinence in the future. The use of spirituous liquors or tobacco, in any form, was strictly forbidden, also the keeping of firearms of

any description. In a word, the central idea sought to be inculcated and enforced upon the minds of the young men, was, that they were there for the purpose of mental and moral discipline, and that nothing calculated to thwart this purpose could be tolerated. The reader may hastily conclude that college society, under such restrictions, must have been of the grim and gruesome order. Nothing could be farther from the fact, since the students of that period were sufficient unto themselves for all the purposes of recreation and gleeful sports. True, base ball and lawn tennis were then unpracticed if not unknown arts. Boating clubs were few and far between. But quoits, old fashioned ball games, and many other forms of harmless recreation were always at the option of students in need of wholesome exercise. Especially fortunate for such, was it, that the limpid and sparkling waters of the Kennebec were within such easy reach, and yet, (in those days,) so securely shut out from the public eye. The bather and the swimmer had but to traverse an avenue of a few rods, formed by the protecting ranks of the "Boardman Willows," to gain the shore of the beautiful river that supplied such *oceans* of fun to the callow freshman, the budding sophomore, and the dignified (?) senior. From thirty to forty in the water at a time was no unusual spectacle, and among them such future notables as Martin B. Anderson, Samuel L. Caldwell, Benjamin F. Butler, and the like. The exhu-

berance and humor of the scene were simply indescribable. Among the dissolving views of long-ago, this loses none of its vividness as the years go by. These sports, of course, were only permissible out of study hours. On this point, the requirements were very exacting. The warning sound of the bell meant a prompt movement of the student towards his room, or, in default of that, disfavor at headquarters. The line of demarcation between recreation and study was very sharply drawn.

But the students of that period had an option not enjoyed by their successors. The manual labor fever, as connected with educational institutions, was then at its height, and Waterville did not escape the epidemic. So far as its victims were concerned, its effect was two-fold and not at all harmful. It improved their finances, and, in the matter of bodily exercise, answered the purpose of our modern athletics. To the ambitious but impecunious student, it was naturally alluring, since it offered a solution of the problem that had been his despair, to wit, how to get the means to defray his college expenses. But now the problem was a problem no longer. To secure that end, physical labor for two or three hours per day, would, in effect, be recreation. With eagerness, therefore, not a few of the students embraced the proffered opportunity. Among their feats was the erection of several plain but spacious workshops, and a "steward's house," where cheap board was furnished for many years.

During the short-lived and disappointing experiment, these shops were busy and buzzing places of toil in the intervals between the allotted hours of study. The music of the hammer, the saw, the mallet, and the plane, though discordant, was full of life and inspiration. Of skilled workmen in woodcraft there were few, while of neophytes there were many. But nevertheless, in the matter of quality, the finished products were quite creditable, some of them eminently so. In a very few instances, the young gentlemen's earnings were nearly sufficient to defray their current college expenses; and in most other cases, an encouraging advance was made in that direction. Benjamin F. Butler wrought at chair-making, and, if rumor spoke truly, quite to the advantage of his purse. Though his future could not then have been forecast with certainty, all who remember him at that stage of his career, will agree that the "boy was the father of the man." The colossal audacity of his nature, and his keen insight as to methods and foresight as to results, were quite beyond their germ state, even in his student days. Neither his oracular word (and, as it turned out, his decisive word) as to the proper treatment of negroes escaping to the Union lines, nor his hanging of Mountfort in New Orleans, was any surprise to his old college mates. They were but the natural outcome of his known and wonderful fertility of resource, and the merciless tenacity of his will. How different his

earthly destiny from that of many others who wrought with him at the same bench !

But, to resume the thread of our story : Manual labor, in a few instances, was performed and paid for independently of the work shops. Thus, Martin B. Anderson and Samuel L. Caldwell, (see biographical sketches in another part of this volume,) became, respectively, the commissary of the "commons" boarding-house, and the college bell-ringer ; while the writer of these lines was promoted to the dignity of janitor of the North college in which were then recitation rooms and the Chapel, the latter being in what is now the basement of the building. The requirements of the position included the care of the halls, and the building of the fires ; and as public prayers and one recitation came before breakfast, the janitor had to bestir himself long before daylight during a considerable portion of the year, and the coldest portion, as well. But while the position was no sinecure, it helped to make it possible for its occupant to press forward without any break in his college course, and so reconciled him to the temporary hardships of his lot. The day of scholarships had not then dawned upon the institution and, hence, its needy students could get no relief from that source.

But the curriculum of studies then and now, here puts in a claim to attention. Looking at *substance* alone, the difference is less than might at first be supposed. Of course, the advantage is with

the present generation. Progress in the field of discovery within the last half century, has been rapid to the verge of wonder, and the resulting helps to the student are many and decisive. It goes without saying, that he can now accomplish more with the same amount of labor, than would have been possible to him in the far past. The improvement applies to methods as well as to the constant broadening of the field of human knowledge. But after all this has been admitted, it still remains true that the college curriculum of former days was, for substance, largely what it now is. In my time, '35 to '39, we had in mathematics what was known as the "Cambridge course." The course was a rigid one and we were held rigidly to it by teachers of eminent ability. Nor were the rigors of the classroom much less in the departments of science and language. At nearly every point in the course, the requirements were positive and imperative. One requirement was that no student, (except in the case of the languages,) should have a text-book at hand during the hour of recitation. His mastery of the lesson must be so complete, that not so much as a leading question by the professor would be needed, and even in the languages, to my class was set the task of reciting, memoriter, about four hundred lines from the Odes of Horace, a feat that was successfully accomplished, as was proven at the final examination.

An anecdote pertaining to the since world-famed General Butler, will be in place at this point. There is good reason for the belief that it is entirely authentic. It is well known that in his long practice in the courts, he rarely, if ever, kept any record of the testimony of witnesses. No matter how complicated, protracted, or important the case on trial, he could safely trust his memory for every essential detail. In answer to the question of his wondering fellow attorneys as to whence came this marvellous power, whether natural or acquired? he said he owed it, in large measure, to his training in a college down in Maine, and then proceeded to set forth the methods pursued, such as the exclusion of text-books from the class-room, the absence of leading questions by the teacher, the requirement of a thorough analysis of every lesson, and the ability at the close of the term, to pick up the thread of thought at any stage of progress in the study, and pursue it until called down by the professor. This anecdote, when taken in all its bearings, suggests queries which no educator of the young can afford to ignore. The broader culture of the present day should be warmly welcomed provided always that depth is not sacrificed to surface. I am far from affirming that, by as much as the old time current was narrower, it was deeper; and that by as much as the modern current is wider, it is more shallow. But I do venture to raise the query as to whether there is not danger at this

point? What the pupil needs is *power*. Give him but that, and under fairly favoring circumstances, the coveted knowledge will follow as the effect follows the cause. Now this power can be best attained by wrestling successfully with the tougher problems that stud every well-arranged college curriculum, rather than by cramming the mind with facts adapted to minister to its fullness rather than to its growth and strength. Let breadth of culture, by all means, be coveted and cultivated, but never at the expense of a mastery of foundation principles.

A word now as to the financial problem. It has already been alluded to, but facts and figures are still lacking. The college charges, as I remember them, ranged from \$11 to \$15 per term, and included tuition, room rent, and sundry smaller items, such as use of text books, incidental repairs, and the like. Table board in the village was had from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per week. In the college "commons" it was considerably less, and in private clubs often much less. But a few, by stress of poverty, felt obliged to board themselves in their rooms, in which event the cost was from forty-six to about seventy-five cents weekly. As to the smaller sum I am positive, and for personal reasons. The wonder of the reader at these figures will be somewhat less tense, if he reflects that the purchasing power of money was then considerably greater than now, and further that the alternative in the mind of the student was to live thus or leave college.

The amount of compensation accorded to the president and faculty will further illustrate the forced economy of those times. Thus, Dr. Chaplin accepted the presidency on the promise of eight hundred dollars yearly and the use of a house. Dr. Chapin become professor of Theology at an earlier stage in the history of the institution, on a salary of five hundred. And even fifteen years later, the president's salary was only one thousand dollars and house rent, while the professors had to be content with from seven to eight hundred, and the tutors with three hundred.

Too much honor cannot be done the memory of the heroic men who laid the foundations of what was then Waterville college. Not for gold or silver did they toil through that long and crucial period that tested the quality of their faith even as the fire tests the quality of gold. In their heart of hearts, they knew that their labor would not be in vain in the Lord. The college was poor very often, not to say very commonly, to the verge of bankruptcy. Once, indeed, the financial stress was such that there was serious talk of *closing its doors and leaving the students to drift whether they would. Its buildings had become woefully dilapidated, and of endowment it had absolutely none save in the faith and courage of those few choice men of God upon whose sturdy shoulders and faithful hearts rested the almost crushing burdens of support and

* See biographical sketch of Dr. Anderson.

administration. In these men, the college was rich despite the desperate condition of its finances. But for them, its halls would have become silent and its doors closed for an indefinite time, if not for all time.

And this reminds me to say a word touching a few of the teachers to whom I have always felt deeply indebted. Chief among them was President Pattison. His first administration, in the judgment of many, marked the palmiest period in the history of the college under its original name. In the matter of cash endowment, as already said, it was bankrupt; but in spirit, it was rich. The half has not been told when it is said that its president's executive abilities were of a high order. He was a royal teacher as well. His power to inspire his pupils was of a rare quality. His relations to such of them as had worthy aims, and were doing their best to realize them, were very close. They were not so much those of the master as of the father and the brother. Without any sacrifice of dignity, he led the class onward and upward by working with them. He left text-books behind, when coming to the recitation room, just as he required them to do. His work was thorough, and its fruits have proved salutary and abiding. And then there were Professors Geo. W. Keely, Phineas Barnes and Justin R. Loomis; the first, a gentleman by instinct, a philosopher by rare natural endowments, and a scholar by training and wide research; the second, an amateur and skilled adept in classical lore; and

the third a well-equipped, discriminating and enthusiastic teacher in the domain of the natural sciences. Several others might be named who were helpful in their way; but these four were especially instrumental in leading many of their pupils through the mazes that must be trodden by every successful aspirant for worthy attainments in liberal learning.

And here I am minded to put on record a word touching the men who were in charge of the institution during its successive periods of bud and blossom, and early fruitage. Among them were Jeremiah Chaplin, Stephen Chapin, Thomas J. Conant, and the like,—men who for devout piety, exemplary fidelity, and ripe scholarship, had few peers, and fewer superiors. And yet I well remember in my childhood days, of hearing the college more than once or twice sneeringly alluded to as being scarcely above the grade of a respectable academy. But it needed only to bide its time. Its fruits would show the character of its work. As soon as these became manifest, all such flippant sneers died a natural death. In no long time, it began to compel the respect of leading educators by the quality of the training it furnished to its students. If this training lacked somewhat in breadth, it excelled in something better. It gave every eager pupil a grip upon first principles that was at once strong and tenacious, an advantage that no true seeker after knowledge can afford to forego.

The college sometimes made mistakes, it is true, (as what institution does not?) in the selection of its executive officers. An example is furnished in the case of one of its presidents who proved false to its traditions, because of his defection from the faith of its founders. But as a rule, the men who have been chosen into its board of government and instruction, have honored the college, and in so doing have honored themselves. Of one of them, let a passing word here be spoken. For a more extended notice, the reader is referred to a biographical sketch printed elsewhere. The subject of the sketch was the patient, able, faithful, and heroically persistent James T. Champlin. His name was hardly a synonym for popularity during his long connection with the college, first as professor, and afterwards as president; and all because the scope and quality of his work was not then understood. But, thank God, in the retrospect, it shines like pure gold, and will continue to shine more and more as the years go by. The very memory of what he did and endured for the college, is a benediction. In the hearts of its friends, his name and his fame are fondly cherished, and will continue to be so long as it shall have a place among our higher schools of learning.

Of many others who have gone to their reward it would be pleasant to speak were there time and space. The names of Colby, and Coburn, and Merrill, and Wording, and Sturtevant, and Cook,

might well claim grateful and admiring mention; but such mention could add neither to the lustre nor the beneficence of their deeds. Sufficient is it for them, that their "record is on high" where no lapse of time can obliterate or even obscure it. It is largely because of their princely gifts that the financial safety and the continued usefulness of the college are assured. It should not be forgotten, however, that thousands of other gifts, comparatively small in themselves but large in the aggregate, contributed to swell the resources of what was Waterville college, but is now Colby University, so that now its cash endowment is in the neighborhood of seven hundred thousand dollars, nearly two hundred thousand of which is in trust for the benefit of its thrifty "feeders" located, respectively, at Waterville, Hebron, Houlton, and Charleston. What a contrast to fifty years ago! And the contrast is still more gratifying when we take into the account the magnificent additions to the equipment of these several institutions in the way of elegant and much-needed buildings.

After having said all this, it may cost many a reader a cold shiver when told that the college is in urgent need of half a million dollars more in order to meet its growing wants. And yet nothing is more true. Its friends ought to be sensitively aware that to stop is to go backward. It is now in full career; and any sudden halt, or even any diminution of speed, could hardly fail to end in disaster.

Prosperity creates a necessity for new outlays and more vigorous endeavor. An increase of fruits means, to the farmer, an increase of barns in which to bestow them. The moment an institution begins to feel that it has enough, it begins to die. The mere fancy, no matter how groundless, that it has "much goods laid up in store," is sure to be followed by the soothing self-exhortation, "take thine ease." Woe be unto it when it reaches that stage. If Colby University is to do for the race what it can and therefore ought to do, it must keep crying for more, and *get it*. And the more it gets, the more it will need. Its very prosperity would necessitate such a result. We here get a glimpse of glorious possibilities—possibilities that are within the reach of the friends of the college, just in proportion to their readiness to pay the cost of their achievement.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRESS.

I now come to speak of the press as a factor in the life of the denomination,—the newspaper press, I mean, as represented by our time-honored *Advocate*. I have had an intimate knowledge of it from its initial number under date of November 11, 1828. How distinctly I recall its first arrival at the old homestead! To the family living upon the mountain-side a half mile from neighbors, it was a notable event. Newspapers in Maine homes were not then over plenty. I question whether so many as a dozen were in course of publication within the limits of the State, and among them all, I think, not a single daily. Stages were much in vogue, but the steam whistle had not then been heard in Maine. As a consequence, mail facilities could not be otherwise than meagre. Many country towns had to be content with one weekly delivery, and any increase above that number was looked upon as a piece of special good fortune. In view, therefore, of the paucity of papers and the meagerness of the mail service, it may well be supposed that the arrival of number one, volume one, of *Zion's Advocate* at my father's, was quite a family event. In order to

reach our post-office, it was necessary to traverse a road of rude construction three miles in extent, and studded with hills of the true New Hampshire type. But these obstacles, when put in competition with the general desire for the paper, were as nothing. A visit to the post-office seemed just as really a family necessity as a visit to the store. With what keen interest the return of the messenger was anticipated, and how fortunate the one into whose hands the paper should first come. To the reader of to-day, it would have seemed insufferably dry, especially in its news department. And yet it was sufficient unto the generation to which it belonged. The public mind was not as feverish then as now. Its cravings were the same in kind but not in degree.

The rush and restlessness of the present were as yet only in the germ. The lightning had not been harnessed to the car of progress, and even steam had scarcely more than begun to pass from the stage of experiment to that of utility. Cities beyond the ocean might have been destroyed by earthquakes, islands of the sea sunk, crowns lost or won, and a thousand other portentous changes wrought, and our people have known nothing of them all for months thereafter. Tidings of the world's happenings then came to the editor's sanctum with slow and leaden foot. They had no wings, and traveled with only a weary and halting gait. But to the general public of that day, they were *news* all the same, and ministered to the pop-

ular cravings of the time just as effectually as the now superabundant outgivings of the press minister to the popular cravings of this day. And what was true of the news department of the paper, was, in a sense, true of all its other departments. In the nature of things, it could not but be a reflection, more or less accurate, of the times to which it belonged. Otherwise, it would have had no hold upon the public mind. By a natural evolution, questions of absorbing though temporary interest, arose in long succession, had their day, and passed into history. But while they lasted, they claimed a large amount of attention at the hands of the periodical press. The "Millerite" episode will furnish a good illustration. It reached its culmination while the writer was in charge of the *Advocate*, now more than a half a century ago. It was a highly sensational and picturesque attempt on the part of Mr. Miller, to prove from prophecy that, upon a given day in the year 1843, the second coming of Christ would occur. He was, doubtless, entirely sincere; and hence, felt pressed in spirit to warn his fellow-men, through the press and by word of mouth, to be ready for the dread event. And this he did, with a burning zeal and no mean ability. The effect was magical. Though no better and no otherwise than a fanatical craze, it swept over New England with the force (I had almost said, the fury) of a cyclone, leaving many sad and sickening wrecks in its path. The reader

can readily understand how such an episode must, for the time being, have drawn upon the resources and tested the wisdom of the religious press.

And then there was the Abolition question, now a dead issue only because slavery itself is dead. But in the times of which I am writing, it was instinct with life. Its nerve-centres were legion, and quivered with excitement at every touch. And no wonder ! The problem was so mighty, so far-reaching, held so much in its embrace, meant so much to humanity and to the Christian church, that it could not have been otherwise. In those days, there were few bowers of ease, few beds of roses for the editor of a denominational paper. He could pretty confidently count upon a full tale of stripes from his brethren, on the right hand and on the left. Their conflicting characterizations of his policy and his utterances, were a curiosity in their way. In the most feverish period of the anti-slavery movement, if judged by what many of his readers said, he was often everything at one and the same moment ; wise and foolish, conservative and radical, timid and bold, gentle and reckless, time-serving and heroic. There was, however, nothing strange or abnormal in all this. It was but a necessary result of existing conditions.

It were a waste of words to remind the reader that the Advocate was what it was because of the character and stress of the times then passing. The current thought of the denomination naturally found

expression through its columns. And very interesting as well as instructive is it to recall here and there a fragment of it, after the lapse of half a century. Many of the fathers of that day were very anxious lest a spurious type of conversion should become current among the churches, and hence, the frequent notes of caution and alarm to which they gave utterance. Upon this subject they had very pronounced convictions, and felt much solicitude. This solicitude found notable expression at one time in a series of articles entitled "False Fire." Their author, if I do not misremember, was the Rev. John Tripp, one of the prominent Baptist worthies of the day. The title he chose was, in itself, very suggestive, referring, as it did, to a flagrant case of sacrilege of which mention is made in the Mosaic annals. The central thought, of course, was the danger of mistaking spurious conversions for genuine. This was held to be very great, if not very common. A novelty, under the name of "protracted meetings," had just come into vogue, and was in the full tide of successful experiment. These meetings soon became frequent in all parts of the State, and were attended by crowds of people, and marked by numerous conversions. The fear of not a few of the good fathers was, that many of these conversions were not of the true Pauline stamp, that they were due to the novel means used rather than to the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost, and that, to the churches, they would prove a source

of weakness and peril rather than of strength and safety. While these fears may have been excessive, it is evident that they were not wholly groundless. At any rate, they had their uses in the way of stimulating caution, and hence, uses that were very wholesome. It is only fair to actual history to say at this point, that the average type of conversion, as we witness it to-day, would not have been quite satisfactory to our fathers. They coveted something stronger, more pronounced, a deeper sense of guilt and ill-desert, a profounder sense of need, a more subdued and humble frame of spirit, and a more wondering and grateful sense of pardon. I speak of this as a simple matter of fact, and not at all for the purpose of discussing the relative merits of the two types in question, or of accounting in any way for their existence. Many of the causes are too obvious to need suggestion, and the whole subject will furnish the reader food for profitable thought and investigation.

Let a word here be said touching the prominence given to doctrine, *as such*, in the earlier years of the century. Doctrinal preaching was relished then as it is not now. The terms arianism, anti-nomianism, arminianism, and calvinism, meant much to our membership of that day. Soundness in the essentials of gospel truth, held a high place in their regard. The *activities* of the Christian life were not then in the ascendant as they now are. Much time and labor were spent in "reason-

ing out of the Scriptures." It was strongly felt that the life could hardly be right while the head was wrong. Heresy was diligently hunted, and, if possible, driven to cover. That this is not idle fancy, the early files of the Advocate will bear ample witness. Many of its readers eagerly devoured the voluminous contributions to its columns upon the high themes of 'fate, free will, foreordination,' and the like, and often and warmly discussed them with their neighbors. All this is changed now, and for the better, doubtless, in many respects; but whether the pendulum has not swung too far in the opposite direction, is a question of no trifling import. A religion that has no recognized and clearly defined doctrinal basis, is hardly likely to accomplish much towards the regeneration and salvation of the race.

Of regular editors, the Advocate has thus far had six, namely, Adam Wilson, Joseph Ricker, Samuel K. Smith, John B. Foster, William H. Shailer and Henry S. Burrage. Of the first of these, nothing need be added to what is recorded of him in the biographical sketch printed elsewhere in this volume. His struggles, as founder of the paper, were heroic, not to say monumental, and merit the perpetual gratitude of his brethren. Of the second in order, no word is here called for save that at the most inexperienced stage of his public life, he occupied the chair editorial for nearly four years, and strove after a fashion, to meet its require-

ments. In 1848 Mr. Samuel K. Smith, then a student at Newton, accepted the headship of the paper, but the position proved little more than a way-station in his progress towards a vacant chair at Waterville, where he rendered successful and honorable service for more than forty years. He was, however, long enough in charge of the paper to demonstrate his fitness for the position, and his assured success had he chosen to occupy it indefinitely. There were some striking co-incidences between his career and that of his immediate successor, Mr. John B. Foster. Thus, both were Waterville graduates, both were indebted to Newton for more or less of their theological training, both passed from the chair editorial to membership in the college Faculty at Waterville, and both are now Professors *Emeriti* of their Alma Mater, after having given the better and by far the longer portion of their lives to her service. Dr. Foster's work as editor, however, was more extended than that of Dr. Smith, the service of the first covering a period of eight years, and of the last, only two. The length of Dr. Foster's administration gave scope for the exercise of the best that was in him, an opportunity of which he was not unmindful. The denomination submitted with reluctance to the successive transference of these two brethren to vacant chairs at Waterville, because of the feeling that, in the hands of either, the paper would have been sure to render able, safe and effective service to the

cause. The change, however, did not justify the apprehension that had been felt. The accession of the Rev. W. H. Shailer, D. D., to the chair editorial, in 1858, was accepted as an ample pledge that the management of the Advocate would continue to be both judicious and pains-taking. There was apprehension only at one point. Could he superadd this new and weighty responsibility to his other responsibilities as the pastor of a city church, without serious peril to both interests? This question he hastened to solve by employing an assistant in the person of Mr. J. W. Colcord who faithfully and wisely administered most of the routine affairs of the paper until it passed into the hands of its present editor and proprietor, the Rev. Henry S. Burrage, D. D., in 1873.

It is worthy of grateful mention that while the paper has always been a staunch defender of the faith, its career has never been marred by the hand of rash experiment or superserviceable zeal. From the first it has held steadily, consistently, and firmly on its way. During its life of now nearly three score and ten, it has encountered many obstacles, has passed many critical points, has had to deal with many delicate as well as vitally important questions, has been challenged by many shrewd and able opponents on the right hand and on the left, but it would be hard to name a time when it ever wavered, or lost sight of the end for which it was born. In its own quiet way,

and beyond what most realize, it has been a tower of strength to the denomination it represents, and an effective bulwark against specious counterfeits in general, and false liberalism in particular. Its list of non-essentials, as they stand related to plain Scripture teaching, is not over large. It believes the Bible from its initial to its final word,—believes in its Divine origin, its plenary inspiration, its sovereign authority, and its certain victory over the legions of foes that are evermore assailing it on every side. Suppose for a moment that it were possible to reckon the Advocate out of the life of the denomination in Maine, so that it would be as though it had never been, and then try to measure and weigh the consequences. What a change for the worse in the quality and amount of achievement; what a sudden and fatal set-back our schools of learning would suffer; what an unsightly and repulsive blank our several fields of missionary endeavor would present to the eye of the beholder; how the number of our needed and attractive houses of worship would dwindle, and, in a word, what a general paralysis would invade and retard all our movements as a people.

This picture, I am confident, is not overdrawn. I do not lose sight of the fact that papers from beyond the limits of the State might have done much for us, but not as much by far as the Advocate has done, and for this cause, among others, that not half so many would have been taken. And

then beyond this, and more decisively, it would be impossible for such papers, however high-toned and able, to afford the space required adequately to serve the needs of the Baptists of Maine. It is pleasant to know that, to quite an extent, they are taken among us, and will continue to be; but it is true, all the same, that they cannot do for us what the Advocate has done, and is doing. It was begotten of our needs, and was born when we were but a feeble folk. That it has been true to its mission, no one will question. As a faithful sentinel it has stood upon the watch-tower without pause for nearly three quarters of a century. Financially, it has asked no favor of the denomination beyond their patronage. Not a cent of subsidy has ever been accorded it. In no form has money ever reached its treasury save through the ordinary channels of business. This part of its history certainly, is creditable both to its successive proprietors, and the denomination whose faithful organ it has been. It is safe to add that it was never more worthy of continued patronage than now. A remark of the late Gardner Colby has been quoted to the effect that the Advocate was the only periodical that he was accustomed to read through at one sitting, and at the first leisure hour after it came to hand. That a paper which is unable to command the aid of paid contributors, should habitually be thus fresh and inviting, surely speaks volumes in its

favor. It has now been under its present management for twenty years and upwards, and it is more and more apparent every year that, as an agency to promote the growth and widen the influence of the Baptists of Maine, it is simply invaluable.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONVENTION.

My recollections pertaining to the Convention are both vivid and voluminous. A full record of them would entail a needless waste of printer's ink, and a sore trial to the reader's patience. Instead, therefore, of attempting to unify and put in connected form the events with which my memory is stored, I will simply rehearse here and there a stray incident belonging to that portion of the Convention's history which has fallen under my own observation. As the reader probably knows, it is the legal successor of the Maine Baptist Missionary Society, which ranked it in age by about twenty years. The Convention was founded in 1824, and the two organizations continued to exercise a kind of joint watch care over our State interests until 1867, when both were merged in one under the name of the Maine Baptist Missionary Convention. What here follows will have reference to events subsequent to this union of the two bodies.

The first matter of which I will speak, concerns the policy of putting the Convention work under the control of a single man and making him responsible for its faithful and efficient oversight. The

advantages of such a policy had long been apparent to not a few, but the difficulties in the way of its adoption were many,—some of them real and some imaginary. Among the former was the fact that an experiment of the kind had once been tried for a few months with the result of failure, which, of course, caused the shadow to move backward upon the dial by many degrees. Among the latter, was the question of expense. To support such an official, it was plausibly argued, would take just so much out of the treasury, and hence, nearly deprive the needy churches of the little aid they were already receiving, besides making it impossible to keep even one general missionary in the field. That these apprehensions were quite groundless was shown by the event. They, however, had the effect to retard matters until the annual meeting in 1871 when the decisive step was taken and a secretary appointed who should devote his entire time and strength to the work, his services to date from January 1, 1872. From that day onward, no suggestion of a return to the old methods has been heard. Upon this point, there has, so far as known, been absolute unanimity. The change was a long step in the right direction.

All this is not saying that excellent work was not done under the old order of things, but only that better work has been done under the new, and done, not because the men have been better, but because the system is better. Considering the hap-hazard methods of those earlier times, it is a

wonder that the fruit garnered was so good in quality and so large in quantity. The successes achieved under such circumstances, testify, in no doubtful terms, to the zeal and fidelity of the toilers who were then bearing the burden and heat of the day. * One of them still lingers among us in the fullness of his years and the ripeness of his piety. For a long period, while his powers were at their best, he traversed the State from side to side sowing the seed of the Kingdom, confirming the saints, and winning his fellow-men in goodly numbers to Christ. In many a Christian home, the memory of what he was and what he did, is still warmly cherished, and his, in a sense, is but a fairly representative case. Other workers, for shorter periods, and according to their ability, traversed the broad field upon which they bestowed much and faithful labor, many of the fruits of which remain to the present day.

In recording personal experiences, as distinguished from personal recollections, the pronoun in the first person singular is especially convenient, and for this cause I trust that I may just here make free use of it, without incurring the charge of unseemly egotism. At the time of my entrance upon the executive work of the Convention in 1872, its current income fell sadly short of its current wants. Its permanent fund was pitifully meagre. The great gifts of Byron Greenough and Abner

* Rev. S. G. Sargent.

Coburn had not then been announced, and were, therefore, very uncertain quantities. The same was true of smaller gifts that afterwards came to hand. The new departure, just then taken, called for an additional annual outlay of about twelve hundred dollars. The situation was critical. Something must be done to justify the change of policy, and convince the rank and file of the churches that the right chord had been struck, and in the right way. A happy thought came suddenly to the surface. It proved to be an inspiration as well as a thought, and this was its form: "There must be ten or twelve brethren in the State who would cheerfully consent to pledge one hundred dollars each, annually for five years, and thus provide for the extra expense of the secretaryship." How should they be found? Only by going where they were; looking into their faces, and suggesting to them their great *opportunity*. Accordingly, Bangor was visited without loss of time, where a few brethren were got together, who weighed the merits of the case with characteristic deliberation and thoroughness. The result was very gratifying. Before the conference broke up, the names of Moses Giddings, Arad Thompson, Chapin Humphrey, and J. C. White, were upon the subscription book. With such a start, the last lingering doubt as to success vanished. Among the names afterwards secured were those of Abner Coburn of Skowhegan, David Scribner of Topsham, B. W. Metcalf and Austin Hall of Damariscotta,

S. Kelley of Calais, T. B. Robinson of Hartland, and others which I do not now recall. And so here were pledges cheerfully given for about six thousand dollars, or more than one thousand dollars annually for five years. Nearly all these brethren who thus promptly stepped into the breach at just the critical moment, have gone to their reward, and this record of their names is but a passing and very slight tribute to their far-seeing faith, and their abounding love for the Zion of our God.

Two years later, in 1874, the Convention reached the fiftieth anniversary of its existence. The event was made the occasion of another special endeavor in the way of raising funds. A call for a thank-offering in the form of one-dollar contributions (the said contributions to be in excess of ordinary donations), was issued and pressed with gratifying success. Nearly every mail, for many months, brought these offerings to the Secretary's desk, until they amounted, in the aggregate, to about seven hundred dollars. Under the circumstances, the gifts thus placed upon the altar were invaluable. In both cases just cited, they did very much more than supply existing wants. They called attention, as rarely before, to the great and comprehensive work which the Convention had in hand. They quickened the denominational pulse, infused courage and hope into the rank and file of the membership, and gave life, and motion, and effectiveness, to much of power that had hitherto been lying dormant and

apparently dead. This general quickening of interest led up to many grand results which had otherwise been impossible. Among these was the erection or renovation of many houses of worship. A spirit of mutual helpfulness took possession of our churches as it had never done in the past. This appeared in what was undertaken and accomplished at Fairfield, North Vassalboro', Amity, Cary, Orient, Caribou, Washburn, New Sweden, Smyrna, Ludlow, Presque Isle, Forest City, Bradley, West Levant, Dover and Foxcroft, Milo, Eden, Franklin, Trenton, Penobscot, Winter Harbor, Bar Harbor, Owl's Head, South Hope, Jefferson (2nd), Gardiner, Yarmouth, Brunswick, Farnington, Skowhegan, Norway, South Paris, Waterboro', Sanford, and several other points in the wide field. In all these localities, new houses of worship were built, four-fifths of them before the Coburn fund had become available, and when, therefore, aid could be had only by personal appeals to individuals and churches. Nothing short of hand-to-hand work could win success. But the work, if not attractive, was, at least, remunerative. *It paid.* Take the case of Fairfield. Until the Convention took the work in hand, we had there neither organization nor edifice. The *field* was there, and that was all. Under right conditions, it had in it no little of promise. Materials were not wanting, and only needed the transforming power of the Holy Ghost to bring them

into touch with each other, and so into the symmetry and beauty of a gospel church.

In a preliminary effort looking in this direction, Rev. M. J. Kelley rendered very effective service in the way of missionary labor. But as a means to the supreme end, a chapel must be built at a cost, including the lot, of twenty-seven hundred dollars. How was this large sum to be realized? Only by a toilsome and persistent canvass. A wide territory must be traversed, and a multitude of gifts from a multitude of hands secured, and these gifts must come mostly from outside of the place. But the attempt was made, and, in the end, was crowned with success. The organization of the church followed, and a pastor secured in the person of Rev. B. F. Shaw, D. D., whose labors, as in so many other places, gave just the needed impulse to the infant enterprise. And what he did has been worthily supplemented by successors, each in his own way, until the church has grown to its present size and influence. This case simply by way of illustration. It has many parallels within the field of our operations; not parallels in all matters of detail, but parallels in the line of Christian endeavor, and substantial achievement. From no point of observation, can we get a more impressive glimpse of the scope and importance of our State work. But for the Convention, how much that has been done, would have remained undone! The bare thought is appalling. The building of these houses

of worship, and the repairing of nearly as many more, were but as the staging to the edifice. The prime object in view was the strengthening and perpetuation of the churches, and the salvation of men. That this object has been in a good degree, realized, who can doubt?

Any worthy attempt to estimate the value of the Convention, must take into account both its negative and its positive influence,—the evil it prevents, and the good it accomplishes. When thus weighed in the balances, no fair-minded person can fail to see that it is simply beyond all price. Governor Coburn understood this, or he would never have given a hundred thousand dollars in furtherance of its operations. And, by the way, here is the place to recall what I believe to be a fact in connection with that noble gift. A remark once made to me by Abner Coburn himself, is my warrant for the conviction that his gift to the Convention was much larger in consequence of what he personally witnessed at Fairfield. His travels to and from his home, very often took him past that place, while the chapel, (situated close to the railroad,) was in process of building. It thus became an object lesson to him. He had done generously for many similar objects in different parts of the State, but had acted simply upon testimony. Here was a case, however, that appealed directly to his senses. He could see it with his own eyes, and hence, watched the progress of the work with an ever-growing interest. He knew the

field, knew its needs, and took due note of the extent to which they were supplied by this movement on the part of the Convention, and so, by inference, was led to take more careful note of the efficiency of its work throughout the State. One can hardly resist the conclusion, that these circumstances, taken in connection with the chance remark before alluded to, had much to do with the magnitude of his bequest. If there be valid grounds for this conclusion, the Fairfield enterprise had a meaning far beyond its local significance.

Of the brethren with whom I was so long associated in State missionary work, I have the most grateful recollections. Their faces, their words, their acts, and their sympathies, are among my pleasantest and most cherished memories. They were a royal company of Christian workers. Though mostly gone to the more exalted fellowship of the victorious hosts on high, their influence remains, as an ever-living and operative force in all our deliberations and all our endeavors. It is not a mere aroma, a benediction that comes to us in our passive moods ; it is a *power*, wonderfully persuasive and potent, and a power that will be self-perpetuating and blessed for generations to come, nay, forevermore. There is one person whom, for special reasons, I will name, and who may be taken as fitly representative of many others. His services for the Convention were beyond all price. I refer

to Deacon J. C. White. For downright work in its behalf, his peers were few. His presence at the Board meetings, which could always be counted on, was like a beam of sunshine every time. As treasurer of the Penobscot Association, he succeeded, often to the verge of wonder, in keeping the smaller churches in line in the matter of contributions for both foreign and domestic missions. How often did the members of the Board come together with resources all too meagre to meet the requirements of the hour, until Deacon White entered the room with his report, in the presence of which the shadows would flee apace, and night turn to day. There is nothing invidious in this mention of his name. His case was exceptional only in the particulars just set forth. In his peculiar sphere of labor, he supplemented my work as secretary with noteworthy tact and efficiency, and I desire to render this simple tribute to his memory.

Now a closing word as to fruitage. We have just been speaking of results which pertain to the lower realm of matter. But what shall be said of the higher realm of mind and spirit? Here figures cannot stand us in stead. The transition from known to unknown quantities becomes at once apparent. Even approximate estimates are shadowy and intangible. And yet we are not wholly in a region of conjecture, since faith comes to the aid of reason. We *know* what God hath promised, and are sure

that the thing he hath spoken shall surely come to pass. We, moreover, see many visible fruits of the Convention's work, just as we see the effects of the wind though we cannot see the wind itself. Both faith and reason assure us that this work enfolds within itself the germs of wonderful and glorious possibilities, and that these possibilities, under right conditions, are certain to develop into concrete realities which shall bless our vision and gladden our hearts.

The question is very pertinent just here, as to how many Baptist churches there probably would have been in Maine to-day, but for the Convention and its predecessors, the Maine and Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Societies. Half as many as now? Assuredly not. And then of those which might for a possibility have come to the birth, how many would have lived for any considerable time, or to any worthy purpose? Why the work of the Convention in simply saving the lives of churches is beyond all price, and not only in saving their lives, but in making them relatively strong, vigorous, and fruitful. There is no need to argue the case. That all doubt and misgiving may be put to flight, we have only to think of the thousands of individual souls brought to Christ, of the scores of churches formed and nourished into strength and efficiency, of the ever-lengthening line of able and devoted ministers raised up and put into the field in this or other lands, of the great army of faithful

men and women who are keeping daily step to duty and nobly serving their generation by the will of God,—we have only to think of all this, and to think of it as the fruit of our own halting endeavors, in order to be filled with adoring wonder and unspeakable gratitude. And then when we reflect further, that this great tide of beneficent influence is in its own nature, self-propagating, that it will not only descend from parent to child, but that the multitudes of godly men and women who go from our churches to the far West or elsewhere, will bear the precious seed with them and scatter it far and wide, we keenly realize how impotent are words to convey all that we think and feel.

And now another and final thought presses for utterance. Within the last twenty years, our educational facilities have multiplied beyond all precedent. Our college, now respectably endowed, is buttressed by fitting schools as, perhaps, no other college in the land is. These schools are also fairly endowed, and besides being feeders to the college, are admirably adapted for the purposes of general education. And now for the point in hand. Who can doubt that our Convention has powerfully, though indirectly, contributed to this grand result? In such a work, everything, under God, depends upon the spirit of a denomination. But what would have been the spirit of the Baptists of Maine without the Convention or its equivalent? Why they would have had no spirit worth estimating.

The idea of raising money for the founding and support of educational institutions from the membership of our churches, under such conditions, could have been no better and no otherwise, than an idle fancy. No !—in order to success in such a work, there must be the perception of the need, supplemented by faith and pluck and push, without which nothing noble can ever be accomplished. For all these, so far as they are in exercise, our people, under God, are indebted to the Convention more than can ever be told.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LOOK FORWARD.

Thus far the backward look. It now only remains for us to say a final word as to the future. What the Baptists of Maine, of New England, and of the country at large, are yet to become as a moral and spiritual force in the world, depends upon conditions that are not far to seek. What are these conditions? They may all be summed up in these twelve words: *A firm and intelligent adherence to the teachings of the Divine Word.* A temperate but persistent insistence upon the supreme and binding authority of the Bible in all matters of faith and practice, has hitherto been our chief tower of strength, and if it do not continue to be, it will be our own fault. It is of the gravest moment that we carefully discriminate between things required and things permitted, between the law of commands and the law of expediency. If Christians everywhere and of whatever name, would bestow just a little attention upon this point, a world of confusion would thereby be avoided. By way of elucidating this thought, take the one matter of outward forms. A slave to forms, *as such*, is a slave indeed, and yet, how many such there

are ! A kind of spurious ritualism is constantly making its demands upon us, and bringing us into captivity. Posture in prayer, the order of Sabbath services, the ceremonials connected with the ordination and installation of ministers, the place of baptism, sundry requisites to church membership, and the like, are cases in point. Now the express and authoritative requirements in these several particulars, are few and distinctly defined. Thus, we are bound to take care that we actually pray, that we actually worship God in public, that we are actually baptized, that we actually enter into covenant relations with God's people, and that our ministry be actually ordained, and so qualified to discharge the functions of the sacred office. But whether we shall stand, or sit, or kneel in prayer, whether we shall be baptized in lake, or river, or font, whether Sabbath worship shall be observed in this order or that, whether on ordination occasions there shall be any services, save the prayer of consecration and the laying on of the hands of the presbytery, whether installation services shall be held at all, and whether the hand of fellowship shall be given to new members of the church, are all matters that are left in the discretion of the participants.

In other words, the *methods*, in so far as they are not expressly prescribed, are but as drapery to the figures themselves, and are, therefore, mere questions of human choice. They may be essential

to propriety or to convenience, but not to obedience. They may take this form or that without defeating or even affecting the end sought. They are incidental and temporary, nothing more,—mere things of the hour. But not so are they apt to be regarded by the average man or woman of Christian congregations. From the seat of custom, they gradually rise to the seat of authority. Thus, how general is the impression that in order to full church membership, the hand of fellowship must be publicly given to the candidate, and that in order to full and valid ordination, the minister and church must each be “charged,” the regulation sermon preached, and the token of welcome into the sacred office extended. Whereas, the ordaining prayer in connection with the imposition of hands, is all that is vital to the transaction. In view of such illustrations, (and they might be multiplied indefinitely,) I say again, and with emphasis, that we should be very careful to distinguish between things that differ. There are forms and forms. One variety are forms only, the other are forms *and* substance. A bank bill without the official signatures, is, in fact, *not* a bank bill. It has the semblance of value and that is all. It is a piece of paper and nothing more. In its present form it is utterly worthless. But let its form be varied by the addition of one or two names, and how everything is changed! It is now a thing of authority, of dignity, of power. It represents its face value in gold. With it and enough

more like it, farms can be bought, railroads built, churches and school-houses reared, mountains tunneled, mines opened, and countless other enterprises undertaken and pushed to completion.

Now just here is where the Baptists are strangely and most needlessly misunderstood by their brethren of other names. Their alleged bigotry is no bigotry at all, since they are able and ready, first, last, and always, to give a plain, straightforward and weighty reason for the faith that is in them. That baptism, in its outward form, is a *specific act*, standing out in clear outline and challenging the most searching scrutiny of the beholder, they are fully persuaded. In this persuasion, they are fortified by the scholarship of the world. The long-standing controversy upon this point is virtually at an end. Sundry of the smaller lights in the philological world may, and do, continue a kind of independent skirmishing, which, however, would be quite harmless in results, were it not for the abounding and confusing dust with which it fills the surrounding atmosphere. But though, with a unanimity that ought to be decisive of the whole matter, the very princes of biblical learning do, at length, concede that the primitive *act* of baptism was what the Baptists claim it to have been, the controversy still continues under changed forms of attack and defence. The specious cry now is that it is only a form, and to that extent non-essential. Which is to say that it matters little whether the

very act commanded be performed, or some other act of man's choosing !

But did it matter nothing to Naaman whether he resorted to the Jordan instead of the Abana and Pharpar for healing? or whether he dipped himself just seven instead of three or four times? Was there any hope for him save in the path of literal obedience? Was it nothing to Moses, whether, in the building of the tabernacle, he followed the plan so circumstantially furnished him, instead of consulting his own fancy, at this point or that? Imagine him, if you *can*, saying to himself: "True, here is a plan of which God himself is the author. True, also, that He requires conformity to it in every minute particular. But it is only an outward form at the best, and, therefore, strict adherence to it can be but of trifling moment. All that is essential in the case is that I should rear a tent that will be both convenient and attractive as a place of worship. Clearly, it is quite non-essential whether its dimensions shall be precisely what the plan calls for. It is of no material consequence whether the hooks and other fastenings are of this metal or that, whether the badgers' skins are of this color or that, and, in short, whether any scrupulous heed be given to details so devoid of importance." Would it have been possible for Moses to reason thus, and ought it to be possible for *any* man? Whether a given form is nothing but a form, must depend upon its origin and its concomitants. If God him-

self has prescribed it, there surely is nothing more to be said. Neither compromise, nor substitute, nor change of any kind, can come into the question, since the form is the thing itself. It is central and supreme. To alter it, is to destroy it. It is no longer the same thing, and hence is not *the* thing. Now just here is the germ and substance of the contention of the Baptists. And because of their persistent adherence to this position, they have been, and are, stigmatized as impracticable sticklers for a mere form. They have even been accused of making baptism essential, not only to obedience, but to salvation! In such a charge, there is more than a hint of the ludicrous, since Baptists strenuously maintain that no one has a right to baptism until he has become a Christian, and is, therefore, already virtually saved.

The thought now in hand is central and far-reaching. It involves the whole matter of upright and downright loyalty to God's truth. To admit that *any* requirement of his can be innocently tampered with and changed by man, is to give away the whole question. Authority is authority whether it pertain to the letter or spirit, the form or the substance of a given command. When God speaks, it becomes man to heed what he says, and do just what he requires. What he wants of us is our obedience independently of the character of the requirement. This is our standing and sufficient answer to our good brethren of other names, who remon-

strate with us because we make so much of an outward form. It is a question of obedience, that, and nothing else. The reason why we are scrupulous about the form is, because we find it "nominated in the bond." What is written is written, and by it we feel bound to abide. To class it among non-essentials would be alien to our best instincts, to our most sacred sense of right and duty. Mere sentiment, when cherished at the expense of principle, is a perilous luxury. It has worked no little mischief to the church of Christ. "First pure, then peaceable," is a motto of very wide and beneficent application. A superstructure that rests mainly upon sentiment is in constant danger of toppling over. A rock-bed of principle is the only foundation upon which we can safely build. I had not intended to dwell thus long upon this point; but, following the thread of thought with which this chapter opened, I have been unwittingly led into a restatement of the Baptist position as to outward forms. I trust it may help here and there a reader to distinguish between things that differ. In proportion as he does this, he will see that intelligent conviction is one thing, and blind bigotry quite another.

But there are sundry other matters that lie within our field of vision which invite a few moments' attention. A lively conflict is now on between the old and the new in religion, and our attitude towards this conflict cannot fail to tell powerfully upon our

future, as a moral and spiritual force in the world. Naturally, the new has in it the ardor, the impulsiveness, and the recklessness of youth ; while the old has in it the conservatism and caution of age. As between the two, the Baptists are of the latter type. While our growth, for the last hundred years, has been wonderfully rapid, our movements have been marked by a caution almost akin to suspicion. It has not been our wont to run after novelties. That change is not necessarily improvement, has been pretty generally recognized by the rank and file of our membership. The "old paths" have been adhered to with a tenacity begotten of our origin and antecedents. As a breakwater against the incoming tide of a false liberalism that more than once has threatened to sweep away the ancient landmarks of evangelical religion, we have, by the spontaneous confession of those who are not wholly in accord with us, served a high and radically important end. That this conservatism, as viewed even from the low level of policy, has contributed to our growth as well as our stability, there is no room for doubt. But a conservatism that rests mainly upon mere policy, is of questionable worth. To seek denominational enlargement as an *end*, is mean and ignoble, and so wholly foreign to the spirit and purpose of the gospel.

The crowning motive for denominational work should have its roots in the ability and adaptedness of the organization to serve and save the race, and

thus honor the Great Head of the church. What a denomination is worth to the world, must be determined by what it does for the world; and what it does for the world must depend upon the amount of gospel truth it holds in its embrace and puts to the most effective use. And this is especially the case with *distinctive* truths, since without these, denominational life would be but an empty name. It would mean nothing, and be nothing. Now I think these pages have shown that the existence of the Baptists, as such, was an event over which they had no control any more than a man has control over his own birth. As a distinct division of God's great army of believers, they took life at the first because they could not have done otherwise. It was not a matter of volition but of logical necessity. They did not create the condition but awoke to it, as it were, just as the infant awakes in due time to a consciousness of its own being and identity. The circumstances made it impossible that they should not have a separate organic life. This life came to us as an inheritance, a great and precious trust to be administered for the good of the race. Just here is where our responsibility becomes startlingly apparent. The obligation imposed by the trust thus thrust upon us, can hardly be exaggerated. That we have a mission from God of stupendous import, it is impossible to doubt.

I will not so much as touch upon the question of our antiquity, but will speak rather of that por-

tion of our life which pertains to our own country, and to the last hundred years. There is in it a touch of the picturesque if not of the romantic. It is akin to the story of Jacob who, as a solitary way-farer, passed over the Jordan with his staff only, but who, while still a young man, with wealth almost unbounded, and a retinue befitting a prince, returned to his native land. The scores with which we began speedily grew into hundreds, the hundreds into thousands, and the thousands into millions, and we are still increasing at the rate of a hundred thousand, or so, annually. This embraces only actual church members. We are thus furnished with data for an approximately correct estimate of the per cent of the population of the land that already falls within the scope of Baptist influence and superintendence, and for whose moral and spiritual welfare, therefore, we are, in a very grave sense, responsible. Rightly viewed, it is a startling reflection. There is much less in it to gratify pride, than to awaken solicitude, and stimulate to high endeavor. It is a weighty, a stupendous trust that we are thus called to administer. Materially, educationally and religiously, the evolution has been marvelous. Already, our colleges, seminaries and academies dot the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope. For the founding and support of these institutions, treasures have been poured out like water. As always, heretofore, we still stand for much. In the defence of

"soul liberty," our now sainted fathers suffered fines, and stripes, and imprisonments. That conflict was vigorously waged until victory crowned the cause of the oppressed, and then it passed into history. What we now largely stand for is the sovereign authority of the Bible in all its parts and particulars. That authority is being assailed as never before, and the ominous feature of the case is, that the assailants are no longer confined to the Unitarian and other "liberal" bodies. On the contrary, they are found in considerable and increasing numbers, in the evangelical ranks.

This is notably true of the Congregational and Presbyterian bodies. With them, especially, the trend away from the old paths, is attracting no little attention, and with reason. Already, not a few of their pulpits resound with teachings that leaves one in anxious doubt as to what shall be on the morrow. What has come to be known as the "higher criticism" is asserting itself after a fashion that presages a "war of the giants" in the not distant future. The plenary inspiration of the sacred Scriptures is being assailed in quarters that have hitherto been regarded as among its chief strongholds. In the view of these destroyers of the old foundations, Moses is no longer a reliable authority. As the author of the Pentateuch, they claim that he should be discounted and discrowned. They make this claim, they say, in the interest of truth. We do not question their sincerity, but we do question

their conclusions, and deplore their rashness. These attacks upon the integrity and supremacy of the Bible in such quarters, are doing infinite mischief to the dearest interests of the race. The newcomers are beginning to talk glibly of the new religion, and the old religion. What do they mean by such phrases? That the religion of yesterday is one thing, and the religion of to-day another? Talk like this is suggestive of revolution rather than evolution. It leads whither we cannot follow. Having tasted the old wine, we desire not the new, forasmuch as the old is better. What nourished our fathers into such spiritual vigor and strength, will nourish us also. We believe in progress. We welcome new light, if it *be* light, come whence it may. It, doubtless, is sometimes wise and necessary to revise and restate old and cherished beliefs. But when summoned to surrender them bodily, we naturally want to know, what we are to get by way of substitute. A scorpion for an egg is a poor exchange. These old beliefs have a history. They have figured in the world to some purpose. During the long ages of the past, they have demonstrated their fitness and their power to make men and women grandly heroic. And what they have done in the past, they will do in the future. The time will never come when they can safely be counted out of the agencies that are indispensable to the salvation of the race; and if the Baptists are true to their Heaven-appointed mission, they will do what they can to prevent a catastrophe so dire.

PART II.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

TO THE READER.

Omissions in the Biographical department of this volume will disappoint some, perhaps, many. For the enlightenment of such, let a word of explanation here be spoken. Lack of space, and lack of strength, are largely responsible for these omissions. It was felt that a book of unwieldy size and corresponding cost, would be less acceptable to the public, than one of more modest dimensions. And then, beyond this, and more especially, the physical infirmities of the author quite imperatively forbade further enlargement. Other hands must supply his lack of service. It grieves him to be obliged to leave his task thus incomplete. There are a score or more of other now sainted-ones, of whom he would gladly have written, had it been permitted him to do so. Concerning two of them,—Henry Keudall, and N. M. Wood,—no attempt of the kind is called for. The first-named left an Autobiography, and to the life and labors of the other, his always trusted friend and brother, Dr. N. Butler, paid a graceful and deserving tribute, in a volume that has been widely circulated in Maine communities. But the names of many others, equally worthy, are in danger of fading into forgetfulness, because of the lack of some competent pen to put them upon enduring record. *They* do not need such a record. It is in the interest of posterity that such a service should be undertaken.

I.

ADAM WILSON.

In a life so long and busy as was that of Dr. Wilson, there is so much of change and incident, that many of its threads are liable to drop out of the keeping of men. There are almost sure to be gaps that no memory can fill, unrecorded facts that no research can supply. This is especially true where, as in the present instance, there is hardly a solitary scrap of autobiography upon which to rely. It is really difficult to understand how one who wrote so much, could have contrived to write so little about himself. With the exception of here and there a meagre paragraph bearing upon his religious views or experience, not a line of the sort has been discovered. But fortunately, the author, who was in intimate relations with Dr. Wilson for many years, wrote a biographical sketch soon after his death, which was printed in *Zion's Advocate*. In the main, that sketch is here reproduced.

Adam Wilson was born in Topsham, Me., February 10, 1794. His father's name was William. His mother, before her marriage, was Mary Patten. He was the youngest of eleven children, and also

the last of them to leave this mortal sphere. Their longevity, with the exception of one who died young, was quite remarkable, the average being seventy-five years! Nine of the number were members of Baptist churches, and two of them filled the office of deacon for many years. This is rather an uncommon record when taken in connection with the fact that their parents were "old standard Congregationalists," though never actual communicants in any church.

At what particular time young Wilson began to be religiously thoughtful, we have no certain information. Family tradition gives him credit for having been a boy of decidedly positive qualities of mind and heart. And these qualities, so conspicuous in his youthful sports, were no less conspicuous a few years later, in his search for knowledge, and in his eager response to the sacred claims of religion. Whether or not he had seasons of special seriousness in boyhood, it is quite certain that, before he attained to his majority, his religious convictions had assumed that decided type which, more than any other one thing, colored his feelings and moulded his character for all time to come. He was baptized in July, 1816, near the close of his Freshman year in college, and united with the Baptist church then just formed in his native town. It is worthy of record in this connection, that to one of his sisters, Mrs. Anna Patten, a constituent member of the same church, he seems to have owed

much in the way of religious influence. His own testimony to this point, as published in 1865, in his semi-centennial discourse at Topsham, is in these terms: "She was a woman of unfeigned faith and deep piety. She was religious everywhere, at home as well as at meeting. While very attentive to her domestic affairs, she did not forget Christ in her own house. She did not seem to derive her religion very much from any minister, or church, or creed, or from any other human source, but directly from the Bible. Her religious conversation was the outpouring of a heart fed by the living oracles of God. My own religious principles owe much to her conversation—not directly with myself, but with others in my presence. I remember the quiet and forcible manner in which I once heard her quote a single sentence from the Bible. It was this: 'No man can say that Jesus is Lord but by the Holy Ghost.' Men and women then, as now, were disposed to doubt, or ignore, or explain away the doctrine of divine influence. It was that Scripture, as she quoted it, that first settled in my own mind that doctrine as a certain truth of the Bible."

His thirst for knowledge appears from boyhood to have been very strong. Had it been otherwise, he would never have successfully encountered the obstacles that lay in his path to the temple of learning. These obstacles were well calculated to show the mettle which entered into the composition

of his mind and heart. A weaker nature would have beat an early retreat. As is the case with many another student, his pecuniary resources were forbiddingly scanty. Hence the need that he should gird himself for the task before him. His economy was something wonderful. The dainty young men who abound in these days would hardly have been equal to it. But what with intervals of teaching, laboring on the farm, and the exercise of uncommon self-denial, he came off victor in the race. His preparatory studies were chiefly pursued at the Academy in Hebron, where then, and for many years thereafter, lived and preached the Rev. John Tripp. Upon the mind and heart of the young man, this devoted servant of God evidently made a deep impression for good. The friendship then formed between the two, was of a high Christian type, and, though interrupted for a season by death, has been renewed again in that glorious realm which death can never invade.

Mr. Wilson's college course was taken at Bowdoin, from which institution he graduated in 1819, one year before the College at Waterville was chartered. He afterwards studied theology with the celebrated Dr. Staughton, then of Philadelphia, for whose memory he always cherished a sentiment of love and veneration amounting almost to a passion. The teaching and the preaching of that eminent divine were of incalculable benefit to him through life. Just how long, or at what precise time he was

at Philadelphia, does not now appear. It must, however, have been between 1819 and 1822, since in the early part of the last named year he began laboring statedly at Wiscasset, where he gathered a church, and remained its pastor until 1824. It is probable that he was not with Dr. Staughton much over a year, as, in the interval between his graduation from college and his settlement at Wiscasset, he was ordained in his native town as an evangelist, and "spent three months in traveling among the destitute." The date of his ordination was December 13, 1820. Among the names which appear in connection with that occasion, was that of the learned and venerated Stephen Chapin, then Professor at Waterville, but afterwards the distinguished President of Columbia College. He was Moderator of the Council, and gave the charge to the candidate. Rev. T. B. Ripley, then of Portland, preached the sermon. Rev. Benjamin Titecomb, Sen., offered the ordaining prayer, and Rev. Silas Stearns gave the hand of fellowship.

In 1824, Mr. Wilson spent a few months in the service of the Maine Baptist Convention, then just formed; immediately after which he entered upon labor in New Gloucester and Turner, serving the two churches jointly as pastor for nearly four years. A very unexpected call took him from this field which he had cultivated with such untiring industry. A few intelligent and far-sighted brethren had come to feel that a weekly paper, to be con-

ducted in the interest of the Baptists of Maine, was needed, and must, with the least possible delay, be put into circulation. They accordingly cast about for the man who, in their judgment, was the best qualified to take in hand so important an enterprise. As the result of their inquiries and counsels, on the eleventh day of November, 1828, the first number of the *Zion's Advocate* was issued, bearing the imprint of Adam Wilson as its editor and proprietor. To this paper, which is still holding on its way and fulfilling a very important mission, he sustained the relation of publisher for twenty-one years, and of editor for sixteen years. Of his career in this department of Christian work, more will be said before this sketch is concluded. In 1838, receiving a call to the pastoral oversight of the First Baptist church in Bangor, which he felt it his duty to accept, he committed the editorial department of the paper to other hands, and removed to his new field of labor, where he toiled with characteristic zeal and fidelity for three and a half years. He then entered upon a second term of service at Turner, covering a period of about two years, when, in 1843, he returned to Portland and resumed the editorial charge of the *Advocate*, of which he was still proprietor. This position he continued to hold until the summer of 1848, at which time he relinquished all connection with the paper, save as patron and occasional contributor, and not long after became pastor of the church in

Hebron. From this charge he retired January 1, 1853, and, at the invitation of the church in Paris, removed thither, where he fulfilled a ministry of between five and six years. Strictly speaking, this was his last pastorate, but by no means his last field of labor.

Choosing Waterville as his future place of residence, he removed his family thither in 1858, not, however, with a view of retiring from active service in the vineyard of the Lord, but only that his children might have the advantages of home influence while completing their course of education. For himself, he paused, no, not for a day. Every Sabbath found him in the pulpit; every week found him hard at work in his study, and for the people who might, for the time, be favored with his ministrations. Among the churches which, in the course of the next twelve years, he statedly served in the pulpit and "from house to house," were Newport, Carmel, Stetson, Belgrade, Greene, Farmington and Bowdoinham. It is admirably characteristic of the man that, when stricken with his last sickness, though nearly seventy-seven years of age, he had an appointment for the following Sabbath in a neighboring town, from which it was difficult for his physician and friends to detain him. So true is it that he died as he had always hoped to die, with his armor on, and his face to the foe.

Of his immediate family ties it will perhaps be sufficient to record that, in January, 1823, he mar-

ried Anne F. Patten, daughter of Thomas Patten of Topsham. She, however, fell an early victim to consumption, dying May 28th, 1824. An infant child preceded her in her passage to the tomb, by a little less than two months. Her husband, thus bereaved of wife and child, remained single until January 23d, 1833, a period of nearly nine years, when he married Sally H. Ricker, eldest daughter of Deacon Dominicus Ricker of Parsonsfield. As the fruit of this second union, six children were born, of whom two died young, and a third, John B. Wilson, M. D., at the age of 33. His death occurred March 15th, 1866, and was the result of disease contracted in the service of his country, to whose deliverance from the grasp of traitorous rebellion, he gave four of the best years of his life, and in the end, life itself. His medical and surgical skill was of a high order, and the record he has left is every way an honorable one. Though never a member of any church, he enjoyed the sustaining power of Christian faith in the long and painful illness that terminated his valuable life. He graduated from Waterville College, now Colby University, in the class of 1854. Of the three surviving children, one is the wife of Rev. Wm. E. Brooks, D. D., of Chicago; another, (a graduate also of Waterville, in the class of 1862,) is settled in this State in the practice of law, while the third, a graduate of the same college, is a medical practitioner in Connecticut.

From this hastily drawn outline of Dr. Wilson's life, would one who never knew him be likely to form a reasonably correct idea of *the man*? We fear not. In order to such a result, the mere facts of his history are not enough. His character must also be placed in the scale, or a fair estimate will be simply out of the question. Few men ever had an individuality more marked. To what was this individuality due?

In part, of course, to his natural organization; to the peculiar combination of physical, mental, and moral qualities with which he was endowed, even as he was endowed with life itself. His body was fashioned for action. Physical indolence was not among his perils. To be doing something was a crying necessity of his nature. His boyish sports, if family tradition is to be credited, were none of the quietest. And what was true of his body in this respect, was true also of his mind. They were evenly mated. His curiosity was of the eager, hungry sort that is always "asking for more." Instead of waiting for knowledge to come to him, he went after knowledge, and went until he found it.

But his *industry*, great as it was, was not wholly, or even mainly dependent upon temperament or physical organization. From the day he became a Christian, there were at least three other natural forces which tended to make him an intense worker, to wit, conscience, will and love for the sacred ser-

vice to which he had given his life. His moral sense was always on the alert. Right and wrong with him were terms of commanding import. Conscience was not only among his favorite topics of thought and discussion, but was a vital and controlling force in his daily life. Hence he looked upon time as a sacred trust, and felt bound to utilize all its moments. Given to man for high ends, he regarded it as a heinous offence against Heaven not to employ it for such ends. And then upon the same side, and impelling him in the same direction, was a will of tough fiber and wonderful persistency. In the precise terms of Dr. Judson's biographer, it was "a first rate will." In the line of self-government, it was of the imperial type. It brought the whole man into subjection. Freely accepting conscience as an ally, it became an immense power for good, not to its possessor alone, but to thousands of others. Nor was conscience its only ally. What that was to it on one side, inclination was on the other. The alliance was a triple one. For the sacred work to which he felt himself called, he had a passion as well as an aptitude. He loved it intensely. On entering upon his labors as publisher and editor, it was not strange that some should be ready to ask whether for the time, at least, he would not feel obliged to cease preaching; and one did so ask him. "Not if they would make me king!" was his instant reply, and in tones the energy of which rather startled his innocent but

curious questioner. The reply was eminently characteristic. To unfold God's truth and proclaim it to the people, was more to him than his necessary food. Of this privilege he would allow nothing to defraud him. Accordingly, through all his long editorial career, he preached as constantly probably as any pastor in Maine. At Buxton he supplied stately for years, and with manifold success. To the church in Saco, in its first beginnings, he rendered very important help, when such help was almost a condition of existence. In Portland his services were in frequent request for the supply of casually vacant pulpits. And indeed, to churches far and near he ministered, sometimes for a longer and sometimes for a shorter period, but with as much painstaking and fidelity as if no other enterprise had been on his hands. Their monthly covenant meetings he would contrive to have appointed Saturday afternoon or evening in order that he might attend them. And then, by making the most of the third service on Sunday, and spending an occasional week day in visiting among the people, he secured to them nearly an average equivalent for the labors of a settled pastor.

One other thing the reader should know, else he will fail to do full justice to the intense activity exercised by our departed brother. He rarely preached the same sermon twice. Sermon-making, therefore, was an incessant habit with him. Early and late and everywhere his mind was busy with

some train of thought that was to instruct his congregation or enrich the columns of his paper. Nor was he unmindful of the more general interests of the cause. The men have been few in this State or any other State, that were oftener seen at Conventions, Associations, Board meetings, Councils, and the like. For many years he seemed almost ubiquitous in this respect.

But how, asks one, could he respond so wisely and well to all these claims? His paper alone must have been a reasonably heavy enterprise for one man to care for. That is true. For the successful publication of a newspaper sixty years ago was a very different thing from what it now is. Indeed, the newspaper era had then but lately dawned. The public taste at that date had not been educated up to its present eager demand for such reading. The patrons of weekly papers were comparatively few. Hence the difficulty then experienced in originating and sustaining such an enterprise. The reader who happens to have personal knowledge of Mr. Wilson's struggles to keep the Advocate afloat and under decent headway, in the early years of its history, will bear ready testimony to the severity of those struggles, as well as to the success that crowned them. It is doubtful if another man could have been found who would have come off victor in the encounter. For, in addition to the obstacle just suggested, it should be remembered that our denomination at that time

was in a transition state, and that mountains of prejudice, then in the way of such an undertaking, have since disappeared.

The question, therefore, returns with increased force, as to how the subject of this sketch ever proved equal to labors of such variety and magnitude. To such a question, so far as the human element goes, there is this only and decisive answer. *His strength was tasked well nigh up to the limit of endurance, and his time was used to the best advantage.* Every hour was made to do duty. His eager watchfulness at this point was often amusing as well as marked. Was he to preach at a given place on the morrow? The latest available mode of conveyance, no matter for its style, would be taken advantage of; and on arriving at the house of his host, (an utter stranger it may be,) he would spare the matter of five or ten minutes for the interchange of civilities, then call for his room, and set himself down to study with a zest and a power of concentration that fell little short of the marvelous. And yet at the table, and during such other snatches of time as might chance to fall within his reach, he would be quite sure to so ingratiate himself with the family as to make his stay agreeable and profitable to both old and young.

A rather diverting but characteristic illustration of the rigid economy with which he employed his time was often furnished in the *manner* of his return to the city after the labors of the Sabbath.

The advent of railroads was then a thing in the future ; the proprietors of stage lines were no more ready than now to change their time-tables at the suit of every interested, or perchance, impatient traveler. But our friend was not to be thwarted. Accordingly, by previous arrangement, he would frequently rise long before light Monday, get on board some market wagon, or other chance vehicle equally primitive, and so reach his home, a distance sometimes of fifteen or twenty miles, in time for all the purposes of a full day's work ! To the outward style or ease of the thing he never seemed to give a thought. If he could only reach home by the usual breakfast hour, and, during the ride think up a leader for his paper, he counted it as so much clear gain, and enjoyed it as he could not have enjoyed a bed of down.

These simple and familiar facts will go far towards accounting for the *productiveness* of his life. They indicate what was true of him at every point. He believed with his namesake, Adam Clark, that there was very little danger of having "too many irons in the fire" at the same time; and was willing, therefore, to risk "shovel, tongs, poker and all !"

This sketch would be unpardonably defective did it fail to make mention of his love for the Word of God. His equal in this respect we have rarely met. To "search the Scriptures" was an employment of which he never seemed to weary. In this field of thought and inquiry he always seemed happy. The

tide of his interest in Bible topics had no perceptible ebbs. Meet him wherever or whenever you might, the chances were that his mind would be holding in its grasp some passage of the divine Word—whose depth he was striving to sound, and whose exact meaning he was laboring to compass. With rare candor he would survey it on all its sides; would seek for its shades of thought in the language in which it was first written, and in the connection in which it chanced to stand; would take into the account the human element, such as the circumstances that called it forth, and the style and other idiosyncrasies of its writer; would avail himself of all the light that could be shed upon it by parallel passages, by cotemporaneous history, and at length find his reward in seeing it all aglow with the radiance of inspiration, and marvelously fitted for just the place it held in the temple of God's truth. His talent for expounding and unfolding the Scriptures was particularly happy. This was often apparent in connection with family worship as well as in the pulpit. Always brief, always direct, one could not help but notice how he would fix the attention of even the youngest, as he offered a suggestion here, or raised an inquiry there. Many a person remembers to-day, and will always remember, some well-timed and incisive remark of his, that seemed suddenly to lay open a hitherto dark passage, so that to them it has never appeared dark since.

That he was an able theologian would follow of necessity from what has now been said. We doubt if anyone has ever questioned it. The degree of Doctor of Divinity, conferred upon him in 1851 by Waterville College, was well and worthily bestowed. If the title, as applied to a minister of the Gospel, is ever proper, it was so in his case. With a judgment eminently sound, a taste for theological research rarely excelled, and a love for truth that rose well nigh to a passion, he moved among the doctrines with a cautious but elastic step. Deliberate and painstaking in his inquiries, he was strong in his convictions. Self-poised and impartial in his judgment, when he had once reached a conclusion, he rested in it with an evident sense of strength and security. In his intercourse with his younger brethren in the ministry, he was a model of kindness and candor. So far from assuming towards them anything like an air of superiority, he always proceeded upon the principle that they might be in possession of light as yet concealed from him. And so, upon this plane of perfect equality, he would enter into an examination of any given point, and, while really teaching them, would seem honestly to feel that the balance of indebtedness was on his side rather than on theirs! While this fact noticeably distinguished him from perhaps a majority of aged ministers, it fully accounts for the strong hold which to the last he retained upon his younger brethren. In place of exercising

towards them the sometimes suspicious censorship of a father, he sympathized with them as a brother, and always kept well abreast of them in every field of true progress. Is it matter for wonder then that they loved and revered him living, and afterward mourned him dead, even as Elisha mourned for Elijah?

Not a few of his more intimate acquaintances will testify that they never knew a man who was at once so old in years and so young in feeling. No corroding rust was apparent upon his mind, no traces of age upon his heart. His whole nature seemed to grow continually more mellow and sunny as the years went by. With special propriety may it be said of him that his youth was renewed like the eagle's. In the earlier stages of his ministerial life he was thought by many to be wanting in those genial qualities so desirable in a public man. And appearances may have justified such an impression. But they were appearances only. His labors at that time were not merely very severe and absorbing, but of a nature to withdraw him in great part from general society. Besides which, his wife and child were in the grave, thus leaving him alone in the world for nine years. But whatever may have been true of him at that period of his life, from the day that he renewed his family ties, and resumed the endearing relations of husband and father, the fountain of his sympathies never failed of a copious supply. Nor were they confined to the home he loved so well. On the contrary, they flowed forth

in every direction, and more abundantly as the years rolled on. That he was no anchorite, the multitudes who have enjoyed the hospitalities of his home will bear ready witness. In dispensing these hospitalities, he was in full accord with her who, as the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his children, walked by his side for nearly forty years, and who now mourns his loss, and waits in faith for her release from the body, and her entrance into the same glorious rest.

Aside from his paper, of which he edited sixteen volumes, Dr. Wilson published but little. Among the discourses thus printed, we recall "The Ages to Come," preached before the Maine Baptist Convention, and a "Historical Discourse" pertaining to the first fifty years of the Baptist church in Topsham. Besides these, he contributed several memorial sketches to Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit*. His style of writing, though not elegant, was uncommonly free from ambiguity. Strength and clearness were its distinguishing marks. In plain, vigorous, transparent English, he wrote, and of course was easily understood. Flowers of rhetoric were with him things of small moment. When they came unbidden, he did not reject them, unless they threatened to obscure the thought, in which case he trampled upon them without mercy. In the use of the pen he had just this one purpose: to set forth the truth, and to set it forth in terms that no one could mistake or misinterpret. This ster-

ling quality of style, tempered with a prudence for which he was always remarkable, pre-eminently qualified him to give voice to the Baptist press of the State.

To what has now been said, it is scarcely necessary to add that he was an instructive preacher. His sermons were the fruit of much prayer and study. In structure as well as in expression, they were emphatically his own; strong, sharply analyzed and pointed, and therefore easily remembered. For mere prettiness in the pulpit he had no particle of respect. His main endeavor was to throw home the bolts of truth with a sturdy hand. In his happiest moments, notwithstanding a hesitation in his speech, he was more than earnest; he was truly eloquent, eloquent both in idea and in expression. At such times, as thought after thought crowded in upon him, and he caught their fire and inspiration, he was grandly impressive. We have the authority of one of its members for saying that the Penobscot bar, not excepting the judges, were often seen in his congregation, when, as a young man, he temporarily supplied the church in Bangor more than eighty years ago. His style of sermonizing had for them a strong attraction. Its point, its freshness, its originality, and its affluence of thought, accompanied by occasional flashes of eloquence of uncommon power, all combined to interest them. And so they often passed by the older and more wealthy congregations, and turned their steps

towards the Court House, (where the Baptists then worshipped,) to listen to young Wilson. This representation, however, will apply to only a limited class of his pulpit efforts. He did not always rise to such heights, nor always kindle thus with his subject. But while his sermons were not uniform as to rhetorical and elocutionary power, they were remarkably uniform in the amount and quality of thought which characterized them. Regarding this last particular, he stood pre-eminent. Poverty of thought was never charged upon him, even by those who differed the most widely from him in opinion. He compelled them to respect him for his ability as well as for his transparent honesty. Touching the limits of human thought, he was guided by the simple teachings of the divine Word. The scriptural line which separates the realm of reason from that of faith, he saw with great distinctness, and carefully kept to it in all his attempts to unfold God's truth. But within these limits, he reasoned with men so sincerely and so ably, that they could not do less than honor *the man*, however they might regard his teachings.

In all the latter years of his life, Dr. Wilson's sermons, though thoroughly studied, were extemporaneous in their delivery. At this point he trained his memory to wonderful accuracy. Arranging his heads with a skillful regard to relative effect, he would set each one as it came into view in so clear a light, that no reasonable doubt could be felt

as to the precise thought in hand. His power of recollection served him to the extent of quoting chapter and verse, even in cases where the argument required a very copious array of Scripture proof. While, however, he preferred the extemporaneous method of delivery in his own case, he was never known to censure others because they chanced to preach from manuscript. Indeed, he preached thus himself for many years, and his change from reading to memorizing was due in part, at least, to a growing peculiarity of vision. It cannot be denied, however, that after long experience and observation, his matured judgment leaned toward the extemporaneous method.

This sketch would be greatly faulty did it fail to allude to his labors in behalf of feeble and distracted churches. In this department he had no peer in the State—certainly not in his own denomination. His mission seemed to be to *save* and *train* churches rather than to found them. Bangor owes him a debt just here, the magnitude of which it would be impossible to compute. More than fifty years ago, an unfortunate combination of events had brought the First, and, at that time, the only Baptist church in the city, well nigh to the verge of dissolution. The spirit of alienation had crept in, so that its counsels were divided, and chief friends were separated. A skillful helmsman was needed amid the storm. Nor was such an one wanting in the last extremity of the afflicted church. Uniting

in a desire for the leadership of Adam Wilson, he responded to their call, and in a pastorate of less than four years, they were wonderfully changed for the better. The old leaven of division was purged out, and the foundation laid for a career of prosperous service for the Master, such as has been rendered by few churches in the land. And what he was to that church, he was substantially to many others. The State is dotted all over with them. Nor was he exacting as to compensation. In many cases the pecuniary consideration was amusingly meager. But did he therefore shirk the task, and wait for larger fields and better pay? Never. His record in this respect is proof of rare disinterestedness. We have never known a minister of the Gospel to do so *much work* for so small pay. Let him only feel that he was really needed upon a given field, and it stirred him to action like the sound of a trumpet. The church might be in no condition to render him an adequate compensation, but it mattered not. To see things changing for the better was an inspiration to him. How often, under his skillful lead, have unseemly strife and mortifying weakness been followed by union and comeliness and strength! That this remark is no mere rhetorical flourish, many a Baptist church in Maine will eagerly testify. And who will take up the burden that he has laid down? Who is left that will do just the work to which he gave so much time and strength? That he labored thus

out of simple love to the cause, who can doubt? For no sooner had God enabled him to bring a difficult field into any tolerable state of promise, as to salary, and other and better forms of productiveness, than he would give it into other hands, in order that he might go and do a like work elsewhere.

Nor must this paper fail to notice his interest in the cause of education. Of his relations to the College at Waterville, President Champlin spoke in these terms on the occasion of his funeral: "For more than forty years he held an honored place on the Board of Trustees, of which he was the senior member at his decease. The College records show that his hand framed the greater part of the important reports and resolutions presented during that long period. The resolutions on the death of the first President, Dr. Chaplin, were prepared by him, and are models of their kind. In the financial interests of the College, his economical and practical spirit has often prevented undue or fruitless expenditure. And in all the discussions and difficult questions arising at the sessions of the Trustees, Dr. Wilson's uniformly conciliatory spirit has rendered inestimable service." He was not among those who felt it necessary to send his sons elsewhere in order to complete their course of study. On the contrary, he believed that no college in the land offered facilities for a more thorough practical training of young men. And he gave proof of this

confidence not only by direct patronage, but by the endowment of a permanent scholarship of one thousand dollars. And what he was to this institution in particular, he was to the cause of education in general. Especially was he interested in the training of young men for the Christian ministry. Of the State Education Society he was always a fast friend, and at the time of his death its President.

From all that has been said of this good man, the reader can hardly have failed to form a correct estimate of his piety. Of the downright evangelical stamp, there was upon it no trace of cant or pretence. A decided Baptist, he was a still more decided Christian. Having a reason for what he believed and hoped, he was ready on every fit occasion to give that reason, but always without any offensive assumption of superior wisdom. His candor was only equaled by his humility. In his view sin was a terrible evil, and redemption a matchless and glorious display of divine goodness. Regarding himself as a sinner saved by grace, he could not do less than regard all men as sinners in like manner, and in perishing need of the same grace. His piety was of a remarkably *uniform* type, never darkening into despondency on the one hand, nor dissolving into ecstasy on the other. His hope was constant and abiding. He ran not as one who is uncertain. He not only strove for the victory, but expected it. Peace in believing

was his to an unusual extent, as he journeyed on from day to day. Resting tranquilly and firmly in Christ's salvation, he held the prize constantly in view, and when at length he was missed from his place in the church below, no one doubted that he had found a place in the church above.

His last illness was very distressing, the disease being typhoid pneumonia. The attack was sudden, though apparently not violent. It occurred at his home in Waterville, Friday, Nov. 25th, 1870. Up to that date he had been remarkably healthy through life, having been kept out of the pulpit by sickness only at rare intervals. At first, a fatal result was anticipated by no one, except perhaps his physician. He had an appointment to preach in Clinton on the following Sabbath, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to allow another to fulfil it. But whatever may have been the symptoms at the outset, it soon became apparent that the disease was both deep-seated and malignant. Once he seemed to rally, and the hopes of friends revived. But it was only temporary. For the last twenty-seven days of his life, not a particle of nourishment passed his lips; and for the last twenty days and upwards, not a particle of anything save cold water. Of course the strongest constitution must yield at length to such assaults. Accordingly, after sustaining them for more than seven weeks, he surrendered to his last enemy, and fell asleep in Jesus, Mon-

day, January 16, 1871, when within less than a month of seventy-seven years of age.

During his long sickness he could say but very little. There were short intervals, however, when he succeeded in making himself understood. On one day in particular, his powers of thought and speech were equal to the dictation of the following testimony, which he desired should be communicated to the absent members of his family, and all his Christian friends: "I still rejoice in the exhortation, Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly. I believe the Bible is an eternal truth. In particular, I believe that 'he that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.' In order to have the Son, we must come to Him, must believe His word, love His person, and trust in His atoning blood. This I think I did more than fifty years ago. I have had many infirmities and defects, but I think that they are all washed away by the blood of Jesus. I rejoice in the promises of Christ. I rejoice in that promise, 'I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.' I also rejoice in that great promise, 'When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away.' "

On the day of his death, Satan seems to have summoned all his forces for a final assault upon this valiant and now dying soldier of the cross. Utterly weak and prostrate as he was, he evidently felt the

perils of the moment, and girded himself for the conflict. Some strange and sharp temptation, of the nature of which surviving friends are left in total ignorance, was precipitated upon him. Under the pressure of this assault, his tongue, so long dumb, was suddenly loosed, and he startled and electrified all in the room by the distinctly uttered ejaculations, "Dear Jesus! sweet Jesus! help me to turn this tempter out of my heart. Come, come, O do come!" In this strain he continued to plead with an earnestness that was wonderfully eloquent, for full fifteen minutes, when the foe began to retire, and the servant of God remained victor upon the field. He, however, did not cease his supplications for *more than an hour*, but with an altered spirit and a growing assurance, that culminated at length in substantial peace and rest in God's promises. This remarkable prayer concluded in these characteristic, and—to the rapt listeners—never-to-be-forgotten terms: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one religion, one hope, one Saviour, one heaven, one eternity. Amen and amen, amen and amen!" Thus grandly did this dying, but conquering, hero, end his career. These were his last words upon earth. From this point, he rapidly sank, and at eventide yielded to the sleep of death, and rested from his labors.

The funeral occurred in the Baptist church, on the following Thursday, January 19th, at 10.30 A. M. After an invocation and Scripture reading

by the pastor, Rev. H. S. Burrage, Rev. A. K. P. Small of Portland who regarded Dr. Wilson very much as Timothy must have regarded Paul, followed with a beautiful and heartfelt tribute to the good man's memory. President Champlin spoke, in the terms already quoted, of his relations to the college; while Dr. Shailer of Portland dwelt appropriately and at some length upon his relations to the denomination at large. The funeral prayer, in which all hearts appeared to join, was then offered by Rev. B. F. Shaw, D. D., of Waterville. These impressive services, interspersed with appropriate music, were concluded with the benediction by the venerable Father Drinkwater, then upwards of eighty years old.

Then followed the leave-taking of the familiar features of the dead, after which, in the words of another, "at near noon, in the bright sunshine of a frosty winter day the long funeral procession wound slowly down to the tomb, and bade farewell to the mortal remains of Adam Wilson."

Sermons, commemorative of this honored, and, in many respects, remarkable man, were preached the following Sabbath, by the Baptist pastors of Portland, Waterville and 1st Bangor, while mention was doubtless made of him from many pulpits throughout the State.

Were we put to the task of selecting a single word which, more than any other, would convey an idea of Dr. Wilson's life and labors, we should

choose the word SERVICE. We have never known his equal, in the matter of readiness to labor in any position which Providence seemed to assign him. Such a position might be difficult, it might be lowly, it might involve great self-denial, it might lie very little in the line of worldly advantage. No matter. He was always ready to put his hand to anything that promised good to Zion, and honor to the Master. His life is an eminent illustration of the truth of that saying of Jesus, He that abaseth himself shall be exalted. Such a life is beyond all price to both the church and the world. God grant that so bright an example may not be lost upon the rising ministry !

II.

CALEB BAILEY DAVIS.

The subject of this sketch was born in Methuen, Mass., July 3, 1807. His parents were constituent members of the Baptist church in that place: The mother was scrupulously painstaking in the religious training of their children. To this, her son, in his maturer years, often referred, recalling with tender interest the seasons when she would take him to her room, cause him to kneel by her side, put her hands on his head, and pray for him as a mother only could. She died when he was twelve years old, and his father soon after. Thus orphaned if not penniless, he continued to reside in Methuen until he attained the age of seventeen. In physical development he was fortunate, in disposition amiable, and in desire for knowledge exceptionally eager. His strongest yearnings were for an education, but circumstances were unpropitious. Hence his apprenticeship to a carpenter in Windham, N. H., whom he served, (as was the custom in those days,) until he arrived at his majority. During that period of his life, he was brought under new and untoward influences. His master

was an irreligious man. Young Davis forgot, for the time, the example and instructions of his mother and grew indifferent to all obligations to his Maker. To use his own words, "from seventeen to twenty-one I was an infidel, caring and thinking nothing about God nor my own soul." At the close of his apprenticeship, he returned to his native town. Though scrupulously correct in deportment, and usually present at Sabbath worship, the things of religion had little if any interest for him. But a great change awaited him, a change which gave a new and decisive trend to his whole after life.

On his twenty-fourth birthday, in a manner unaccountable to himself, he was peculiarly exercised in regard to the salvation of his soul. For the first time, he saw his guilt and danger, and *felt* his need of a Saviour. His conviction of sin was clear and deep. So pungent were his exercises that he soon gave up work, retired to his chamber, and devoted himself to reading and reflection. After continuing in this state of mental unrest and anxiety several days, he says, "I thought I had done everything but pray, and that before giving up all for lost, I would attempt to offer prayer,"—the first step with most persons, but not with him. And so, though shrinking and afraid to kneel and address God, he at length made the endeavor, impelled thereto by his desperate sense of need. It was the first prayer of his life. How long he remained in his closet pleading with God,

he did not know. But before he left the secret place, his soul was delivered, and he felt a new life pulsating through his whole being. An absorbing desire for the salvation of others now took possession of his mind and heart, and all his efforts were made tributary to that end. With the increase of light, came the conviction that he ought publicly to profess his faith in Christ, and accordingly he was baptized on the first Sunday in November, 1831, and became a member of the old home church, so loved and prized by his now sainted mother. From this time, he felt still more deeply that he ought to consecrate all to Christ. While the preaching of the Gospel then had no place in his purposes or even his thoughts, he felt that it was his duty to add to his stock of knowledge so that he could be more useful. In the June following, therefore, he entered the Institution at New Hampton, N. H., then under Baptist auspices. As a natural sequence, he was soon feeling that he must preach, and hence, on completing his preparatory course, he sought and obtained admission to the Theological Institution at Newton.

This was in 1834. At the end of three years, he received his graduating papers and was now a candidate for settlement. "He was neither brilliant nor rapid as a scholar, but remarkably correct, and noted for abasing views of himself, for soundness of judgment, and deep personal piety." During his theological course he labored much in the inter-

ests of destitute churches and Sunday schools. He was first invited to Farmington, Maine, but on visiting the place, did not feel called to that pastorate. Very soon afterwards, he was asked to visit Paris with a view to settlement, but gave a negative answer. The thought of the field, however, remained with him, and in response to a second application, he went to look it over. It seemed uninviting at the time, but was needy and offered ample opportunity for labors which might, perchance, prove productive. And so, in pursuance of what seemed to be duty, he returned to Methuen, married Miss Louisa Griffin of Derry, N. H., a lady admirably fitted to become his companion and helper in the sacred calling, and presently had in hand what proved to be his life work, and a great and good work it was. His ordination took place June 27, 1838. Meanwhile, plans had been laid for the building of a new and much-needed house of worship. The undertaking proved successful, and the house was dedicated on the sixth day of the next December. Fourteen years of blessed and fruitful Gospel labor followed. He had found his place, and coveted no other. Happy in the chosen companion of his life, and happy in his allotted field of toil, to all solicitations to go elsewhere, his steadfast reply was, "I dwell among mine own people." Of his eminent fitness to meet the requirements of the position, Rev. H. C. Estes, D. D., one of his successors in the same pastorate, speaks in these felicitous terms :

"He was singularly adapted to this place, and to this work. Calm, deliberate, thoughtful, patient and persistent ; gentle and firm ; endowed by nature with much good sense and sensibility ; well trained and cultivated in the schools ; never rash or in haste to act, but straight-forward and tenacious of his purpose when once he had decided upon his course ; wise to see what needed to be done, and skilful in adapting means to ends to secure his object ; always devout and reverent, but not wanting in the grace of a genial humor ; kind, courteous, and in nearly all his intercourse with men, a singular sense of propriety, decorum and order, showing itself in whatever he said and did ; he seemed to have been specially raised up, called, and qualified for the work that needed to be done in Paris, to take up the work into which he entered when Elder Hooper left it ; to set in order the things that were wanting ; to change what needed to be changed ; to lead the church into a true and hearty sympathy with the Christian spirit of the age, and the various enterprises of education, temperance, missions, and all that pertains to Christian benevolence, reform and progress ; and all this so quietly, silently and imperceptibly, as to cause no jar or discord, but make the change seem more like growth than change. Very delicate, difficult, and important was the work which he had to do ; but in the good providence of God, when the hour came the man was ready."

That this skilfully drawn portraiture of Mr. Davis, as he appeared during his Paris pastorate, is true to the life, every one who really knew him as he went out and in before that people would readily testify. The position was exceptionally peculiar, and called for administrative qualities of no ordinary kind. Most men would have failed where he succeeded. The teachings of his predecessor, good man though he was, had given to the community in general, and the church in particular, a strong bias against the temperance reform, then in its infancy. Of interest in missions, whether at home or abroad, there was little. To a large extent, the people were ultra-conservative and self-centered, a fact chiefly due, doubtless, to a lack of training, or rather, to a mistaken training, on the part of their revered and long-time spiritual leader. But lo, the change in the short space of fourteen years!—a change wrought, not by the agency of whirlwind and fire, but by the noiseless yet powerful influence of a single mind. One by one, the bars to progress were let down, no one seemed to know how or when, until the people, to their own surprise, found themselves in substantial accord with most of the benevolent movements of the day. The picture, as looked back upon through the twilight of intervening years, is a study indeed. The hints it furnishes, to the younger pastors of the present generation, or of any generation, are both instructive and salutary.

And what Mr. Davis was to Paris in particular, he was to the county and State in general. In his own quiet way he lent his sympathies to every good enterprise, and, as far as practicable, lent his hand to help it forward. In the annual Associations and Conventions of his denomination, his presence was always a benediction and a power, though he himself never seemed to know it. To say that his ability equaled his modesty, would be praise too high for any ordinary mortal. But his ability, nevertheless, was more than respectable. His pulpit utterances were highly creditable to both his head and his heart. A discourse of his on "The Balancings of Truth," preached before the Maine Baptist Convention in 1845, and printed in the *Christian Review*, gives the reader a fair idea of the fine poise of his mind, and of the thoroughness with which he aimed to treat whatever subject he took in hand. He wrought in his study for his people, and for the glory of Christ, and not for personal fame. His scholarship and attainments were such, that, though not a "full course" man, Waterville College honored itself by honoring him with a Master's diploma in 1842, at which time he was also elected into its Board of Trustees.

But in process of time, his naturally robust constitution began to yield to the unreasonable demands made upon it. The manifold burdens he had borne so long had overtaxed his physical powers beyond the thought of either himself or his

friends. His pastorate, as before intimated, was crowned with marked success, but a success which was achieved at a heavy cost. In January, 1852, signs of faltering began to show themselves. Up to that time, he had never been kept from a Sunday meeting since his conversion. Now all was changed. Nervous prostration set in, and along with it, intense pain in the eyes. His mind refused to work. "No brains," he would say, at each attempt. On the occasion of the death of a cherished friend, he was asked to preach a funeral sermon. He did so, but with bandaged eyes. It was his last sermon, and, (as if intended for himself,) from these fitting words: "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." In May he went to Massachusetts for treatment by an oculist, but with disappointing results. In September his resignation as pastor was reluctantly accepted. By December his nervous system had become so sadly shattered that the merest trifle gave him pain. Deeming it possible that a change of scene might bring alleviation, he went to Portland and spent the winter of 1853 in the home of a friend, and the ensuing summer on one of the beautiful islands in the harbor. He did not, however, share in the hope of his friends that final recovery was possible, and hence, had no faith in prayer to that end. He had reached a stage where he could see none save those who must be present to minister to

his wants. His life was now one of almost utter exclusion, the chief exception being his always devoted wife. As he was able, and at very irregular intervals, he gave expression to thoughts which she committed to paper, and among them, these :

"As the foundation of my religious peace, everything instantly slides away from me excepting a renovating faith in the atoning sacrifice and merits of the Son of God. Here I seem to cling with all the earnestness of which my nature is capable, and I do so because, whether living or dying, I can find no other resting place for my spirit, in anguish or in relief, and almost instinctively, the voiceless outgoings of my soul are,

'Rock of Ages cleft for me
Let me hid myself in Thee.' "

"I would choose no afflictions, nor aggravate the trials of life by repining comparisons, as if the bitterest dregs of life were mine alone, or this or that form of adversity preferable to my own. I would submit to and lovingly accept whatever trial God appoints, since that is always the very best affliction."

"Assure my kindred, my ministering brethren, my friends in Paris and elsewhere, that I cherish for them the most sincere, unabated, and abiding attachment. I love them from the inmost depths of my soul, and shall never cease to love them while I exist. My heart blesses them, and I have asked my God and Saviour to bless them."

"The affliction of some persons is as if an eagle were unpinioned to expand and praise its Maker. The affliction of others is as if an ox had broken its leg, and so hobbles along with its eyes and aims only downward to the earth. His brutish nature is unchanged."

"Prostration and suspension of my pastoral labors can never abate my vital regard for the truest temporal and spiritual welfare of the friends with whom I have associated. I long for them all in the yearnings of Christian affection,—that their toils and devotions, their joys and griefs may be precious in the sight of God,—that they may be led to living fountains of salvation for Christ's sake."

"I find much in myself to condemn,—much in others to pity."

"I am an insane man or I am a Christian. It would be easier for me to doubt my own existence than to doubt my acceptance with God, through my adorable Saviour. Glory be to his name forever!"

"This dying into life, this expiring into immortality,—O, how glorious! how infinitely blessed!"

"There is a glory in my soul unutterable and inexpressible. A sinner saved through Christ! O, divine and infinite love!"

"The apostle's vision of a rainbow round about the throne could not exceed some views of the heavenly world that have been presented to my mind. An artist would joyfully spend ten thousand years to represent such glories."

When at last told by his physician that he would continue here but a short time, with a glowing face he exclaimed : "O, that I could raise my hands and shout glory to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever, that my deliverance is so near. I can willingly suffer, but I cannot willingly sin."

From that time he was cheerful and happy, like one going home. With the utmost composure, he made the final arrangements with respect to the funeral, place of burial, and the like. The well known lines of Richard Langhorne, composed just before his unjust execution for treason in 1679, beginning, "It is told me I must die," were read to him, and he said, "*I adopt them as my own, every word of them,*" and requested that they be read at his funeral.

When told by his physician that twenty-four hours at the longest would end his earthly life, he exclaimed, "Blessed, blessed news ! welcome, everlasting life." He lived a few hours, but was not able to converse much, though in the full possession of reason, and with his countenance and soul glowing with joy. His last words were : "Ease in death, ease in death. Peace, peace, peace. Amen, amen !" A moment before his death, and after the power of utterance was gone, his wife said, "If all is well still, press my hand." He promptly gave the token, and departed to his peaceful and heavenly home. It was on the twelfth of January, 1854, in the early morning.

The mortal remains of this dear brother repose in the beautiful cemetery of his native town. Having occasion to spend a day or two in Methuen several years ago, it was my privilege to visit his grave. It is marked by a monument of enduring stone reared by the people of his special love, the only people whom he ever served as pastor. It was good to linger there for a while. Very tender and profitable were the memories of the hour.

III.

ZABDIEL BRADFORD.

The subject of this sketch was born in Plympton, Mass., Aug. 10, 1809, and died in Providence, R. I., May 16, 1849, when scarcely forty years of age. His ancestry was of the best, he being through his father, a lineal descendant of William Bradford, and through his mother, of Miles Standish, the former the first Governor ever chosen on New England soil, and the latter the accomplished scholar and the brave defender of his fellow voyagers of the world renowned Mayflower. Nor was Zabdiel Bradford unworthy of so illustrious a descent. On the contrary he gave many tokens of the choice Puritan blood which flowed in his veins. To borrow the words of another,* "even when he was a child, he was noted for sedateness and thoughtfulness beyond his years. He was meditative rather than communicative, remarkably fond of reading and partial to the company and conversation of his seniors."

*Rev. J. N. Granger, D. D., in his funeral discourse in commemoration of Mr. Bradford's life and services. And this suggests the further remark that this sketch contains several other brief extracts from the same source which the reader can readily identify, as they are appropriately inclosed in quotation marks.

While the frailty of his physical constitution forbade any attempt to train him for active business pursuits, it was naturally suggestive of an education for one of the learned professions. Hence, an early trend in that direction.

In childhood he was thoughtful upon religious subjects, but later on, his serious impressions faded out and disappeared before his growing desire for the profession of law. This desire, however, was not for long. While preparing for college, his attention was again directed in a very marked degree, to the subject of personal religion. So deep did his concern become that, for a time, his school studies were entirely suspended. The salvation of his soul became his one anxious and all-absorbing thought. His whole moral nature was deeply stirred. "A just but oppressive fear was then the strongest sentiment of his mind, but as the gracious provisions of the Gospel were presented to his view, as illustrative of the Divine goodness, he was led to exercise an humble trust in the Redeemer, which afterwards rose into the assurance of faith and hope." He was now eighteen years of age, and the thought of the Christian ministry took possession of his mind, and soon crystalized into a purpose that never wavered. He was confident that he heard the voice of God calling him to preach the Gospel. To a nature like his, such a persuasion could not but be decisive. Three years later he entered Waterville College, now Colby University, and in

1834, graduated therefrom with honor. His Seminary course at Newton followed, and in 1837 he was ordained and became pastor of the Baptist church in what was then known as North Yarmouth, but is now simply Yarmouth. The *personnel* of the church, at that stage in its history, was quite above the common average. The Stockbridges, the Pratts, the Humphreys, and many others of like beneficent and commanding influence, were then at the zenith of their usefulness. The Society had been signally favored in the ability and character of its previous pastors, among whom were Sylvanus Boardman, father of the sainted missionary; Alonzo King his biographer, and Stephen Chapin, for many years the distinguished president of Columbia College, and the like. Worthily to stand in such a succession, was the problem which challenged solution at the hands of young Bradford. All doubt, however, was soon dispelled. From the start it was apparent that the requirements would be adequately met. For pulpit ability, and pastoral tact and fidelity, he at once took high rank, and during the eight years of his service among, and for that people, he steadily grew in their esteem and love. It is believed that in few cases, do mutual respect and affection on the part of pastor and church, ever reach a higher level. During these happy and auspicious years, several seasons of marked religious revival transpired in one of which, about one hundred were baptized. Nor

were his own people alone benefited by his saintly life and exemplary labors. In no long time, his influence for good was felt far beyond the limits of his own town, and of the State as well. While to his own denomination he proved a tower of strength, he knew how to appreciate Christian excellence by whomsoever manifested.

But after several years of richly productive labor, it became evident that the Hand which never errs was beckoning him away to another field. That such was the case, there could be small doubt, since the choice lay between the utter and speedy wreck of his physical powers, and a change of climate. Eight Maine winters were more by half than a constitution like his could encounter without serious harm. The separation was mutually and tenderly painful, but could not be averted. Hence, his acceptance of a hearty call to the pastorate of what was then the Pine Street Baptist church of Providence, R. I. The recognition services occurred in November, 1844, four and one-half years before his death. The period left to him for labor was short, but in the matter of mutual attachments between himself and his new charge, his Maine experiences were repeated, not to say intensified, and so were his manifold labors and successes. But in no long time, his work, despite the more indulgent skies of Rhode Island, began to tell upon his strength. His intense nature was averse to quiet and restful moods. Work he must, almost without

pause, in some way ; if not in his study where he loved to be, then among his people and in meeting the ever recurring claims of the home life. Under this continual strain his vital forces gradually consumed away until at length the flame burned low and flickered in its socket. Finding that his ability for active service had probably reached its final limit, he hastened to resign his office as pastor in order that the church might not be deprived of the oversight which he could no longer exercise. This step, so characteristic of the man, was met in a way much to the credit of the church. They were not wholly without hope that he might yet be able to resume pulpit and pastoral work. But "if he must die, they desired, at whatever sacrifice to themselves, that he should die embosomed in the affections and surrounded by the people of his love." And so he continued their pastor to the end.

Of the final event, the terminal stage of his earthly life, Dr. Gronger speaks on this wise : "He went into this furnace of trial, and passed through it without the smell of fire upon his garments. It seemed as though death had no power, of any kind, over his spirit. He had nothing to learn, and nothing to fear, from this terrible experience. He was neither elated nor depressed. He viewed death as an accident, or rather as an event, and not as a teacher of principles. These he had already derived from the word of God. Even the very idiosyncrasies of his mind, the lighter passes

of his fancy, the everyday dress of his thoughts, remained unchanged to the last. It seemed as if he despised death as a tyrant, and that he would not robe his spirit in new habiliments, as though he were about to meet a king; that he deemed the habit and *frame of mind* in which he had lived conscientiously in the presence of his God, good enough adornment in which to meet death. Faith, faith in the grace of God, faith in the provisions of the gospel covenant, it was this which held him back from repinings and from fear. 'That *plan*,' he said, 'that capital plan! I have looked it through and through this winter, and it is all I want.' He died strong in the belief of those truths he so loved and so faithfully preached, and rich in the experience of those consolations in death, which he so confidently commended to sinners and to saints."

Mr. Bradford's theological beliefs were clear and distinct, and evidently were largely due to his views of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. Upon this doctrine he dwelt much and with prayerful interest. It was the subject of a discourse preached by him at the ordination of George Knox at Tops-ham, in December, 1841. His text was in Zech. 4:6. "Not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." The following extract is here submitted as illustrative of his style and of the trend of his thoughts as regards this cardinal doctrine of evangelical religion. [See *Christian Review*, Vol. 7, p. 156.]

"The Holy Spirit is the great agent in the conversion and salvation of men. He was the sole ultimate agent in the erection of the temple by Zerubbabel. This I consider as the doctrine of the text, and as a Bible doctrine. I shall not therefore attempt to counterpoise human instrumentalities against the Spirit's agency, or compound them, deciding their ratio, or harmony, in the work of salvation. I understand the text to say that the Holy Spirit is the one, and only agent, by whom God's intentions of grace are brought about. This will not militate against the doctrine of free agency, or obedience, or the use of means, more than the fact that God governs the seasons, the light and winds of heaven, precludes the importance of our improving them to gain His blessing. So far from this, it inspires and nourishes hope, is a lure to action—reveals the source of our strength, the author of our blessings, and can but lead us to acknowledge and honor the Divine Spirit. The object of informing Zerubbabel of this truth, was to quicken, not slacken and unman him for labor. The design of God in revealing the doctrine of the trinity, appears to be, that we may discriminate the office of each of the 'Three—One' in the work of salvation. It eminently facilitates our understanding of the subject. God the Father originates, the Son came forth to execute, and the Spirit applies."

As a preacher, Mr. Bradford stood well along toward the front rank. Not only did the common people hear him gladly, but the more intelligent and cultivated of his respective charges were greatly enriched, in mind and heart, by his sermons. It was not strange, therefore, that large congregations habitually waited upon his ministry.

As a pastor, he was equally distinguished. In his nature, there was a wealth of genuine sympathy which insured for him a warm welcome to the homes of distress and sorrow. He knew how to say the right word, at the right time, and in the right way. This was apparent in his everyday intercourse with his people, whatever their circumstances. He had a quick eye for the opportunities of any occasion, and a ready talent for improving them to the best advantage. Hence, under God, the manifold productiveness of his labors, and the large place he filled in the regards of his people. Apropos of this latter remark, his conscious power as their leader sometimes emboldened him to venture upon expedients that savored somewhat of audacity. Here is an instance in point. While preaching one hot summer day, a spirit of drowsiness seized upon his congregation, and some were actually asleep. The same thing had sometimes happened before. Desiring to give them a lesson which they would not soon forget, he ceased speaking and sat down. The sudden silence produced its natural result. The sleepers awoke, and

the drowsy ones were drowsy no longer. Something akin to alarm seized upon the people, and some of the leaders started for the pulpit, apprehensive that the pastor was ill. This brought him to his feet. Order being restored, he remarked in substance that he had bestowed careful study upon the sermon, and fearing that many of his hearers had failed to get its drift and, therefore, its benefit, he would recapitulate, which he accordingly did, carefully rehearsing the main points up to the time of the interruption, and then proceeding with the balance of the sermon as if nothing unusual had occurred. Tradition has it that the sleepers in his congregation were beautifully less for a long time thereafter. It may be well to add, however, that a brother minister soon after attempted to imitate the Yarmouth pastor, but with the result of a flat and mortifying failure. Such an expedient, in order to be effective, must have the appropriate man behind it.

Mr. Bradford was quick to resent any injustice done himself, and quite as quick to make amends for any injustice he might chance, however unwittingly, to have done another. I recall an instance personal to myself. I was doing editorial work in Portland at the time, and by no fault of my own, a paragraph crept into the paper reflecting unjustly upon Mr. Bradford. The first mail brought,—shall I call it a remonstrance? It was more than that; it was a fiery shaft from an angry cloud, and

it pierced to the quick. The words were hot, I had almost said hissing. He spoke in haste, and under what seemed a sore provocation. But just so soon as he learned that his shaft was mis-aimed, the lion became the lamb, and with humble and tearful confession, he wrote that if it would do any good, he would walk all the way into the city that very evening to seek my forgiveness. This was the man, or rather one side of the man, and was indicative of something better than royal blood. His feelings hung loose upon the spring of action: In such natures, there is, of necessity, a tendency to act upon the impulse of the moment. But his sensitive conscience and great heart were equal to any humiliation required to right a wrong he had chanced to do another. In a word, his was a noble type of manhood, peculiar it is true, but none the less noble on that account. Indeed, his peculiarities were one of the chief charms of his character, being of a kind to attract rather than repel. He often had moods when there was a sparkling brilliancy and freshness in his conversation, which were very captivating. At such times, the listener was delighted to find himself in a presence that was at once unique, stimulating and wholesome.

Another trait of his was a certain native humor, which was sometimes irresistible, but never frivolous. That choice article, attic salt, with which it abounded, effectually preserved it from all sign of either taint or insipidity. While dry and often

droll, it yet contained a wealth of fresh suggestiveness, which did for the mind what a healthy tonic does for the body. So far from detracting from the dignity of his sacred calling, and so impairing his usefulness, it doubtless augmented it.

While a resident of Maine, Mr. Bradford was quite a prolific writer, especially for the periodical press. Several volumes of *Zion's Advocate* were enriched by many characteristic articles from his pen. His mind was versatile, and its processes rapid and often brilliant. With scholarly tastes, strong convictions, and devout feelings, his contributions to the press were read with interest, and, beyond question, with much profit.

Of his domestic life, a closing word will be in place. Not far from the date of his ordination, he became the husband of Miss Ann Eliza, daughter of Rev. John Haynes, of Livermore, Maine, one of the first trustees of Waterville college, and a preacher of considerable note in his day. Mr. Bradford was exceptionally domestic in his tastes and habits. "*Intensely* devoted to his family," is the way a competent witness puts the case. His wife now, as for many years past, resides in New York City. The fruit of this union was five children—three sons and two daughters. The latest born, a daughter, died young. The next youngest, a son, has also died, but not until after he had married and become the father of two children. The three older children survive and have families, two of

them being residents of New York City, and the other, of Los Angeles, Cal. The parents were happy in each other, and happy in their children. Their early separation was a sorrow too poignant for expression, but patiently borne. In his last sickness, the husband said to the heart-stricken wife, "You must not think it anything but love in God to take me away." And so they parted; he for the golden shore, and she for the multiform burdens and responsibilities which always await the newly bereaved widow, with a large family of children. It is pleasant to know, however, that her loving and painstaking labors have not been without their reward.

And so here ends this brief and inadequate sketch of the friend, the brother, the devout Christian, the able preacher, the faithful pastor, the gifted scholar, and the approximately ideal man. To finite apprehension, his life may seem to have been an unfinished one, but not so in the mind of God. Of this we may be reasonably sure. He, doubtless, fulfilled the mission assigned him, and if that was so, his death was not untimely. When his earthly work was finished, it was meet that he should lay aside his earthly garments, and be "clothed upon with the house which is from heaven." His life is by no means lost to the church on earth. It is perpetuated in the lives of how many others, and shall be for long generations to come. Blessed, indeed, are the "dead who die in the Lord!"

IV.

HANDEL GERSHOM NOTT.

The memory of this saintly man is very fragrant in Maine. For nearly a quarter of a century he went out and in before us, and after what manner, we well know. His history is one of no little interest. To preserve it, though only in epitome, is the object of this paper. He was born in Saybrook, Conn., November 10, 1799. His ancestry was respectable—quite beyond the average. His great-grandfather, Rev. Abraham Nott, (Yale College, 1620,) was pastor of the Pettipaugue parish in Saybrook, and died in office in the thirty-fourth year of his ministry among that people. His father, Josiah Nott, was grand-son of Abraham, and first cousin of Eliphalet, for more than sixty years president of Union College, and of Samuel, D. D., father of Rev. Samuel, a fellow-missionary with Judson, and one of the first three appointees sent to the East by the American Board.

The subject of this sketch was the second in a family of five children, all of whom lived to old age. His mother, Sarah Williams, was a Christian woman, and a member of the Congregational

church. Her influence was of the best. She died, August, 1819, aged fifty years. His father, though rigidly moral, did not profess religion until considerably advanced in years, but from that time was consistently active in all Christian ways. He died July 28, 1849, in his eighty-second year. He was a passionate lover of music, a fact that accounts for the introduction of the name of the great composer, Handel, into the family.

His brother Richard graduated from Yale in 1817, under President Dwight, he, in 1823, under President Day, both of them very distinguished educators in their time. He was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, an honor accorded only to graduates of high rank. There was much religious interest in the college at that period of its history, and that interest was very marked during his Freshman year. As a result, he became a subject of hopeful conversion and united with the college church. He now gradually came to the conclusion that the Christian ministry was the sphere in which his life work lay. The year before he completed his classical course, a Theological Seminary was founded in connection with Yale, and the widely known Dr. Nathaniel Taylor placed at its head. In this Seminary, young Nott passed the prescribed three years in study preparatory to the Christian ministry, at the conclusion of which he accepted an urgent call to the pastorate of the Orthodox Congregational church of Nashua, N. H.

The town at that time was but just beginning to give promise of what it has since become. The church had no house of worship though one was in process of building. The ordination of the young pastor took place in November, 1826, and until the next June he held services on Sundays in a meeting-house a mile and a half out of the village, and on evenings, both Sunday and week-day, at school and boarding houses.

On July 11, 1827, a few weeks subsequent to the dedication of the new church, he was married to Lydia Clark, daughter of Deacon Abner Kingman, of Providence, R. I.

Mr. Nott's labors, both pulpit and pastoral, were manifold. His habit was to preach three times on Sunday, and as many or more times on week-day evenings at different points in his parish. This pastorate of eight years was marked by an almost continuous revival. At about its middle point, however, a serious interruption, due to the failing health of the pastor, occurred. A severe throat affection compelled him to suspend labor and seek relief under more indulgent skies. Traveling South, he spent nearly a year at different points in Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina. The winter was mostly passed in St. Augustine, where he supplemented moderate pulpit labors with such personal work among the people as he had strength to bestow.

As soon as he dared, he resumed his pastorate in Nashua, and continued to discharge its duties with great fidelity and much success for several years longer. But there came a time, when, as he himself said, conviction forced him to stop, for the reason that he had become a Baptist, though still serving a Congregational church. After a long struggle, finding that he could not be an honest man and be anything else, he received baptism at the hands of Rev. D. D. Pratt, pastor of the Baptist church in Nashua. His doubts upon the subject began in this way. I quote the words of his son, Rev. R. M. Nott, late of Wakefield, Mass. "In a time of great religious interest, a lady connected with his church called on him and stated that her two children, about twelve and fourteen years of age, were deeply concerned for their own souls; that she, however, had in their infancy neglected to present them for baptism, and had always carried, on that account, a burden in her conscience. She begged him, therefore, to take her children immediately before their conversion, which she hoped would soon occur, and baptize them on her faith, lest the opportunity of discharging a parent's duty should be taken forever from her. The absurdity of the proposal was palpable enough, but it set him to meditating upon the general theme, and he soon found himself compelled, by rising uncertainties, to institute, for the first time in his life, an independent and thorough examination of the

grounds for infant baptism. During this investigation, he wrote, stating his difficulties, to several eminent ministers and professors in his denomination, and requested counsel; in almost every instance the reply, as I have heard him say, was, 'Do not trouble yourself about the matter; let the subject alone.' But he could not do this; truth was the object of his search. He passed through an extremely severe struggle. The cost of his loyalty to conviction was in some respects great."

Some words from the late Dr. H. B. Hackett, as eminent for piety as for learning, will be pertinent at this point. He says, "My acquaintance with Mr. Nott began when he was settled as a Congregational minister in Nashua, N. H., and I was a student in the senior class at Andover. His reputation at that time was very high among the Congregationalists, both as a man of earnest piety and as an able minister of the gospel. It so happened that about this time a few of the students at Andover, myself among them, then engaged in the study of ecclesiastical history, began to feel that the evidence for infant baptism, both from that source and from the New Testament, was not so decisive as we had been accustomed to believe. Mr. Nott at that time was exercised with similar doubts, and hearing in some way of our experience, came to Andover and sought an interview with us. I think that no one of us had any previous acquaintance with him. At his request we met together in one

of the seminary rooms, and then he stated to us his reasons for wishing to see us, and invited us to join with him in prayer for Divine guidance and teaching. This prayer which he offered, so child-like, and his whole demeanor so evincive of sincerity and a desire to know only the truth and follow it, won my heart almost at sight. I understood fully then his motive for introducing himself so abruptly to us. He was yearning for sympathy in his perplexities and hoped we might help him to a right decision. He was ready, I am sure, to accept this or that issue of the question; but I think his preference was to be freed from his doubts rather than confirmed in them."

These extracts deal with a period of his history just previous to his baptism by Pastor Pratt, and shed much light upon his character as an honest inquirer after the truth. Of course, his pastorate at Nashua must now close. The sundering of ties that had been so close and altogether pleasant, was very painful on both sides. When he left Nashua a long line of carriages followed him to Lowell, a distance of fifteen miles.

The interval between his baptism and his formal union with a Baptist church doubtless stands for the most unsatisfactory period of his public life. Without any real church home, and without the sympathy and help, therefore, which such a relation implies, he felt, to use his own words, like one thrown into the sea and bidden to swim or drown.

From October, 1834, to September, 1837, he was engaged as agent of the American Bethel Society, and as Bethel chaplain in Buffalo, N. Y. He labored hard, but in the face of adverse influences which left to the outward eye but scant fruitage for his self-denying toils. But this state of things was not to last. Returning to Connecticut and uniting with the Baptist church in Deep River, his services were soon in urgent request. His first engagement was as supply for the First Baptist church in Providence, R. I., during the travels abroad of its pastor, Rev. Dr. Hague. This service, covering about a year, was followed by his acceptance of a call to the charge of the Federal Street Baptist church, Boston, with which the name of Dr. Howard Malcom had been so prominently associated. He began labor here in the spring of 1839. The field proved discouraging. Three new Baptist churches had just been formed in the city, besides which, the same causes that afterwards compelled the removal of the church to Rowe street, and subsequently to Clarendon street, had begun to show themselves in Federal street and vicinity. The exigencies of trade were rapidly crowding the resident population away from that region. Nevertheless, Mr. Nott labored not without success. He had a united church and many warm friends. But before the expiration of two years, he felt it his duty to resign and accept the united call of the Elm Street Baptist church in Bath, Maine. He began service there in the autumn of

1840, as the successor of the Rev. Silas Stearns who had recently died, and who had been the honored and beloved pastor of the church from its origin, a period of more than a quarter of a century.

These years at Bath were years of incessant labor and of manifold fruitfulness. There was steady growth in both numbers and strength. Unitarians and Universalists came to hear the man who never called errorists by name, but who preached the *truth* clearly and boldly, and yet with tenderness and love for the souls of his hearers. His fidelity appeared in everything—his studies, his preaching, his visits among his people—*all* his efforts were made tributary to the one supreme purpose which dominated his thoughts and feelings and whole being.

His administrative ability was of the best. As illustrative of his tact in the face of any sudden surprise, let this incident suffice. The anti-slavery excitement in those days, was often at a white heat, and naturally gave birth to not a few "cranks," who had little sense of propriety or even decency. The Bath church was anti-slavery, but not after a type to suit these half-insane fanatics. And so, on a certain Sunday, at the close of an impressive sermon, one of their number entered the house of worship, and, at the top of his voice, in scathing words, denounced pastor and people for their participation in the iniquitous crime of slavery. The large congregation started to their feet. Mr. Nott rose in

the pulpit and said, "Will the congregation please be seated and hear what the brother has to say?" A sudden hush followed. At the close of the harangue, the pastor rose with quiet dignity, and a face as unruffled as if only fanned by a summer breeze, and said, "Will the *brother* lead us in prayer for the slaves?" The truculent intruder, failing to pose as a martyr as he had hoped, was fain to sneak away, leaving the occupant of the pulpit to offer a tender prayer and dismiss the congregation. This discomfited reformer, though a Christian professor and the head of a family, afterwards went away with a maiden sister of the church, and joined the "Freelovers" at the West.

In February, 1844, Mr. Nott suffered a sore bereavement. His wife, a cultivated, gifted, and devotedly pious woman, after a lingering decline and much suffering, having committed her six children to her covenant-keeping God, went out of shadow into sunlight, leaving, however a deeper shadow for *him*. But he pressed bravely on with his work, and, though dense the cloud which hung over him, was never heard to complain. Two years later, in the winter of 1846, he had the good fortune to find a companion for himself, and a mother for his dependent children, in the person of Sarah Louisa, daughter of Mr. William P. Smith of Bath. This second union, like the first, proved an eminently happy one. Mutual sympathy and mutual helpfulness were distinguishing features of both.

The men are indeed rare whose married lives have fewer drawbacks, whether looked at from the standpoint of intellect, of taste, or of moral and religious endowments.

In the summer of 1847, Mr. Nott resigned the Bath pastorate after about eight years of arduous but loving service, and for a few months labored in the interest of the Maine Baptist Convention, declining, meanwhile, calls to Waterville and other places in Maine and Massachusetts. At length, he decided in favor of Kennebunkport, giving as a reason that it seemed the most needy and the hardest field, and that the other churches could more easily secure a pastor. This incident is strikingly characteristic of the man.

The climatic influences of his new field proved very trying, by reason of his bronchial troubles; but he spared not himself keeping up the same habits of systematic labor as in Bath, walking hundreds of miles to reach meetings here and there, and visit the people in the country and by the sea. Sickness and sorrow sometimes came to the family, but happy days were passed there, including seasons of revival during which, he baptized three of his own children, and among them Kingman, whose short but brilliant career is so widely known and well remembered. His was a most charming character, modest and childlike, but strong and heroic. His sudden death, when as yet he had scarcely more than entered upon what promised to be his great life work as the successor

of the celebrated Dr. Cone, of the First Baptist church in New York city, sent a thrill of surprise and sorrow throughout the country. But however man may regard it, in the mind of God, his was doubtless a finished life. To his father, it was, of course, a terrible blow. But never a murmur, never a questioning of God's ways, never a turning aside from his work! From the funeral services in New York, he returned to his people to bear himself before them as a Christian hero, thus illustrating by example the truths they had so often heard from his lips. There were, indeed, evidences that he suffered great anguish, but he bore it in quiet, and with a sweet Christian spirit. The shock, however, to his physical system was only too apparent. A brief sojourn in the South bringing but scant relief, he resigned his Kennebunkport pastorate in May, 1860, and accepted one in Avon, N. Y., with the hope that, in a more genial climate, he might not be compelled to give up work altogether. But, though success crowned his labors, the poor body was not equal to the strain, and so in the fall of 1864, he closed what proved to be his last pastorate.

The three succeeding years he spent variously at the East, the South, and in central Illinois. This period was marked by other sore family bereavements. In the autumn of 1865, a son studying at Rochester University, whose natural traits, fine scholarship, and earnest Christian character, gave

promise that he would prove a strong right arm to his parents and very useful in the ministry, after an illness of only three weeks, finished his course, following a little brother who had died only ten days before. In February, 1868, while the father was at the South, another son, peculiarly gifted in oratory, and of great promise, both as to scholarship and the ministry, was suddenly smitten with disease, and entered upon higher service with the dear ones already in heaven. Seldom is God's furnace *thus* heated, and so repeatedly for any single one of his children. But still the thrice stricken one questioned not the wisdom of the Divine mind, or the love of the Divine heart. He now removed his family to Rochester, N. Y., where the remaining years of his earthly life were spent. They were years of much usefulness, both to his own denomination and to the city at large. The society of the place proved very congenial. It was a mutually happy coincidence that he and President M. B. Anderson of the University, who was a member of his church in the olden days of his Bath pastorate, should again be brought together. Of two others whose society he was there privileged to enjoy, a word may be in place. Let Prof. Whittemore, in his Memorials of Dr. Hackett, give it voice. He says: "Still another old and valued friend [of Dr. H.] was the Rev. H. G. Nott who had come to Rochester with his family a few years before. About two years before Dr. Hackett came, the

venerable and urbane Dr. Peck began to make Rochester his residence during a part, at least, of the year. There was scope for imagination in vivifying the past, when, of a Sunday, in the old building of the First church, now a thing of the past, the sight of the three good men, so remarkably brought together in their old age, made one muse upon the state of the country, and of the churches, and of learning, when these men first knew each other, between forty and fifty years before. It was a good and pleasant sight. Mr. Nott, a pure Nathanael-soul, as Neander said of De Wette, was the first to go in the early days of May, 1873. Dr. Peck was taken in the summer days of 1874, and Dr. Hackett responded to the final summons in November, 1875."

The last illness of Mr. Nott was short and very distressing, but he lay, a submissive child in his Father's hands, retaining his interest in family, and friends, and the cause of Christ the world over, to his last lucid moment. For a brief season before the end, his intellect was clouded, and then he was not, for God had taken him.

The reader has, doubtless, made his own analysis of Mr. Nott's character. Rev. Oakman S. Stearns, D. D., who, like the late President Anderson, was a member of the Bath church when the now sainted one was its pastor, says of him, "He was a noble man,—so kind yet so firm, so gentle yet so lofty, so spiritual yet so self-poised, so godly yet so

human." Another who knew him well and whose judgment would be respected anywhere, writes in these terms: "His fidelity; his singleness of aim and of motive; his charitable judgment of others; his large heartedness and practical missionary spirit; his patience with and allowance for the faults of others; his ready sympathy; his habitual prayerfulness, truly walking daily with God; his unquestioning faith and uniform cheerfulness; his reverent spirit and humility,—these were among his prominent characteristics." The late Chaplain George Knox, of blessed memory, once remarked to the writer, "I cannot be with Mr. Nott even for half an hour without desiring to be a better man,"—a telling testimony indeed, but a testimony that is confirmed and emphasized by these words of Dr. Hackett. "It was one of his marked peculiarities, that though out of sight, he left with his friends a sense of personal presence which made him a helper, reprovcr, guide; so that once knowing him, one felt that he was never separated from him."

That Mr. Nott was a thoroughly able preacher, the reader need not be assured. Perhaps no man was ever more successful in avoiding "ruts." It was said of him that he presented truth in a manner so fresh and original, that though he might preach a dozen sermons from the same text, each sermon would be noticeably distinct from all the others. He was, moreover, pre-eminently large-

hearted. In his sympathies were embraced all good things. To an exceptional degree he lived for others. All his thoughts seemed to center in the uplifting of his race and the salvation of the lost. He was in habitual touch with the best agencies for benefiting the family, the school, the church, the State, the world. He sought not the honor that cometh from man. When the highest title in the gift of a college was proffered him, he would modestly wave it aside and so went untitled to his grave. The honor that cometh from God was more to him than all things else. The review of such a life is rich in suggestion and inspiration. The ministry now upon the stage will do well to study it in outline and detail, and so treasure up its wholesome and stimulating lessons.

V.

GEORGE KNOX.

The earthly life of this dear brother had its commencement in Saco, Me., October 24, 1816. The principal events of his boyhood can be summarized in few words. To his parents were born four children. While he was, as yet, but one and one-half years old, his father died, leaving his widow and their helpless children with scanty means of support. They soon removed to Portland, where George passed his boyhood, and maintained a respectable rank in the public schools. His honesty and sobriety were only exceeded by his affection for his mother. At an age all too early, it seemed necessary that he should leave school, and make himself proficient as a mechanic. While being initiated into the mysteries of his trade, he became a Christian. His convictions of sin were deep and clear, and he gave very satisfactory evidence of genuine conversion. His baptism and union with the First Baptist church in Portland, followed in August, 1831. The exhortations and prayers of the young brother, now about fifteen years of age, soon attracted attention, and gave birth to the

query as to whether his life sphere did not lie outside of the mechanic arts, and in the Christian ministry. His own exercises being in harmony with this view of the case, it was arranged that he should get released from his obligations as an apprentice, and enter upon a course of study with reference to the sacred calling. This arrangement took effect when he was about seventeen years of age. His studies, preparatory to entering college, were pursued in part at what was then known as the Union Academy, Kennebunk, but mostly at the North Yarmouth Academy, a widely famed school in those days. At that stage in his life, the way was rough and difficult by reason of his penniless condition, and but for the aid and sympathy of the church, he must have succumbed to the rigors of his lot. He, however, worked and worried on until in 1836, at the age of twenty, he was admitted to Waterville College, now Colby University, along with such classmates as M. B. Anderson, for thirty-five years the distinguished President of Rochester University, Oakman S. Stearns, for many years past well and widely known as a learned professor in the Newton Theological Institution, and several others who have worthily served their generation.

How vividly the writer remembers his first glimpse of young Knox, slender in form, straight as an arrow, with a wealth of coal black hair, and full eyes of the same hue, which, once seen, could

never be forgotten. They said as plainly as eyes could speak, that he was there for a purpose. His modest self-poise and dignity of bearing were all the more captivating, because wholly unstudied, and, hence, natural. His conflict with poverty continued through his college course, to the extent of compelling him to be absent in term time more than was meet, in order to replenish his empty purse. And though he might, in student phrase, afterwards "make up" his studies, and so maintain a respectable standing in his class, the expedient could be little better than a make-shift at the best, as so many have found out to their sorrow. The loss is commonly a life-long one, and must be felt as such to the end. Upon his graduation in 1840, he entered upon a seminary course at Newton, which, however, he did not complete. A call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Topsham, Me., received favorable consideration, and in December, 1841, he was publicly set apart to the work of the gospel ministry. About this time, he married Miss Achsah Dunnell of Buxton, Me., a lady of marked intelligence and piety, and admirably fitted for the position thus assigned her by Providence. Mr. Knox now gave himself diligently to his high calling, and for four years, served the church and the cause with exemplary fidelity. He then resigned his Topsham charge, to attempt a like work in Cornish, Me., where he labored faithfully for two years. It was while here, that a sore calamity

befel him. A "fluid" lamp in the hands of his wife exploded, and burned her so severely that she lived but a few days. This sadly tragic event left him alone, save the two now motherless children for whose training and care, he was henceforth doubly responsible. Soon after the advent of this great sorrow, which colored his whole after life, he had occasion to visit friends in the then town of Lewiston, Me., and while there became very deeply impressed with the importance of the place as a field for Christian work. It was already giving sure tokens of what it has since become. Its water power was of the best, but had never been utilized to any worthy extent. Shrewd and wealthy manufacturers from abroad, came, saw, and purchased. It did not require a very keen vision to foresee what must chance in the near future.

There had once been quite a large Baptist church in Lewiston, but for all practical ends, it was now extinct. The Congregationalists then had no organization in the town, and the efforts of other denominations had been meagre and ineffective. Mr. Knox readily took in the situation, and was seized with a strong desire to enter a field so inviting, though, in the nature of the case, very exacting. The leadings of Providence were conspicuous in the whole movement, since, curiously enough, our domestic missionary board, just at this critical moment, awoke to the great importance of the field, and were inquiring for the right man to put

his hand to the work. Through an intimate friend of Mr. Knox, the board learned of his interest touching the matter, and so made haste to secure his services. This was in 1847, and for thirteen years, he neither wavered as to his conviction of duty, nor slackened his hand. Immediately upon his advent to his new field, he rallied the Baptist forces of the place, few and dispirited as they were. About forty were found who consented to get dismissed from their home churches and unite together in a new organization. This was the initial step. But the new church must have a house in which to worship,—a further step, as necessary, in its place, as the first. Accordingly, at great sacrifices on the part of both pastor and people, an inexpensive chapel was built, and became the centre of earnest Christian work. Conversions were not infrequent, and the congregation grew apace, insomuch that the place soon became too strait for the people. More ample accommodations must be had, or growth would be checked and the cause suffer. With strong faith, sanguine hope, and an eager hand, the pastor rose to the occasion and addressed himself to the difficult task. Through his strenuous exertions, the chapel had been brought to completion, and now he heard the summons to a more formidable undertaking. He did not dally, did not pray to be excused, but promptly, and resolutely put his hand to the work. A central lot, on the principal thoroughfare of the city, was secured,

and a spacious brick structure reared thereon, at what then seemed a heavy cost, though the property has since been sold at, perhaps, treble the original outlay. To bring the enterprise to a successful issue, it was necessary for him to go wearily up and down the State for the gifts of those who could be brought into sympathy with the undertaking. In this way, and by surrendering the basement of the building to be finished into stores, he and his people, at great personal sacrifices, had the satisfaction of entering a sanctuary well-suited to their needs, and free from debt. It was the crowning crisis in their history. From that time, growth was comparatively rapid. Many of the most valuable members of the church resided across the river in the twin city of Auburn, and, naturally, talk soon began to be made of a separate church in that community. Nor was it talk only. The matter speedily took outward shape, so that where, at the beginning of Mr. Knox's labors, there was no Baptist church upon the field, there were now two of fair strength and much promise; nor has the promise been disappointing. To-day, both churches have fine houses of worship with appointments to correspond, and are, and for many years have been served by an able and devoted succession of pastors.

We here have one of the most interesting and instructive chapters of our denominational history in Maine. Whether it could have been *thus* writ-

ten, but for the wise, persistent, and self-denying labors of Mr. Knox, we are forbidden to know. It may well be doubted, however, if in all the country-side, one so admirably fitted for just the needed service, could have been found. His going there was manifestly of the Lord. It was a many-sided work that he did for the city. To its schools, he held influential relations, and among them, that of supervisor, for a succession of years. In other ways, also, he was an important factor in shaping the policy, and moulding the character of the young municipality. In a large sense, his life-work pertained to that city, though he filled positions in other places with rare tact and effectiveness, and especially that of Chaplain in the war of the Rebellion. At the end of thirteen years, he felt that his work in Lewiston was done, and hence, resigned to accept a call to the Brunswick pastorate. But he had been in his new position scarcely a year when Sumpter's historic gun summoned hostile legions to a long, bloody, fratricidal conflict. The patriotic spirit in the Brunswick pastor was conspicuously regnant, and so was the martial spirit. He belonged to a military race, his father having been a commissioned officer in the service, while his remoter ancestors evinced a strong predilection for the tented field. It was no marvel, therefore, that he should be electrified by the defiant boom of the first gun which was murderously aimed at his country's heart, and that he should be among the first

to spring to her rescue. Almost before there was time for an hour's calm thought, he was on the march with his regiment, the First Maine, for the scene of conflict. In the date of his appointment, he ranked all the Chaplains who were commissioned from the State. The regiment's term of enlistment covered only three months, at the expiration of which it was disbanded without having seen actual service in the field. But most of its officers and men soon re-enlisted, and constituted the larger half of the tenth regiment which was recruited for two years, and, very naturally, the old Chaplain was in urgent request, and could not say nay. This time, his regiment saw service in plenty, some of it very severe.

On being again mustered out, he accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Lawrence, Mass. But soon the twenty-ninth Maine regiment was recruited and ready for the field, and as it comprised many officers and privates who had belonged to the tenth and first, they were eager, as a matter of course, that Mr. Knox should be to them what he had been once and again. He waited, however, being in doubt as to the path of duty, and they waited also, preferring to do without a Chaplain until he should see his way clear to come to them. After much deliberation and prayer, he resigned his pastorate and joined the regiment October 18, 1864. He thus reached the post of duty in season to be present at the battle of Sheri-

dan's forces on the 19th, and commence his ministrations of love among the wounded. On Sunday, the 30th, he preached a very earnest sermon from John 6:68—"Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life," and in the evening led a prayer meeting. Monday morning, October 31st, as he was mounting to ride out with other officers, his restive horse reared and fell back upon him, causing his death at 5 P. M. of the same day. So sudden was the leave-taking of this beloved brother, this unselfish patriot, this brave soldier of the cross! To the eye of Christian faith, the event is suggestive of a translation rather than of a tragedy. The body was embalmed and forwarded to Lawrence, Mass., where funeral services were held, in which Drs. Shailer, Bosworth, Small and Wood of Maine, and Ricker of Massachusetts, took part. The pastors of the various churches in Lawrence, acted as pall-bearers. The attendance was very large, and the occasion most impressive. Appropriate services were afterwards held in Lewiston, whither the remains were taken and laid beside other precious dust in the family lot. A widow, the daughter of the late Deacon W. Barron of Topsham, survived Mr. Knox, as did also four children. He was very fortunate in his wives, and in all his domestic relations. In the long bereaved home, his memory is cherished as a most precious legacy, while beyond its limits, there are multitudes who rise up and call him blessed. Thus far, the leading incidents of his earthly life. But

what of his distinguishing characteristics? Many of them may readily be inferred from what has already been said. It may be well, however, to make formal allusion to two or three of them.

Did he have morbid tendencies? To some extent, perhaps. He certainly had moods which were suggestive of such tendencies. As illustrative of what is here meant, an incident, communicated to me by the Rev. L. P. Gurney, will be in place. It transpired in August, 1864. He had just resigned his pastoral charge in Lawrence in order to rejoin his comrades in the tented field. The two tried and trusted friends rode to Harpswell one day for a few hours' stay by the seaside. The writer chanced to be there at the time. To all three, it proved a season of keen enjoyment. Mr. Knox appeared buoyant and happy. Of what followed, Mr. Gurney writes on this wise: "We left for home early in the evening, and after a few moments conversation, we lapsed into silence. The moon had just come up, and her beams were sparkling in beauty upon the rippling waters. We rode a mile or two in this silent way, when Brother Knox began in a deep, quiet, sad tone :

"Through sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, where life's turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.'

You can imagine the sad, melancholy tones with which he pronounced these last lines. I could not endure them. They seemed to me a sad foretoken of what might transpire. I begged him to stop, which he did, and as I looked into his pale face, made whiter by the rays of the moon, I remember how his black eye glistened with a tear that told how deep were the emotions within. Miscellaneous conversation was then resumed and continued until we arrived home."

Was this plaintive outburst of feeling due chiefly to morbid fancies? Hardly. If it is given to some natures to see a little further into the future than others, Mr. Knox surely had that gift. His soul's vision seemed sometimes to overpass the border land that separates the palpable present from the impalpable future, and penetrate into the mysterious beyond, where were dimly discerned things not apparent to the average eye. Consider the circumstances. He had recently lost a very promising son, already verging toward manhood; an earlier sorrow had smitten him to the heart; and he was now on the eve of going, for the third time, to a post of danger which might, (as it did, in fact,) prove the post of death, as well. Small marvel was it that the vivid and tender memories of the past, and the uncertainties of the immediate future, should put a nature like his into the precise mood of which mention has just been made. A tinge of the morbid there may have been in it, but

so also was there in it the spirit of prophecy. He lived as seeing Him who is invisible.

Another incident, recorded in the same letter, and by the same hand, should hardly be suppressed. The writer shall relate it in his own tender way. It is set forth substantially in these terms: "About the time of his leaving Lewiston, I saw him under most affecting circumstances. I was at his house for the night. It was soon after the death of his boy, George. After tea he proposed a walk. He took my arm, and as we went on, he became oppressed in spirit and very dejected. Without intimating his purpose, he led me to the place of the dead. It was early evening, and profound silence marked the hour. We came slowly to his burial lot. He stepped a little in advance, and bending over the resting place of his poor, lost boy, he became completely convulsed with emotion. A tempest of sorrow held him in its merciless embrace. He seemed to upbraid the wisdom and love of the One who had torn from him his son. As he stood there, a strong man, contending with those conflicting emotions, he reminded me of a mighty oak lashed and shaken by the fury of the tempest. I stepped forward, touched his arm, and said, 'My brother, God has done it; we must bow to His will; there are dark things in Providence.' 'Yes,' said he, 'there are also dark things in revelation.' We returned to his home in silence. On rejoining the family circle,

he was a little paler than was his wont, but showed the same calm, quiet exterior that belonged to his daily life. And in the social hour which followed, he was the joy of the family circle, and the light of the dwelling! I could not but admire his commanding strength of will that enabled him to say to his deep-seated sorrow, 'Thus far, and no farther.' I never wrote this before, and I think I never told it, save to one. *You* can understand it, for you knew him."

By this time, the reader must have reached the conclusion that George Knox's character, in its totality, was a strong one. If his intellectual force was not specially marked, it was more than respectable, and, in union with his other endowments, was sufficient for all the requirements of high and successful endeavor. His moral qualities dominated his life and all its activities. He belonged, in a marked sense, to the royal line of Great Hearts. His magnanimity was abounding. He instinctively and indignantly scorned all meanness. In his friendships, as multitudes who enjoyed them would testify, he was as true as is the needle to the pole. No one ever thought of distrusting him. Others might be faithless, but not he. Courage was also among his conspicuous traits. He was brave in act, as well as in thought and bearing. During his pastorate in Lewiston, that community was sorely scourged by the cholera plague. Did he flee the place in order to escape the deadly conta-

gion? No, verily! On the contrary, he gave himself without stint to the Christly work of visiting the smitten homes and caring for their wants,—a work that demanded a more sublime courage than the bloodiest encounter upon the battle field. In short, his faithfulness was of the sterling variety that never takes a backward step. It was even unto death. Who can doubt that he has received a crown of life?

Upon a mural tablet in the Alumni Hall of Colby University, his name fitly stands at the head of the immortal band, (the noble sons of a noble mother,) who gave their own lives to preserve the life and integrity of their imperilled country. But far higher than that,—even among the stars,—his name has found a place, for “his record is on high.”

VI.

JAMES TIFT CHAMPLIN.

Character is one thing, reputation another. The one may exist where the other is wanting. True, they may be co-incident, but more often are not. This is a severe indictment of human nature. The logic of facts, however, would seem to justify it. Character, in its own nature, is a thing of substance. Reputation may represent substance, or it may not. It is often merely factitious, a thing of the hour, showy perhaps, but a vanishing quality, here to-day, gone to-morrow. On one condition only can it be abiding. In order to stand the test of time, it must have beneath it the bed-rock of character. And even then, it is often long in catching the public eye. This is sure to be the case, if it is quite without the quality of brilliancy. The power to flash and corruscate is always essential to sudden fame. Many a man has to die before he is appreciated at his true value. The character was his all the while, but reputation came halting slowly behind. This was especially true of James Tift Champlin. He belonged to that most meritorious class of men who do the work of the world. Through long

years, he toiled heroically and persistently. Faithful in little as in much, he held himself to his tasks until hand and foot refused to obey the will, and voice faltered, and eye grew dim, and the once strong and robust frame tottered even to its fall. I knew him well as pastor, preacher, writer, professor, president, and friend. In all the relations of life whether as husband, father, neighbor, or citizen, whether in public or private stations, he was singularly faithful to whatever trust was committed to him. Uncomplainingly, he submitted to rebuffs and criticisms, unflinchingly, he worked towards the ends incident to the day or the hour, incessantly, he sought to serve his generation by the will of God. He plodded when plodding was the thing to do, he pressed forward with quiet but alert foot when celerity was the prime condition of success, and he paused only when pausing promised to make the desired result more certain. He was a shrewd man of affairs, and, hence, brought things to pass. And yet the world scarcely began to know his value until after he had left it. He could humble himself to become the servant of servants when that appeared the surest way of reaching the goal for which he was striving. In a word, he was pre-eminently practical. With him, mere sentiment counted for little, substance for much.

This good man, whose fame will continue to grow brighter as the years go by, was born in Colchester, Conn., June 9, 1811, but his parents

soon removed to Lebanon, in the same state, where he lived up to the verge of young manhood. At the age of fourteen, he became a Christian and united with the Baptist church in the last named town. His studies preparatory to entering college were commenced at the age of seventeen, and prosecuted to completion at the Colchester and Plainfield academies. In 1830 he was admitted to Brown University, and graduated therefrom in 1834 at the head of his class. During the three years subsequent to his graduation, he served his Alma Mater in the capacity of tutor. In 1837, Rev. J. S. Maginnis, D. D., having resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist church in Portland to accept a professorship in the Hamilton Theological Seminary, recommended Tutor Champlin for the vacancy thus created. As a result, the latter, by invitation, preached two Sundays in the old church on Federal street. This was followed by his unanimous call to the pastorate by both church and society. Coveting a better acquaintance with the people, he was not in haste to respond to this call, though continuing to supply the pulpit, meanwhile. After a careful survey of the field, he decided that it was his duty to take it in hand. His ordination occurred May 3, 1838, President Pattison of the college at Waterville, preaching the sermon. The other participants in the exercises were Rev. Messrs. Dwight, Wilson, and Lincoln of Portland, Curtis of Bangor, Bradford of Yarmouth, and Felch

of New Gloucester. With one exception, the outlook for pastor and people was very encouraging. Unfortunately, Mr. Champlin's health was not of the robust order. A chronic bronchial affection, aggravated by public speaking, soon gave rise to painful misgivings as to what might be in the near future. This was the one cloud that hung in the horizon. Everything else was bright and full of promise.

In the year following, June 12, 1839, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary Ann Pierce of Providence, R. I. This union proved mutually and eminently helpful, and was only interrupted by his death nearly forty-three years after its consummation.

In 1840 he and his people were blessed with a revival of great power, during which the church had an accession of about eighty new members. That a pastorate thus full of promise, should be suddenly cut short, could not but be deeply deplored. But there seemed no other alternative. The bronchial trouble, above alluded to, had become so serious as to leave little scope for choice. And, as if to hasten the impending event, a call to a service against which the same objection would not lie, was extended to him just in this crisis of doubt. Phineas Barnes, who for several years had been the able and accomplished professor of ancient languages in Waterville College, resigned his chair, thus creating an important vacancy. To meet the

emergency, the attention of the trustees was at once directed to the Portland pastor, and at their annual meeting in 1841, they decided to avail themselves, if possible, of his services. An issue was thus made up which was in no wise difficult to solve. It had become clear that Mr. Champlin could not long continue to preach. He was well equipped for the duties of the chair thus offered him. Its acceptance would relieve him from the unpleasant necessity of engaging in secular business, and the new position would have in it the promise of great usefulness. Under the circumstances there plainly was but one thing to do. Though the pastorate had been very pleasant to him, it must be abandoned. The separation between himself and his people was mutually painful. His letter of resignation, under date of August 23, 1841, was expressive of deep and affectionate regret that such a necessity had arisen, but of confident hope that the professorship to which he had been elected would furnish scope for usefulness even more far-reaching than that of the pastorate. The response of his people was in a like spirit. And so he went to Waterville, where, in the capacity, first of professor and afterwards of president, he did his life work. His labors there covered a period of thirty-two years, sixteen of which were given to each of the two offices that he held and honored.

As a college professor, Mr. Champlin did not content himself with the mere routine requirements

of his department. On the contrary, he set himself, as opportunity served, to the task of preparing text-books in his line of teaching that proved of marked excellence as compared with many then in vogue. These ventures involved a vast amount of labor, and called for critical scholarship of a high order. Among them was a new edition of "Demosthenes on the Crown" which was received with much favor and for more than thirty years was in general use in American colleges. Other classical works followed in somewhat rapid succession. The list includes, besides the immortal oration above-named, "Select Popular Orations of Demosthenes," "A Translation of Kühner's Latin Grammar from the German," "The Oration of Eschines on the Crown," and "A Short and Comprehensive Greek Grammar." All these while he was professor of ancient languages. But on his promotion to the presidency, it was in order for him to take the chair of moral and intellectual philosophy. And here again he felt the need of improved text-books, and promptly addressed himself to the work of supplying them. And so, at longer or shorter intervals, he brought out "Butler's Analogy and Ethical Discourses," "A Text-book on Intellectual Philosophy," "First Principles of Ethics" and "Lessons on Political Economy." And these text-books were also used in other colleges as well as his own.

But, as a pupil of his, the late H. W. Richardson, editor of the Portland Daily Advertiser, well

said, "the service which Dr. Champlin rendered to the college and to his generation is not measured or even indicated by a list of his published works. He was not merely, or even primarily, a literary man. He was pre-eminently a man of affairs,—a man who would naturally have become a great merchant or a successful politician. His tendencies were all practical. He edited Greek and Latin text-books, because, in the place where he found himself, that was the thing to do. When he left the professorship of ancient languages, he turned to other studies without regret, and with the same industry and sound appreciation of the requirements of his new position." Even so. Nothing could be truer. The reader is here favored with a real, flesh-and-blood glimpse of the man, as he lived and moved and wrought from day to day. This preparation of text-books, exacting as it was, was but a minor incident of his busy life, and so is dwarfed into insignificance by the side of his other achievements. When he became its head, the college was without endowment, unless the noble men, like Professors George W. Keely, Justin R. Loomis, and others who had stood by it in its dark days, could be so reckoned. Its buildings, moreover, were sadly behind its needs, both as to capacity and quality. There was then no Memorial Hall, no Natural History Building, no Gymnasium and no endowment. To many a looker-on, the fate of the college seemed almost trem-

bling in the balance. But in the good providence of God, the right man was at the helm.

The stuff of which he was made has been more apparent since than it was then. He did not wait for the needed endowment to come to him, but went in search of it. He took the laboring oar,—was ready for any drudgery, any fatigue, any self-denial. In the face of obstacles that would have appalled most men, he pressed steadily on with firm step and far-seeing eye. But for the perception of this wise, patient, persistent, heroic spirit on the part of its president, it may well be doubted whether Gardner Colby, Abner Coburn, J. Warren Merrill, William E. Wording, and the like, would ever have come so nobly to the rescue of the college in the time of its sore need. It is by no means improbable, therefore, that, for these generous and timely benefactions, the University is as really indebted to Dr. Champlin as if they had been his own personal bestowments. And when funds began to flow in from time to time, first to build Memorial Hall, then the Natural History Building, and then to re-habilitate the dingy and dilapidated structures that had stood the institution in such stead during its previous history, with what exemplary wisdom and forethought did the faithful man use the resources thus placed at his disposal! The trustees needed to cast about for no other agent to undertake that delicate and responsible service.

As was said by the author in another connection, Dr. Champlin needs no monument at the hands of others. He has reared his own, and it is a monument that speaks with rare and touching eloquence to the beholder. In enduring brick and stone it dots the campus of Colby University. But though that brick and stone may mutely tell to coming ages something of what he did, they can never tell it all. Indeed, they can give but a faint hint of his life work. It is not alone, or chiefly, to the building and endowment that we should have regard in estimating the results of such a career. The profound thinking, the critical scholarship, the patient study, the wise teaching, the wholesome counsels rather, must be the chief factors in the case, since they constituted the "upper half" of the character of this distinguished man. While he neither was, nor affected to be a genius, he was something far better. With a robust intellect, an honest heart, and high Christian purpose, he pushed his investigations into every field of inquiry pertaining to his vocation. With exemplary industry he toiled, and with pre-eminent fidelity he sought to discharge the great trusts committed to his keeping. In short, his life was a distinguished benediction, whether considered in its relation to church or state, to learning or religion. Many and many are the persons who, as often as they think of him, will feel an impulse to drop a tear of love and gratitude upon his grave.

VII.

WILLIAM HOSMER SHAILER.

For more than a quarter of a century, Dr. Shailer was a recognized leader in all the more prominent enterprises of his denomination in Maine. He was born in Haddam, Conn., November 20, 1807. He came of a pious ancestry, his parents and grandparents having been devotedly Christian in character and in life. His childhood environments were, therefore, of the best. His love of knowledge was naturally strong, a fact that led him to use whatever school privileges chanced to lie within reach, to such good purpose, that at the age of seventeen, he became himself a teacher, prosecuting his own studies, meanwhile, as opportunity served. He took his preparatory course at Wilbraham, Mass., and Hamilton, N. Y. At the close of this stage in his studies he became a Christian. As in so many other cases, this event proved to be the crowning crisis of his life. He was seized at once with the conviction that it was his duty to prepare for the Christian ministry. Accordingly, after his baptism, he returned to Hamilton and entered upon the higher course of study which he completed in 1835.

After spending a few months at the Newton Theological Institution, he accepted an urgent call to the principalship of the Literary Institution at Suffield, Conn., a position to which he was peculiarly adapted, especially at that critical stage of the school's history. While here, he took upon himself the solemn vows of ordination. The event transpired at Deep River, February 26th, 1836. That he was faithful to these vows, no one familiar with his subsequent history, will for a moment question. While remaining in Suffield, he preached not a little, and in 1837 accepted the call of the Baptist church in Brookline, Mass., to become their pastor. His service in this field covered a period of nearly seventeen years.

He had before won to his side Elizabeth Payne, daughter of Prof. Daniel Hascall, the founder of the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institute, since known as Madison, but now as Colgate University. Their nuptials were celebrated May 22, 1836. What she was to him, to their children, and to the churches which he served, is gracefully and forcibly set forth in a memorial discourse delivered by Dr. A. K. Potter before the Maine Baptist Missionary Convention, October 5, 1881. That discourse was printed, and to it the reader is referred. She, together with three of their four children, survived the husband and father. The son, Barnas Sears, resides in New Gloucester, Maine, Sophia L., wife of Dea. J. B. Mathews,

had a home many years in Portland, but is since a resident of Newton, Mass. Their eldest son, Shailer Mathews, is the accomplished Professor of History in Colby University. The other surviving daughter, Elizabeth H., is the wife of Rev. S. D. Moxley of Bristol, Rhode Island. She compiled the Memorial of her father, a very interesting little booklet, to which this sketch is much indebted for facts and figures. Dr. Shailer also left an adopted daughter, Mary Eloise, who became the wife of Rev. E. S. Small, formerly of Brunswick, and Livermore Falls, Me., but latterly of Boston, Mass. Mrs. Shailer has since rejoined those who had gone before her in the faith and patience of the Gospel.

Dr. Shailer was very successful in his work both in Brookline and Portland. In the former place, the congregation grew steadily in numbers and influence. The house of worship was soon too strait for the people, and had to be enlarged. The church from being quite small numerically, soon easily took rank with the leading Baptist churches of the state. In Portland also, his pastorate, which covered a period of nearly a quarter of a century, bore ample fruits. When he settled there in 1854, the church roll contained two hundred nineteen names. When he resigned in 1877, it contained four hundred.

But his labors were, by no means, confined to the people of his immediate charge. On the con-

trary, they were in constant request far beyond parish limits. He was ten years Secretary of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, thirteen years Recording Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, seven years a member of its Executive Committee, and, to crown all, in 1855, he was elected its Home Secretary, an honor which, though great, he felt obliged to decline. In 1853, he was chosen a Trustee of the Newton Theological Institution, and in 1855, to a like relation to our college at Waterville, both of which positions he filled and honored to the day of his death.

Another sphere of activity and usefulness in which he was pre-eminent, must not fail of mention. In educational work, his interest amounted almost to a passion. He gave to the public schools, both in Brookline and Portland, much time and thought. His official relations to them, in the way of superintendence, were continuous for nearly, if not quite, forty years. The testimony of the school committee of Portland to the value of his services, is very pronounced, and in these terms: "To him, more than to any other member of the committee, is due whatever of value has resulted from the supervisory action of the board. The affectionate interest with which he regarded the schools of the city, made his labors in their behalf a work of love which knew no bounds in his efforts for their improvement, and was guided by a sagacity which rarely failed of success."

And then beyond this, from 1858 to 1873, a period of fifteen years, he was proprietor and editor of *Zion's Advocate*, and though he employed an office assistant, the responsibility could not be delegated to another. That, together with much of the actual labor, devolved upon himself alone. And it is not too much to say that his work in this department, though only incidental to his higher work as preacher and pastor, was well and wisely done.

Dr. Shailer, to a marked degree, was a man of facts, and of facts so classified and stored in memory's chamber, that they were always ready for use. At this point, he was rarely caught napping. The day and the man, the when and the where, the helps and the hindrances, the victories and the defeats,—*all* questions of detail and fact pertaining especially to his own denomination, always seemed an open book to him. This characteristic it doubtless was, that led our Convention to invite him to prepare a history of the Baptists of Maine, and no little regret has been felt that he did not live to accomplish the needed task. But as it was, he collected much material with a view to such an attempt, though the attempt was never actually made. Not a little of this material, however, was embodied in four historical discourses which the printer's art has fortunately preserved to posterity. Two of these discourses were delivered before the Maine Baptist Convention, one of them pertaining

to the first fifty years of its existence, and the other to the first hundred years of our Republic, as that century stood related to Baptist growth and progress. Of the other two discourses, one dealt with the history of the First Baptist church in Portland during the seventy-five years immediately succeeding its birth, and the other with the history of the Kennebec Baptist Association from its origin to its fiftieth milestone. These discourses will be of much value to the man upon whom shall devolve the task of putting into concrete form the Baptist annals of Maine.

Our brother's last sickness was short, he having been confined to his bed one week only. As was to be expected, his end was peace. He was willing to go or stay, as it should please the Lord. He had been faltering more or less for some time and when he finally took his bed not to rise from it again, his mind was somewhat wandering, though he had many lucid intervals during the succeeding days. When Sunday came and the church bells rang, he rallied for a moment from his lethargy and whispered, "Strange! my first Sabbath in bed." And surely it was strange, considering the burdens he had borne, and the work he had done. As his daughter well says, "his death was as he would have wished it. No lingering decline of intellectual powers, but vigorous to the last, with his family around him, he went to his heavenly home." The date of his departure was Feb. 23, 1881. The

funeral followed two days later, when, not the sorrowing family alone, but a sorrowing public, including a multitude of all grades, and of all shades of religious belief, was fain to pay its tribute of love and respect to the memory of him who had served it so wisely and well for more than a quarter of a century.

A most busy life has now passed in hasty review before us. How any man could have had so "many irons in the fire" at the same time, and none of them suffer injury, is indeed a wonder. Consider how many claims were made upon him continually, and for how long a time. Was it his habit, upon every slight occasion, to thrust them aside, and substitute anything less exacting in their place? Was he ever known to deal in shadow and sham, at the expense of substance and reality? To those who knew him, such questions answer themselves. With him, fidelity was a cardinal virtue. What he undertook to do, he always aimed to do well, and his undertakings, as we have seen, were many. Different men achieve influence and standing in different ways, according to the mold in which they are cast, and the circumstances by which they are surrounded. Some have a mercurial temperament. Such, though often brilliant, are apt to be erratic and unreliable. They may do many good, and even great things, but are liable to mar if not spoil them, by their choice of methods. Other men are cool, self-poised, vigilant, undemonstrative, but have a keen

intuition as to the right moment, the right place, and the wise method. To quote from high authority, "they have understanding of the times, so as to know what ought to be done." I am persuaded that all who had the good fortune to know Dr. Shailer will agree with me when I say that he belonged pre-eminently to this latter class. His mind was of the judicial type. He weighed things in an even balance. His impulses, though strong upon occasion, were for the most part held in abeyance. His judgment and reason were, to a very marked degree, in the ascendant. The outposts of his nature were so well manned that it was difficult to surprise him. It is no marvel then that he was both methodical and industrious. Made as he was, he could not well have been otherwise. He believed in both plan and execution. He wasted no time in visionary experiments. Every day had its pre-assigned tasks, every hour its allotted work. And this work meant something. It had an end in view, and an end that was never lost sight of. To its accomplishment, hand, and eye, and foot were made tributary, day out and day in.

Few men, no matter what their calling, ever toiled harder or more constantly than did he. But do the traits here cited, fully, or even chiefly, account for the productiveness of his life? Hardly. Good talents, a sound judgment, wise methods and indomitable industry, though harmoniously combined and working together, could never have

made William H. Shailer all that he was to the world. The crowning cause is yet to be named. He was a *Christian* — became such when he was young. This condition was more to him than all things else, had more to do with shaping his destiny and making him a power among men. Without it, however generous the gifts bestowed on him by nature, and bounteous his stores of learning, he could never have been what he became. Personal religion crowned everything, glorified everything that pertained to his life as seen by men. It ennobled his motives and inspired his endeavors. From the moment when it became dominant in his soul, he served a new Master, the Lord Christ. He had higher purposes than belonged to earth. A new life throbbed in his veins; new impulses swayed and controled him. He was to live henceforth as if he were not his own. He was to strive to serve his generation by the will of God. This he resolved to do, and this he did. Who that knows much of his career can doubt it? The life that he lived was but the ripe and golden fruit of a character well endowed by nature, and better endowed by grace. The culture of the schools was of value to him only as it increased his power to do his Master's will, and so benefit the sinful race to which he belonged.

In what has now been said, we have the key, I think, to all he did and all he aspired to do. It, moreover, accounts for the marked confidence

reposed in him by his brethren and the general public. Few men were ever more trusted, and this confidence always seemed justified by the event. I scarcely know a man who has been called to so much service on important committees and boards of trust as was he. He was peculiarly fitted for service of that kind. The people early perceived this, and hence were fain to avail themselves of the benefits of his wise and sagacious counsels. His almost life-long relations to the leading organizations of his denomination, both national and State, have already been alluded to; and also his conspicuously faithful labors in the cause of general education. The very last act he performed before going home to die, was attendance upon, and participation in, a meeting of the school board of his city.

And what he was in these several relations, he was, pre-eminently, as pastor. That he used *this* office well, need not be said. In the best New Testament sense, he was bishop of his people, both in Brookline and Portland, watching over them with exemplary fidelity during an aggregate of more than forty years. This surely is an honorable record, and all the more honorable because his pastorates were fruitful as well as long. The seals of his ministry are very many.

But it is time that the final word of this sketch were spoken. Suffice it then to say in conclusion, that our dear brother was a man singularly sym-

metrical in character, singularly pure in life, singularly wise in counsel, and, therefore, singularly honored, and loved, and trusted by his brethren. This, be it observed, was his brethren's estimate, not his own. Full well did he know and feel that he belonged to an apostate race, that he had a sinful nature, and that for him, as for others, there was no salvation save through the one atoning sacrifice so clearly set forth in God's word. Hence his joy and exultation at the thought of that sacrifice. Eagerly did he embrace its provisions, penitently did he confess his sins, bravely and hopefully did he war against them and spurn their dominion, earnestly and continuously did he labor for the salvation of his fellow men. To this work his life was given. To further it, he thought, and planned, and prayed, and toiled, until strength failed, so that his hand could no longer scatter the seed, or wield the sickle, and then he lay down to die. Nor had he long to wait. The period between labor and release was very short. His disease was such that he could scarcely have known suffering. His leave-taking was not so much dying as translation. And so he parted from us to join the victorious host beyond the sullen river of death. But he is not dead. He lives, and shall live forevermore; lives in memory, lives in example, lives in the hearts of his sorely bereaved family, and of his scarcely less bereaved brethren; lives in the paradise of God. May it be ours to share with him the bliss of heaven.

VIII.

SAMUEL LUNT CALDWELL.

In 1835 a class of more than thirty young men were admitted to Waterville College, now Colby University. Their ages varied from fourteen years to twenty-five. With the youngest of them all, this present writing is chiefly concerned. His name was Samuel Lunt Caldwell. He was born in Newburyport, Mass., November 13, 1820. His father, Deacon Stephen Caldwell, was prominent in Baptist circles and deservedly enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the general public. His mother, Mary Lunt, was a devoted Christian almost from childhood, and in missionary zeal, especially as it related to the Indians of the country, was quite in advance of her times.

Young Samuel was well descended on both sides, his ancestry, paternal and maternal, being of the sterling Puritan stamp. He was the eldest of nine children. Showing neither inclination nor aptitude for business pursuits, and taking kindly to books, he was kept at school with a view to an extended and liberal course of study. Among his teachers were two well known poets, Albert Pike and George

Lunt, the latter a kinsman. It may not have been their fault, but the candidate's preparation for college was unfortunately defective, even for those times. Nevertheless, he was admitted, as was also the writer of this sketch, thus making us classmates for the ensuing four years. The intimacy between us, in no long time, become very close, and it is a joy to reflect, now that one has gone to the other shore, that no shadow ever fell between us. But I trust that this tender sentiment of friendship will not unduly bias my estimate as to what he became as a man, and what he did for his race.

My first glimpse of him will not easily fade from memory. The tableau is still very vivid. He was standing, half-bent, by the side of Prof. Keely's chair. Both had their eyes fixed upon the same page, and the Professor was essaying to take the gauge of his knowledge in Latin. His clothes were those of a boy, and plain at that. He was somewhat overgrown for his years, and awkward in proportion, as is apt to be the case with humanity at that stage of development. In a word, his appearance was decidedly callow, and a prediction, then and there, that any lofty flight awaited his future, would have provoked scepticism if not mirth, on the part of the beholder. The incident only shows how mistaken we often are as to the possibilities that may be slumbering in embryo, in the heart and brain of childhood and youth.

The reader must already have inferred that the financial resources of young Caldwell were somewhat limited. He had much considerate help, it is true, from his excellent home, but not enough to meet his unavoidable expenses; and so, to supply the annually recurring deficiency, he was fain to ring the college bell, year in and year out, through nearly his entire course. Even as I write, I seem to see him with one hand grasping the bell-rope, and the other a volume of poems, or a work on history, or, perchance, some choice quarterly. Such was his proverbial habit. He reveled in literature, and literature in its higher and better forms. It was sweeter to him than honey, and the honey-comb.

During his Freshman year, aside from this one absorbing habit, he gave no marked token of the best that was in him. True, signs were not wanting that his linguistic powers were of a high order; but towards mathematics and the natural sciences his leaning was far from strong. The brain power he had, the taste he had not. And so he passed through his Freshman year not only without eclat, but with rather moderate standing both in the class room and among his fellows. In the Sophomore year, however, there came a change. Until then English compositions had not been required. Their advent was hailed by the class with quite a ripple of interest. They furnished a new test, and during their reading, all ears were open. This was

especially true of Caldwell's piece. From its initial to its final word, there was a growing interest and a growing sense of surprise. The production, coming as it did from one who had hitherto given no sign of marked power, was remarkable to the extent of exciting doubts as to its paternity. On leaving the class room, more than one quietly insinuated the charge of plagiarism. But any suspicion of that sort was soon dissipated. As was natural for one of his years, the style of the paper was somewhat over-wrought, but for brilliancy and beauty, it was simply charming. Though largely but germ and blossom, there was in it all the promise of the rich fruitage which has followed. From that time, its writer was a recognized power among his fellows, a power that steadily grew as the years went by. His rapid improvement in physical symmetry and bearing was more than matched by the increasing vigor and expansion of the higher faculties of his nature. The stamp of immaturity soon disappeared, and he presently came to be an influential factor in the little world about him.

But no mention has yet been made of the supreme event of his college life. It transpired in the winter term of his Junior year. Until then, though moral in his deportment and constant in his attendance upon divine worship, he had manifested little interest in personal religion. But now, under the searching appeals of President Pattison on the recurrence of the Day of Prayer for colleges, his

religious nature was profoundly stirred, and it was given him to see, in Christ the Lord, what he had never seen before. It was both a revelation and revolution, and greatly changed, not to say reversed the dominant aims and purposes of his previous life. In one word, he had become a Christian, and the whole drift of his subsequent career vindicated his right to the new name which he had thus taken upon himself. Only a year and a half now remained before his graduation from college, and then what? The thought of the Christian ministry had begun to obtrude itself upon his attention and press upon his conscience. But he was still scarcely beyond the period of boyhood, his last milestone having been but the eighteenth. A literary life had always been the goal of his hopes and aspirations, and towards it his steps were still tending. Was it his duty to turn aside and enter another and diverse sphere of activity? The question needed to be carefully and prayerfully weighed. It could not be decided off-hand. He must have time, and he took time. For a while he became the principal of the Academy in Hampton Falls, N. H., and then accepted the headship of a Grammar school in his native town. At the end of three years from the time of his leaving college, the question which had so perplexed him, was so far solved that he entered the Newton Theological Institution, from which he graduated in 1845.

Of his seminary life, the Rev. Dr O. S. Stearns* writes in these crisp and felicitous terms: "His class was an unusually able and brilliant one. They were stimulated by the minute and thorough teaching of Professor Hackett in New Testament exegesis, by the broad, comprehensive, epigrammatic, and incisive instruction of Professor Sears in theology, and by the kind yet firm guidance of Professor Ripley in homiletics. The bees in the hive, though few in number, were busy and buzzing. The air was full of philosophical speculation. Emerson was at the height of his fame. Theodore Parker was beginning his work in Boston. Transcendentalism nestled at Brook Farm, a few miles distant. Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection" was the students' *vade mecum*. Straussianism was winning followers on American soil. The young students plied their teachers with questions which would not be settled by a dogmatic aphorism. The debates in the class-room often prolonged the assigned hour into two hours, and the debates among classmates often extended into the midnight hour. Young Caldwell felt the magnetism of his surroundings, and with his characteristic self-mistrust and his life-long determination to hear both sides and all sides, became doubtful as to the genuineness of his call to the ministry. He walked in doubt many months,—as what true man has not?—always

* Biographical sketch introducing "Cities of our Faith," etc., by Dr. Caldwell, to which the reader is referred.

attending upon the regular prayer-meeting and upon the weekly class prayer-meeting. Says a classmate, 'I do not remember that ever, in a single instance, he gave an exhortation to his fellow-students; but his prayers had the same characteristics which made his public prayers in after years so edifying to spiritually-minded Christians.' Finally his prayers were answered; the doubts scattered, and he could say, 'I see my way through.' Newton was the seed bed of his public life, and the seed produced good fruit."

Among Mr. Caldwell's Seminary classmates, were such men as the late Heman Lincoln, D. D., Professor of Church History in the Newton Theological Institution; the late Ebenezer Dodge, LL. D., President of Madison University; Kendall Brooks, D. D., ex-President of Kalamazoo College; and others who have won distinction as preachers and pastors.

Having declined a flattering call to St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Caldwell supplied a pulpit for nearly a year in Alexandria, Va., and then entered upon the pastorate of the First Baptist church in Bangor, Me. His ordination took place in August, 1846, Dr. Barnas Sears preaching the sermon.

Of his immediate family ties let it suffice to say, that on September 17, 1846, a few weeks subsequent to his ordination, he married Mary Lenard Richards of his native city, a lady whose intelligence, refinement, and marked domestic qualities admir-

ably fitted her for the sphere of service to which this new and life-long relation summoned her. The happy union thus formed lasted for nearly forty-three years, and then was interrupted only for a few months, her death occurring January 18, 1890, and his but a fraction of a year previous. Of their five children, two died in infancy and one in early childhood. The survivors are, William Emery, of New York city, and Samuel Lenard, M. D., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dr. Caldwell's official relations to the public, covered a period of thirty-nine consecutive years, divided as follows : Pastor in Bangor, Me., twelve ; pastor in Providence, R. I., fifteen ; Professor of Church History in the Newton Theological Institution, five ; President of Vassar College, seven. And it is only fair to add that these positions sought him, not he them, and that he honored them even more than they honored him. Almost from the beginning of his settlement in Maine, it was understood that we had among us a young man of eminent promise, and he eventfully justified the estimate thus early formed. It meant much to the denomination in the State to have among them, and of them, one whose culture was so broad, whose ability was so commanding, whose life was so pure, and whose faith rested so intelligently and so entirely upon the bed-rock of revealed truth. He was not one to take things for granted. He was a Baptist from honest conviction, a conviction that grew with his growth

and strengthened with his strength. But he was more than a Baptist. He was a Christian as well, and a Christian of a choice type. There was in his piety no hint of cant. He never posed. His nature was too upright and downright for *that*. What he seemed, he was. The reader will understand me when I say that he was too genuine for his own interest. He could not cringe, could not fawn. For finesse and indirection, he had no genius. He knew of no right way to attain his ends, but by marching straight towards them, no matter whether in the light of day and in the face of the crowd, or in solitude and amid the shadows of night.

An able statesman he might, doubtless, have become; a mere politician, never. All his instincts were in revolt against the low arts of the demagogue. His fine scorn for questionable and unworthy methods, even though the end sought might be a laudable one, was patent to all who really knew him. It follows, of course, that as a critic he was always frank, and sometimes to the verge of severity, but a severity in which there was no sting. I once heard a prominent ministering brother characterize him as "cold blooded." A more out-and-out misnomer could hardly have been invented. An inborn fastidiousness coupled with an equally inborn inertia of physical organism, might now and then have lent some color of justice to such an indictment, but it was color only. His friendships were as tender as those of a woman. He loved as a child

loves. There was no artificial "padding" in his makeup, no unseemly chasm between character and reputation. In a word, he was real from contour to core. If he uttered words of approval, you knew that they were to be taken for all they meant, and if of disapproval, you could safely feel the same assurance. In his great heart were embraced not a few cherished friends beyond the limits of his own communion. Thus, in the city of his Maine home, he had a life-long love for Rev. John Cotton Smith of the Episcopal church, Rev. George B. Little of the First Congregational church, and Rev. George Field, D. D., of the Central church, and his love was warmly reciprocated on their part without surrendering any of their distinctive beliefs. They lived as brothers, and labored in utmost harmony towards the same end. This is only an illustration of what was widely true of our brother wherever his lot was cast.

To his own immediate people, of course, he was bound by ties of peculiar strength. In his pastoral rounds he was sure of a warm welcome on their part. But, as another has well said, "his pulpit was his throne, and from his pulpit he built up his church into the ways and works of the God he served. He fed them with the finest of the wheat. They knew it and loved him for it. Emphatically he dwelt among his own people. They were the people of his first choice, and neither ever forgot the other."

But Bangor could not hold him always, nor the State even. In process of time, he was wanted for a wider field. He had been with us twelve years, mingling constantly and prominently in our denominational counsels, and it was hard to have him drop out and be with us no more. His Alma Mater regarded him as a pet son, in proof of which she elected him into her board of trustees, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and offered him one of her chairs of instruction, an honor, however, which he felt it his duty to decline. As a member of the board, he rendered very valuable service for the space of thirteen years.

It was in the nature of things that one who had grown into such prominence in his adopted State should attract attention in other quarters. Much more to the surprise of Dr. Caldwell than to that of his friends, in 1858, the then vacant pulpit of the First Baptist church in Providence, R. I., was offered him. He appreciated the honor, but shrank from the responsibility which its acceptance would entail. It was no light thing to take up the work of such men as Gano, and Pattison, and Hague, and Wayland, and prosecute it successfully. This he keenly felt. For many a day he walked in doubt and anxiety. The demands of the field, he well knew, would heavily task his powers. The church was in constant touch with Brown University. Its officers and students would help swell his congregation and could not, therefore, be reck-

oned out of his weekly ministrations. To meet their wants and at the same time the more diverse and multiform wants of the general public, was the problem in hand. And it was a perplexing problem. Only rare tact, ample intellectual equipment, and constant supplies from the store-house of Divine grace, could insure its successful solution. His characteristic self-distrust made him hesitate and shrink from attempting a service so difficult and doubtful of accomplishment. It was a well-nigh crucial test. But in the end, he arrived at an affirmative decision, thus committing himself to one of the most difficult pastorates in the land. How he met its requirements can best be told by witnesses who were on the spot, and enjoyed his ministrations for the space of fifteen years. Their testimonies are here reproduced from the biographical sketch by Dr. Stearns, of which mention has before been made. The first witness to speak shall be the church itself, though at a remove of seventeen years from the time when his pastoral labors ceased among them, which makes their testimony all the more significant. He had, however, just died in their midst, having spent the last five years of his life in Providence. As was fitting, a memorial service was held at which a minute was ordered to be spread upon the records of the church.

Of the tenor and spirit of this paper these words will give a fair idea: "We remember with tender interest the affection he bore to his people, his

entering so cordially into their joys, and his deep sympathy with them in their sorrows, the rare grace and fitness with which he conducted the solemn services of the house of mourning, and his anxious solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the flock of which the Holy Ghost had made him an overseer. . . . The memory of his many virtues will long live with us. We thank God for the pastorate which extended over so many years." Professor John L. Lincoln, LL. D., at the meeting in question, expressed himself in these terms: "How we love to think of his gentleness and courtesy of spirit, his modesty and candor, his true humility, his freedom from resentment, and that excellent charity in him which thinketh no evil and which beareth all things. . . . Of his various services, when he was our pastor, I remember especially his discourses on the life and teachings of our Lord, as drawn from the Gospel of John. They were rich and discriminating exhibitions of truth, and also very vivid, well-nigh, pictorial unfoldings of scenes in the Saviour's life. I remember, too, with gratitude, Dr. Caldwell's Wednesday evening lectures, and his lectures preparatory to the communion, as most elevating and helpful in their direct bearing upon every-day Christian living." Professor Albert Harkness, LL. D., said: "Our pastor preached to us a Gospel full of possibilities and love. There was nothing gloomy and forbidding in the Gospel he set before us. It

was pure and Christ-like. . . . But his usefulness was not by any means confined to his pulpit utterances. His life preached the more powerfully. Dr. Caldwell was by nature a peacemaker. He promoted friendly relations between the church and Brown University. He accordingly labored and prayed for both. He was a true, devoted scholar, a living example of pure, cultivated Christianity."

The valuable services, incidental and direct, which Dr. Caldwell rendered Brown University did not fail of recognition. Not only did she confer on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, but made him first a trustee and soon after a member of the Board of Fellows, and secretary of the Corporation, an office which he held until his death.

But the time at length came when the Hand that never errs beckoned him away from the city he loved so well and the church over which he had so long and fondly watched. He was to be pastor no more. The manifest call of duty was to a new and untried sphere of service. The chair of Church History in the Newton Theological Institution was vacant, and, very naturally, the inquiring eyes of the trustees fell upon the Providence pastor as the right man for the emergency. His life-long and loving researches in the domain of history, sacred and profane, his wonderfully minute knowledge of men of whatever era, nationality, or calling, and the facility with which he could put his thoughts

into language of singular purity and clearness, were decisive of the result. And so, for the time, he bade adieu to the city of Roger Williams and removed to "Newton Hill," where he remained five years. Of his success in this position let Dr. Stearns, (than whom no one had better opportunities to know,) bear testimony. "Professor Caldwell was never found nodding or tripping. His facts were found to be facts, and he classified them to a date when the occasion required it. The range of his learning and the lucidity with which, in unadorned yet elegant English, he unfolded his topics, made his example of as much worth to the student in regard to the right method of studying and reaching conclusions, as the knowledge he himself imparted." And again: "For his personal example, his attainments, his reverence for truth, his urbanity of manner, and his ardent zeal for a ministry of power, his classes will cherish his five years of instruction in Newton among their choicest gifts."

He taught homiletics, more or less, as well as history, and often set before his pupils golden ideals in language which they could not easily forget. A few of his weighty and incisive utterances will give the reader a fair idea of the manner and spirit of his teachings. Thus: "Have a plan." "Be sure to have a plan." "With or without a manuscript, have a plan." "A sermon is a growth from a text, a living organism; let it assume in

every part an organic shape." "Make your transitions so clear and emphatic that you will have no need of 'hooks and eyes.'" "Let the form be so vitalized that it shall necessarily be clothed with living flesh, and your hearers see nothing and feel nothing except the expanded and well-clothed thought you intend to give them." "Do not deal in episodes, nor fill blanks with vacant, vagrant thought, but move on with your application, until the whole is felt to palpitate with life." "Enlarge your vocabulary by broad-reading, and secure thereby facility of expression and variety of expression." "Study dictionaries, read dictionaries for effectiveness of style." To measure the influence of such teaching for good upon the eager and alert minds with which he was dealing, would be like an attempt to measure infinity.

But five years soon sped by, and then Dr. Caldwell was in request for a service that would still more severely test his powers, especially in the line of administration. Vassar's first and great president, John Howard Raymond, LL. D., to the dismay almost of the friends of the college, was stricken by the hand of death and went to his reward, August 14, 1873. The ruling question of the hour, of course, then was, who can follow him and *succeed*? Attention was soon directed to the Newton professor, and the more the question was canvassed the stronger became the conviction that he was the man for the occasion. His election to

the vacant chair resulted in its acceptance, and in September of the same year he became president of the "first great college for women," and remained such for seven years, though he had thought and said that his term of service would probably not exceed five. The government of the college, including its pastoral care, was intrusted wholly to his skill and fidelity, while the department of instruction assigned him was that of mental and moral philosophy. The position called for high qualities both in the line of administration and of teaching. It was exacting to a degree that could with difficulty be realized by a mere looker on. Honorable it was, it is true, but its requirements must often have heavily taxed the choicest resources of its occupant.

Under such conditions, we should naturally expect that success would be the exception, and failure the rule. But Dr. Caldwell came through the ordeal without the smell of fire upon his garments. True, he was criticised, as what faithful man, under the circumstances, would not have been? Until about the time of his accession to office, Vassar had no rival in all the world. But now there came a change. Wellesley, and Smith, and other less notable colleges for the higher education of women, entered the field. Harvard made provision for an annex, and some of the smaller colleges, hitherto admitting men only, threw open their doors to women. All this could not but affect the patron-

age bestowed upon Vassar. But she prospered nevertheless, having, for the most part, all the students she could accommodate. And not a little significant was it, that in the last year of President Caldwell's administration, the applicants for admission, though in total ignorance of his purpose to resign, were unusually numerous.

But he felt, nevertheless, that the time was ripe for his retirement to private life. He had in mind certain literary tasks, the execution of which necessitated release from the onerous burdens incident to the headship of a college. In accepting his resignation the trustees passed resolutions expressive of "deep regret," of "personal affection and esteem," and of their "profound sense of the patience and faithfulness" with which, for seven years, he had discharged the duties of his office. Strictly speaking, his public life was now at an end. True, his services were afterwards often in request in the pulpit, at college anniversaries, and on other public occasions. But these services were only casual. His principal work, henceforth, was in his study. The five years between the Vassar presidency and his death were spent in Providence. It was there that he planned and completed four of seven papers which constitute part of a choice volume of his writings entitled "Cities of our Faith and other Discourses and Addresses," edited by Oakman S. Stearns, D. D. Among the discourses, is his great missionary sermon, which, if not the sermon

of the century, is scarcely behind anything that the century has produced. This volume is worthy of a far wider circulation than it will probably command. To scholars and preachers, especially, a thoughtful reading and even study of it, would well repay for whatever labor might be thus bestowed.

It need hardly be added that, as a writer, our lamented brother was both prolific and versatile. Apart from the natural sciences, hardly anything came amiss to his pen. In newspaper work he was wonderfully facile and fruitful. A scrap-book which he left "contains contributions on almost every conceivable topic,—witty, grave, and severe, sufficient to form a large volume."

Among Dr. Stearns' characterizations of him, there is one so eminently just and so concisely expressed that I quote it entire:—"Dr. Caldwell's special mental characteristic was his intuitive perception of the essence of a subject. His reading was broad, more largely, indeed, in the spheres of literature, philosophy and theology, than in that of the natural sciences; yet this broad reading was so completely under his control that the central thoughts, when he wished to apply them, came to him as sudden and swiftly as a flash of light. His mind, when at rest, seemed to be inert or brooding; when aroused, it had the flight of an eagle. Marvelous, and not fabulous, are the stories told of his written and oral efforts when quickened by an emergency,—how a few hours

produced the best sermons he ever preached ; how the noteworthy Jubilee Sermon, more than half of it, was written the night before it was preached ; how, in committees, board meetings, and amid heated discussions on public occasions, he would gather together the gravest of the difficulties, and, with a few words, bring order out of confusion."

In the summer of 1889, the surviving members of our class held a re-union. It was the fiftieth anniversary of our graduation from college. There were seven of a possible nine present. While a joyous occasion in its way, there could not but be in it an under-current of feeling too tender and too sacred for utterance or even allusion. Caldwell had rarely appeared in better physical condition, and being the youngest of the group, he seemed likely to be the last one to go. But, as the event proved, he was the first. Only a few weeks after that memorable meeting, the tidings were flashed over the wires that he had been stricken with a sudden chill, and these tidings were followed ten days later by the further announcement that he had gone to the "bourne whence no traveller returns." His final hour struck, September 26, 1889, when he was within a few weeks of sixty-eight years old. He died as he would have wished, in his own home, where he could have the tender ministries of his devoted wife and the filial care of his son, a physician, who was assisted by other skillful physicians. That his disease would baffle all attempts at success-

ful treatment, soon become apparent. His time had come, and, unconscious to everything about him, he passed from his earthly to his heavenly home. His life spoke when he could not, and what a grand testimony it bore, and will continue to bear to future generations !

In the old historic meeting-house where he had so long ministered to the people, funeral services, simple, appropriate, and beautiful, were held, and in due time, all that remained of the distinguished scholar, preacher, teacher, citizen and friend, was borne to his native city where it reposes with other precious and kindred dust, not excepting that of the wife of his bosom who survived him but a few months. "So He giveth his beloved sleep."

IX.

BYRON GREENOUGH.

BY GEORGE F. EMERY, ESQ.

Among the laymen who have been pillars of strength in the Baptist denomination in Maine, no one is better entitled to grateful remembrance than the late Byron Greenough of Portland. Though a native of Haverhill, Mass., he came early to the "Forest City" where from small beginnings, with little or no capital, he built up a business as a dealer and manufacturer in the hat and fur trade, which placed him foremost in that department of activity. By his excellent qualities as a business man, and his high character as a citizen and Christian, he came to be universally recognized as one of the solid men of the city, was honored as such by being called to occupy many important positions of trust and responsibility, and exerted a wide and salutary influence throughout the community in all that concerned its welfare and prosperity.

As a Christian he, on coming to Portland, allied himself with the First Baptist church, and up to 1836 he continuously and conspicuously manifested

exemplary devotion to its interests, and was an active and efficient co-operator in all the agencies employed to extend the kingdom of Heaven at home and abroad. But the principal sphere of his zeal and usefulness, as now remembered, was with the Free Street church of which he may well be said to have been a venerated father while he lived, and the memory of whose activity in all departments of Christian service and beneficence, is still fresh, fragrant and inspiring. When the Free Street church was organized, and the effort was made to promote a new interest in what was then the western part of the city, the constituent membership was small, and the financial ability confined to a very small number. The enterprise at first was regarded by many as almost doubtful of success, and demanded special effort and sacrifice on the part of its promoters. Of these Deacon Greenough was pre-eminently a leader, and it was a great joy to his heart that he was permitted to live to see the fruit of his efforts and those of his noble co-operators, crowned with unusual success. He was ever on the alert to enlarge the numbers and increase the spirituality of the church, and at his place of business, which came to be known as Baptist Head Quarters, he and his honored co-adjutors, for many years, never permitted a week to pass without mutual consultations for devising particular methods to promote increase of service and enlarged beneficence throughout the body which

for them was the centre of thought and devotion. Though, as he was accustomed to say, from his long continued habit of saving the fruits of his industry, it always cost him an effort to give money for promoting any good cause, he always met every demand for it in the true spirit of stewardship, and in generous measure. But he was quite likely to keep his eye out on the contributions of others, and to see that there was no shirking on their part.

In doctrine, he was strongly Calvinistic, in piety, exact and puritanical, and in conduct he was so exemplary as to discountenance any departure from his own line of view, modified by the somewhat austere habit of his life and intercourse. Having no children, after making suitable provision by will for his wife, who was a distant relative of Governor Coburn, and a bequest to his former pastor, Dr. Bosworth, and to Dr. Small, under whose pastorate he died, of one thousand dollars each, besides some other personal gifts, and bequeathing three thousand dollars to the Aged Women's Home in Portland, two thousand dollars to the Female Orphan Asylum, and an equal amount to the Maine General Hospital, the bulk of his estate went to Colby University and Baptist societies and institutions. It was a fundamental idea with him that those who sought financial aid should first help themselves. Under the influence of this principle, he bequeathed ten thousand dollars to trustees, to be loaned to poor and deserving Baptist churches in Maine, to

aid them in providing suitable houses of worship. But the conditions of this bequest under a change of circumstances since his will was made, have become inoperative for the particular purpose designed, whereby the fund, after reaching one hundred thousand dollars, will be available for other religious uses.

Deacon Greenough's name deserves to be perpetuated, independently of his liberal benefactions, and will be, for all time, inseparably associated as it is with Baptist institutions in Maine.

X.

GARDNER COLBY.

Without some worthy mention of Gardner Colby, these annals would be notably incomplete. A son of Maine, and the most conspicuous patron of the University which bears his name, it is only fitting that a tribute to his memory should here find place. A memorial volume of about a hundred pages was printed soon after his death, but only for private distribution. As a personal tribute to Mr. Colby, a pen-picture of what he was and what he did, it was admirably done. But, as before said, it was not intended for general circulation, and so failed to reach those who most need its wholesome and inspiring lessons. The modest, but full and carefully drawn portraiture of the father by his son, the Rev. H. F. Colby, D. D., forms the principal feature of the little volume, while the contributions of Doctors, Stearns, Hovey, Lincoln, Robins, Smith, and the late Hon. J. Warren Merrill, serve as sidelights to a picture of varied and charming interest. It is a picture that will grow in beauty and suggestiveness the longer it is studied. Its lights and shadows, in their blended relations, soon convince

the beholder that he is in the presence of a character of no ordinary type. To its many-sided proportions, the attention of the reader is now invited for a brief space. Though not a mere compilation, the present sketch is much indebted to the printed memorial just referred to, and for the reason that the author's personal intercourse with Mr. Colby was not of a kind to give him a thorough insight into the character of the man.

Gardner Colby's earthly life began in Bowdoinham, Me., September 3, 1810. His father, Josiah C. Colby, was a prominent ship-builder and ship-owner of the place. In 1807 he was married to Miss Sarah Davidson of Charlestown, Mass., then about sixteen years of age. She took up life's burdens with alacrity, though they tested her strength and courage from the first. For, besides ministering to the daily wants of her family, including her husband's employees, she delighted in the grace of hospitality. Gardner was the second of her four children. The early morning of his life was bright and cloudless, and his memories of it were always pleasant and vivid. But he had other memories not so pleasant. Soon there were clouds in place of sunshine. To ship-owners and ship-builders the war of 1812-15 proved cruelly disastrous. The embargo upon navigation wrought ruin to traffic upon the seas, and, in consequence, Mr. Colby found himself suddenly stripped of all his hard-earned possessions. The blow proved fatal to his

courage and hope, but not fatal to the courage and hope of his brave-hearted wife. With four young children to care for, and with no earthly resources save what lay in her own strong will and fertile brain and heart, she addressed herself to her great task. Her heroism, then and always, was of the choicest type.

Opening a little store first at Bath and afterwards at Waterville, she "worked early and late, in the presence of the greatest hindrances and discouragements. At the latter place, Gardner, then a boy of about twelve years, worked in a potash manufactory. In after years he remembered the weariness of bringing one hundred pails of water from the river each day, and of his chopping the wood for the family all winter." He also remembered another incident, and who is competent to say that it bore no relation, however subtle, to his great gift to the institution long years thereafter? Waterville college, which has since grown into Colby University, was then in its infancy and could boast of but a single building. But it was ambitious nevertheless, and so upon the occurrence of some marked event, (possibly the inauguration of its first president,) an illumination was thought to be in order, when, as the wondering and delighted boy phrased it, "there was as much as one candle in each window."

After a somewhat brief sojourn in Waterville, the mother deemed a change of location desirable,

and (most trying of all), felt obliged to find "homes for her children in different families until she should be able to gather them together again in a home of her own." It fell to Gardner's lot to go to a Mr. Stafford's in St. Albans, Me., who kindly gave him his board for his work. In a writing left by his mother, she describes the bitterness of parting from him in these terms :—"Before letting him go, I took him alone. We knelt down, and, with my hand upon his head, I committed him to the God of the fatherless and the widow. I had been weighing the probabilities as to how long it would be before I could reasonably expect to see my child. It did not seem possible, that, even if I were prospered, I should be able to take him to myself for years to come." But, contrary to her fears, scarcely a year passed before she was permitted to gather her children about her again. At the suggestion of Dr. Chaplin, then president of the college, she decided to remove to Boston, and try her fortune there. The event justified the wisdom of the suggestion. Her tact and energy won. First in Boston, and afterwards in Charlestown, she wrought wisely and bravely, and, in no long time, saw her way clear to re-establish her household, although upon the basis of the strictest economy. Gardner now came from St. Albans, and soon found employment in a grocery store in Charlestown Square, the understanding being that he should attend school and have his board for what

he could do out of school hours. This was a great boon to him, despite the fact that he was at a sad disadvantage with his mates, owing to his very meagre privileges hitherto. At the age of fourteen he was obliged to leave school, and then he had both clothing and board for his services. At the age of sixteen his longing became so intense to supply in part, at least, the defects of his previous education, that his mother, scanty as were her resources, managed to send him for a few months to a private school in Northboro', Mass. The golden opportunity was eagerly embraced and as eagerly improved. It was here, while listening to the preaching of Rev. Alonzo King, author of the admirable Memoir of George Dana Boardman, that he was conscious of his first abiding religious impressions.

Unwilling longer to remain dependent upon his mother, he sought and obtained employment in a dry goods store in Boston, while his evenings were devoted to the keeping of his mother's books. A pretty busy life, it must be confessed for a lad of his years.

Rev. Henry Jackson, D. D., of saintly memory, was then pastor of the First Baptist church in Charlestown, and under his ministrations, young Colby's religious impressions became so strong that he felt constrained to make a public profession of his faith in Christ. He was then in his twentieth year. He had but little to say to the church at

the time, but in "after life, he often spoke of the decided change which then came into his heart, and of the joyful relief which he found in his first apprehension of Christ as his personal Saviour. Everything around him, he said, seemed to be rejoicing. He became a man of prayer. Religious aims sanctified his ambition. That his consecration of himself to the service of his Lord was at that time heart-felt and profound, the remainder of his life bore witness."

It were foreign to the purpose of this sketch to follow Mr. Colby through his business career, whether as retailer, importer, manufacturer, or railroad projector and builder. He sometimes took great risks, but always with rare sagacity and good judgment. Only once, it is believed, did he feel uncertain as to whether financial ruin might not be imminent; but of that, more hereafter. He won success because he understood its conditions and rigidly conformed to them. From first to last he evinced the qualities that belong to the merchant prince. Hence, his brilliant business career.

Mr. Colby entered into the marriage relation, June 1, 1836. The partner of his choice was Miss Mary Low Roberts of Gloucester, Mass. The union was a singularly happy one. She was a Christian and a Baptist, and was thus ready to "sympathize with her husband's religious views and purposes, as well as to make his home a constant comfort and delight. In the spirit and movement

of their life they were one. The forty-three years which passed between their marriage and Mr. Colby's death were made beautiful by the tenderest affection; and until that event the happiness of their home was not shaded by a single domestic bereavement."

Thus far the merest outline of Mr. Colby's earthly life, only its bones and sinews, and scarcely these. Of the flesh that gave it comeliness, and the blood that gave it warmth, and movement, and power to achieve, it is still destitute. In what now remains to be said, let it be our aim to supply, as far as may be, these requisites. In order to do this with any worthy effect, I shall be obliged to continue to draw once and again upon the little volume before alluded to.

Let us begin then with the will-power of the man,—the bark and iron in his blood. This trait, as seen in the boy, had its normal development in the man. The lad of twelve, who will pluckily and cheerfully deliver at a potash vat a daily tale of one hundred pails of water laboriously brought from the river, or of fourteen, who, as grocer's boy, will trudge about the city behind a wheelbarrow to take orders and deliver supplies, (often including a barrel of flour,) must have in him a good deal that is prophetic. And this, young Colby did, the first in Waterville, and the last in Charlestown. "He was so anxious to accomplish work, that even when he might have been at leisure he sought some-

thing to do in the cellar or garret of the store, that might tend to promote the convenience and despatch of business. A love of order kept him always 'clearing up' and 'putting things to rights;' and whatever his hands found to do, he did with all his might." Nor was this will-power of the freaky or hap-hazard order. It was a steady as well as a controlling force in his life. Bearing the genuine stamp, it was reliable to-day, to-morrow, and always. Conspicuously manifest in his business affairs, it was no less so in his religious and philanthropic labors and sacrifices. Here is an illustration in point. When a sorely needed endowment for Newton was progressing towards completion, it transpired that failure was imminent because the time left was too short to secure what was lacking in order to make the previous subscriptions binding. Thirty thousand dollars more must be speedily pledged or the whole thing would end in disastrous failure. Mr. Colby seeing that instant and heroic action was the only reliance, proved equal to the emergency. Leaving his business, he shouldered the burden which the agent had despairingly laid down, and for days gave himself to the work of personal solicitation, with the result that always crowns such an enterprise in such hands. The amount was secured and the Institution put upon a permanent foundation.

Well did Dr. Stearns say of him that he was compelled to make himself. Most of his antece-

dents were adapted to force upon him the conviction that all he was to become was contingent upon his own unaided endeavors. This fact enables us the better to understand with what emphasis he was accustomed to say that "no man is a man, who does not make himself so much a man as to be needed by his fellows,"—a maxim that goes far to account for his brave and successful career, a maxim also that was in beautiful harmony with his favorite hymn,

"O, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore."

Dr. Stearns was his pastor, as well as his close and trusted friend, for many years. His characterizations, therefore, are of special value in this connection. Here is one of them:—"So strong was his personality, that those who were to be the executors of his purposes often seemed to move like automata under the energy of his single will. All who knew him regarded him as a man of marvellous sagacity; and, as a consequence, men of culture sought him for his good judgment, men of business for his experience, and men engaged in large Christian enterprises for his far-sighted discretion. As a merchant, and as a friend to the denomination to which he belonged, few have filled so large a sphere of influence; and to few has been conceded such unquestioned ability." To the same purport was the testimony of Dr. Hovey, who

said that "for him to resolve was to do," and of Dr. Lincoln, that "his name in the mercantile world was a synonym for insight and energy." Dr. Robins also testified that "in the *constancy* of his service, he was a prince among his fellows, almost without a peer;" and again, that one of his "most remarkable characteristics was the persistency of his devotion to any cause to which he had committed himself. No difficulties daunted him, no discouragements dampened his ardor."

So much for Mr. Colby's will-power. But for what ends was this power used? To deal with this question is a simple delight. The late Jay Gould had an excess of will-power, and he exercised it with marvellous effect. In this one particular, Jay Gould and Gardner Colby were alike; but in the main drift and purpose of their lives, how unlike! The one drew his inspiration from above, the other from beneath. The one lived to serve his race, the other to serve himself. Between the two aims, what a gulf! In a sense, the two men lived in different worlds, the current of their lives flowed in totally opposite directions. Gardner Colby got the dollar indeed, but he used it for high ends, sent it on errands of mercy, gave it wings and bade it fly abroad and be a messenger of good to all the world. Jay Gould also got the dollar and more abundantly, got it for the most part without returning an equivalent, and got it to *keep*. To him it meant an addition to his previous hoard, and

nothing more. To use it to benefit his fellowmen seems never to have occurred to him. It was simply his,—*his own* to do with as he would. His suffering brother might take care of himself. He was not his keeper, and was, in no sense, responsible for his welfare. Passing from such a frigid, heartless philosophy to that of Gardner Colby, is like passing from gloom to glory. The latter regarded himself as a simple steward,—an almoner rather than an owner. To dispense liberally of his worldly stores, for the good of others, was a life-long habit with him. He began to give as soon as he began to earn, and when, therefore, giving was almost a crucial test. For, as we have just seen, his earnings were then very meagre. But that did not matter. Five dollars was much more to him than five hundred would have been later in life. And yet, under the stress of real need, it was parted with without a murmur, aye, with a glad heart. Had he failed thus to care for the Lord's treasury in the early dawn of his religious life, it is almost certain that he would never have become the princely patron of so many good causes. He gave regularly and at a real sacrifice, from the first; and giving thus from the first, he, by an obvious law, continued to give to the last, and in increasing volume.

His heart, because thus kept in living touch with the needs of God's cause, grew as his possessions grew. All the world knows the result. Without

his timely aid, neither Waterville nor Newton could have been what they are to-day. In the hour of their sore need, he came to the rescue, and, with a strong hand, he helped them by the most critical danger-points in their history. Nor did he forget the older institution, Brown University. And then to Christian missions, home and foreign, and to struggling churches not a few, how generous and constant his ministrations. How sagacious also in his charities, both as to time and amount. To him, as a steward, the questions, as to what? and in what proportion? were questions of grave moment. They were weighed with the utmost caution, and with a careful eye to results. On this latter point, he was both keen-sighted and far-sighted. He was never lavish, never prodigal. To his sensibilities, as distinguished from his judgment, it was vain to appeal. Evidence was what he craved, evidence strong enough to put away all reasonable doubt. With this in hand, a favorable response could be confidently counted on; without it, failure was certain.

An incident which led up to Mr. Colby's great gift to the college at Waterville, is worthy of a place among the imperishable records of Christ's church. In the early history of the college, its struggles for existence even, were of the moral heroic order. Doctor Jeremiah Chaplin, its first president, carried burdens that must have tested his powers of endurance to the uttermost. The

difficulties which so incessantly beset the institution, were mainly financial. The straits of this kind to which it was often reduced, were simply desperate. In one of these fiery crises, President Chaplin called at the home of a prominent Baptist of Portland in the hope of getting much-needed aid, and failed. The late Dr. Samuel B. Swaim, then a student at Newton, was in the city as a temporary pulpit supply, and chanced to call at the same home just as President Chaplin was leaving it, and so became an involuntary listener to the anguished cry of the good man, as he exclaimed, "God have mercy upon Waterville College!" The latter never knew that any mortal ear was within the range of his voice. But God knew it, and used the fact, as we shall presently see, to work out a very gracious purpose. This was not far from 1830, and more than a score and a half years thereafter, the seed thus unconsciously planted, suddenly sprung into a life of wonderful vigor and fruitfulness. It happened in this way. In 1864 Dr. Swaim was at the annual meeting of Prayer for Colleges in Newton Centre, and, in the course of the exercises, rehearsed the Portland incident with much unction and, as the event showed, with marvellous effect. To Gardner Colby, who was present, his remarks proved a message from God. It set him to thinking, and he thought to some purpose. That night he said to his wife, "Suppose I give fifty thousand dollars to Waterville College." The suggestion met her ready approval.

He continued to think and to pray. He was born in Maine, and had lived as a child in Waterville. He was acquainted with the history of that seat of learning, and President Chaplin had early befriended his mother in her sore struggles. The graduates of the college, with many of whom he was in almost daily contact at Newton, had impressed him favorably. "The more he thought and prayed over it, the clearer the conviction became that God called him to do it; and the next August the gift was made." There is something very suggestive as well as beautiful in all this. That threads of influence, at first so intangible and widely separated, should thus have been brought together and wrought into a three-fold cord of such wonderful strength and beauty, should indeed convince us that 'praying breath' is not, and cannot be 'spent in vain.' The petition, "God have mercy upon Waterville College!" which burst from the over-burdened heart of the good President, was registered in heaven, and in God's own time, the answer came after a marvelous fashion. He whose are the silver and the gold, moved *thus* upon the heart of Gardner Colby, who began with fifty thousand dollars, but did not stay his hand until it was two hundred thousand. Nor did he make it a condition of this gift that the college should bear his name. The change, made two years later by legislative enactment, was entirely unsolicited on his part. It was, however, but a graceful recognition of his almost princely benefac-

tions to the institution. A picture this that invites careful study. A potash manufactory and a Christian college in the same village. To the former, a fatherless boy of twelve is wearily delivering a daily tale of one hundred pails of water; into the treasury of the latter, that same boy, now full of years, is pouring hundreds of thousands of dollars. If the young fail to gather both inspiration and profit from the picture, it will be their own fault.

Mr. Colby's services to the Newton Theological Institution were simply monumental. One can hardly think of that school of the prophets apart from his relation to it. That he was treasurer of the corporation twenty-four years, and its president thereafter until his death, might have meant little. That he gave largely of his substance for its support, could, of itself, only have put him upon a par with many others. The decisive fact was, that he threw his *personality* into the scale. He took the school in hand as if it were almost a part of himself. He planned for it, and, in a large sense, lived for it. At one crisis in its history, its financial straits were such that many of its best friends could see no alternative but to suspend work and close its doors, and, at a meeting of the trustees, this extreme measure was on the eve of adoption. Here are Mr. Colby's own words: "I got up, crying. I was a young man among old ones, but I could not stand it to hear them talk so. I said, 'There is only one thing to be done. You, Dr. —,

must take this subscription paper, and go around among your people.' 'No, never,' was the reply. Turning to Dr. —, the pastor of another prominent church in the city, I said the same thing. He, too, shook his head. And yet, that meeting was the starting point. . . . At one time the Institution owed me thirty thousand dollars. How I was able at that time to spare such a sum from my business I am sure I do not know; but in some way the Lord helped me through."

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Institution, Dr. Hovey, its president, had this to say of what it owed to Mr. Colby: "The finances of the school were managed by him with extraordinary skill during almost a quarter of a century. Not a penny was either lost or wasted. Vigilance, promptness, personal supervision, were everywhere manifest. The lands, buildings, investments, students, and even the professors, seemed to be under the treasurer's eye from September till June. With inexhaustible vigor and hope he sustained the burden that was laid upon him. . . . The treasury was strengthened by his administration; and we are indebted, under God, to him and a few others, for the preservation of our cherished school in the darkest hour of its history."

The reader must already have perceived that Mr. Colby was not a narrow man. His best thoughts and warmest heart-beats were not alone for kindred, or town, or State, or nation, but for mankind. The

scope of the bequests contained in his will, as well as of his ante-mortem gifts, plainly show this. They are suggestive of a nature of noble instincts and far-reaching sagacity. He saw, as with the eye of a seer, things not of to-morrow, or the next year, or the next century, but of the boundless future.

As before said, only once, it is believed, did Gardner Colby ever question as to whether the morrow might not witness the wreck of his worldly possessions. He had in hand his last great business enterprise,—the building of a vast railroad system in the West. The enterprise had but just been gotten under good headway when the financial crash of '57 startled the country from ocean to ocean. He and his associates had reached a stage where to go back was impossible, while to go forward might mean utter financial ruin. A quotation, at this point, from Dr. Stearns, will help the reader to a better understanding of Mr. Colby's inner life. "I remember a private interview during the financial troubles of '57, when he knew not what was to be on the morrow. We entered each other's hearts. We wept, and we prayed. He laid bare his past life. 'His life,' he said, 'had been a miracle of divine favor. He had been wonderfully provided for and as wonderfully delivered when he came to those strange passes where two ways meet. He had been conscious for years of a mysterious, guiding hand. He could not define it,

he was totally unworthy of it; but the rescuing hand had always appeared at the right time.' Now his faith wavered. He could not pierce the cloud of the morrow. 'What will be on the morrow?' said he. I tried to re-assure him, by affirming that God would not forsake him, and that on the morrow he would find a way of escape; and bade him 'good night.' And I shall not soon forget his 'joy of faith,' when I next met him as he told me the story of the deliverance which God had wrought for him."

This sketch should not close without a passing allusion to Gardner Colby's early environments. In the formative period of his religious life, some of these were of the best. What his mother was to him we have already seen. Of what others were to him, (among whom were such noble men as Nathaniel R. Cobb, Levi Farwell, and the like,) we should also take note. In his case, as in so many others, their example was contagious. They befriended him at the most critical stage in his career, and he caught their spirit, and in the sequel, emulated, and even exceeded them in the magnitude of his benefactions, and in the consecration of his life to the service of his Divine Master. This chapter in his life is fraught with lessons of stupendous import. They are, moreover, lessons that will readily suggest themselves to the reader without formal mention.

Of Mr. Colby's home, Dr. Stearns says: "He endeavored to make it an honored home, where

true honor sat enthroned, and petty littlenesses were trampled under foot. More than all, he labored to make it a Christian home, where personal piety assumed its rightful place; where personal religion was a topic of familiar conversation; where the children were expected to 'seek *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,' and where the family altar, the place of social prayer, and the worship of God in His sanctuary, were acknowledged to be as essential parts of a true existence, as the education of the schools, the preparation for business, or the attainment of high places among men."

In this charming home, it was the sainted Judson's privilege to find rest, and cheer, and recuperation, on his memorable and only visit to this country during his long missionary life. The same was true of Onken, the Baptist apostle of Germany, In foreign missions, Mr. Colby was intensely interested, as was attested by the fact that for some time before his death, he was the largest single contributor to the treasury of the Union. He, moreover, served efficiently, and for several years, upon its Executive Committee.

Were there space, this narrative might be indefinitely prolonged by the mention of many other incidents pertaining to the life and labors of Mr. Colby. But they must be omitted, and the closing words now be said. It was simply inevitable that the heavy and multiform burdens so long borne by him, should at length tell upon his physical

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strength. Though his enforced and complete retirement from business did not occur until he was nearly sixty-six years of age, he had been faltering more or less for some time previous. A winter's sojourn at the South, and a tour through Europe with his family, brought alleviation and enjoyment, but no permanent improvement. As the weeks and months went by, it became only too evident that the supreme moment was near. The disease that had fastened upon him, though held in check for a time, baffled all attempts at cure, and on the second day of April, 1879, the end came. But it did not take him by surprise, as a few of his farewell sayings will show. "I am ready," said he, "to die." "I have laid down my armor." "Jesus Christ is my all. I can do nothing of myself." "When I look at my imperfections, I turn to my Saviour." "Jesus is enough; Jesus is all." Well did his long-time neighbor and Christian brother, the Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., sing of him as, perhaps, no other one could. There is space for only a fragment of his just and beautiful tribute :

"Passed from our sight but grandly living still,
As glows the light behind the western hill,
When towering summits hide the vanished sun,
And the long course of weary day is run ;
The disk concealed, the brightness backward turns,—
For other lands the same 'full radiance burns :
A noble life, cut off, still journeys on,—
A trail of light behind it, when 'tis gone,
And life before,—a faithful life's reward ;
A joy to earth, and, ever with the Lord,"

XI.

AMARIAH KALLOCH.

BY REV. G. P. MATHEWS, D. D.

To treasure up memories of those distinguished for piety and usefulness is both a pleasant duty and a means of instructing others. Lives devoted to the service of God and human good may be made to speak for religion and to posterity long after the marble, reared by the hand of affection, shall have crumbled. Thus Christian biography has always been regarded as a species of writing worthy of cultivation and a means of useful knowledge. It has certain advantages over general history, or even over public teaching. "To teach religion without the aid of biography would be like teaching statutory without models, or geography without a map. Rules and maxims help us shape our course; but the examples of the good are our guiding stars. The sayings of the wise are the nutriment of virtue; but their own lives are its inspiration. He who describes the way of uprightness enables us to discern, and excites us to approve; but he who traces it in person provokes us to pursue it. The trophies

of Miltiades would not suffer Themistocles to sleep. Plutarch's gallery made more heroes than the lectures of the Academy; and who can doubt that Christianity has been as much indebted for its influence over the hearts of men to the portraits of its saints, as to the homilies of its preachers, or the writings of its apologists. We, too, would cherish in the church the remembrance of those, whose characters have adorned it." Thus wrote one whose intelligence and piety amply qualified him to appreciate the value and importance of Christian biography.

Some such considerations have led me to prepare a simple and, I trust, a truthful memorial of one of the dearest friends, that I ever had on earth, and one of those ministers who have long since "fallen asleep." While I have a feeling of sadness at his early departure to a higher sphere of joy and service in heaven, I can well rejoice that my own life for a while, was so intimately connected with his, that I cannot fail to recognize the precious influence upon myself of his devout life, his able preaching, and his earnest endeavors to win souls to Christ. It is under this feeling of gratitude to him, and desire of usefulness to others, that I write this memorial of Rev. Amariah Kalloch, who died forty-three years ago. He was of strong and excellent parentage, and had two brothers, whose lives were given to the work of the Christian ministry. Rev. George Kalloch, educated at Newton Theological Seminary, was an

accepted missionary for the foreign field at the time of his death, and his remains are now resting in the cemetery at Charlestown, Mass.

Rev. Joseph Kalloch* spent a large part of his godly and useful life as pastor of different churches in Maine, and hundreds of converts now living, and among the departed, will fondly cherish his memory, and be his "crown of rejoicing in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his crowning."

Rev. Amariah Kalloch, the subject of this sketch, was born in the beautiful town of Warren, Maine,

* The reader will be interested in the following minute adopted by the State Convention at its annual session in 1885:

"Rev. Joseph Kalloch died at his home in Rockland, March 14, 1885, aged seventy-one years. He was one of a family of nine children, and was born in Warren, May 1, 1814. Commencing his business of life at the age of sixteen in Warren and Rockland, he continued to smite the anvil eight years, when God called him to be a Christian and a minister. He was baptized by his gifted brother, Amariah, and studied three years for the ministry with Rev. Mr. Freeman, and at the Baptist Institute at Thomaston. He was ordained and entered upon the work of the ministry in 1841, over the First Baptist church in St. George. After serving this church two years, he labored two years in Searsmont and Union. Ten years he was pastor of the Baptist church in South Thomaston. In Waldoboro he preached the Gospel four years. In the Cedar street Baptist church, Rockland, he worked as pastor thirteen years. Then two years again at South Thomaston. And finally, returning to First St. George, the field of his earliest labors, he continued to serve his Master, and closed his last pastorate of twelve years. During his ministry of forty-four years he was never without a field of labor and never preached a "candidating sermon." During his work he had joined in marriage six hundred and seventy couples, and had attended the funeral services of two thousand five hundred relatives and friends. He had enjoyed many large revivals, and had baptized hundreds into the likeness of their Redeemer. In the shop at the anvil; in the field at the plow; in the home at the fireside; in the church at the altar; in the revival at the cross; and in the pulpit sounding the Gospel trumpet, he was ever regarded as a man of power. In the years of his greatest maturity, made venerable by his white flowing hair and beard, his powerful voice, his honest arguments, and his

in 1808, and converted when quite a young man. He was a man of decided convictions, and therefore wasted no time in hesitating about a public profession of religion. He at once connected himself with the Baptist church in that town; and, regarding himself as Christ's servant, he very soon decided that it was his duty to enter the Christian ministry. With a strong physical and mental constitution, and with a laudable ambition to do his best in life, he entered upon a course of appropriate study in South Reading, Mass., where so many of our earlier ministers were educated, to some extent.

After finishing his studies there, he was soon called to the pastorate of the First Baptist church in Thomaston, and received ordination by the advice and assistance of a large and able council. Here he preached with marked efficiency and success, a large gathering of souls into the church followed, and he was recognized as a man destined to make a mark in the Christian ministry. The new church formed in East Thomaston, (now Rockland) needing a pastor, and "coveting the best gifts," extended a hearty call to Mr. Kalloch, which he accepted, and, at once, entered upon his duties, preaching a

eloquent appeals, backed up by a holy life, he has moved before us, in our public assemblies, as a warm shining light, and a pillar of strength. Well known in all the region that gave him birth, he had a welcome in every home and a place in every heart. In all this he felt his weakness, and he constantly leaned on the arm of God. "Jesus was his Saviour, his all in all." Peacefully and triumphantly he died, murmuring as his last words, "Almost home."

sermon remarkably appropriate to the beginning of a pastorate of fourteen years, which proved exceedingly prosperous and happy, and was terminated with deepest regret on the part of the church and the entire community. To find a successor was no easy thing for the church, and some were called and labored with no very flattering success—with possibly no fault of theirs.

But the church has remained true to its original principles, bearing the strong marks of the positive convictions and able and intelligent instruction of its first pastor. Neither heresy in doctrine nor conflicting opinions in regard to church work and methods of finance, has ever, to any perceptible extent, marked its character or hindered its growth. After thus leaving so excellent a church and so vigorous a community in tears, Mr. Kalloch accepted a pressing call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in the city of Augusta, where he labored with marked acceptance for about two years. Here, in one of the sessions of the Maine Legislature, on Fast Day, he preached a sermon before that honorable body, which was published by order, and at the expense of the State. It was regarded as a strong and timely sermon, and won for him no small renown as an original thinker and preacher.

In 1849, he left his own native State for a visit to California, with the probable idea of settling there; but in crossing the Isthmus, he contracted

that deadly fever, which so many travelers then dreaded; and, not waiting in San Francisco for complete recovery, set out on a journey to Placerville, where, among early friends, he died a peaceful death in the year 1850. To him, death had no sting, the grave had no terror. His unselfish, noble life ended in glory and joy. His sun went down without a cloud.

The writer of this article was ten years Mr. Kalloch's junior, and, of course, was not qualified to make so true an estimate of his character and influence, as compared with other men, as might be expected of him from his present standpoint. But after many years of somewhat careful study of ministers and their work, and weighing Mr. Kalloch in the balances of truth, there are few whom I have seen and known, who would better hold the scale in equipoise than he. As a man in the world, among men, he was peculiarly mature and manly for one of his years. A real dignity appeared very prominent in his conduct and life, both in social circles and in his family. His natural cheerfulness was always tempered with gravity. Rarely was ever heard a frivolous expression from his lips. His fellowship and society were much prized by the young and the old, and his freedom from censoriousness and gloom, made him uniformly accessible and social with all. To say that he was remarkable as an eloquent and effective preacher, is only to repeat the voice of public opinion in his

day. I heard him preach Sabbath after Sabbath for most of the time for nearly two years, and this was during the last of his fourteen years' pastorate in Rockland. In mid-summer, when the weather was hot and exhausting, he would preach to a crowded house, and hold the people spell-bound, and that twice a day. He excelled as an extemporaneous preacher, rarely ever having more than a brief sketch of his sermon in the pulpit. His power of concentration, his self-possession, his keen logic, his knowledge and use of the Scriptures, his apt illustrations from the divine Word, and from every-day life, his evidently positive religious convictions, his sweet and lovely facial expressions, and his pathetic appeals, made him a real giant in the pulpit.

As a pastor, he was faithful in his visits among his flock, and was a first-class leader of social meetings, rarely ever having a dull and monotonous one, and always infusing life and enthusiasm into the hearts of God's frail and struggling people, and keeping the minds and hearts of the unconverted in a state of attention and thoughtfulness, and often stirring some to start in the way of the Christian life. His vestry would be crowded night after night, and he would stand up and speak with a wonderful freshness and force, so that tears and action would easily follow. Sympathizing in the house of sickness and bereavement, he was compelled to respond to large demands made upon him

in the region round about where he lived to attend funerals. In administering comfort to the afflicted, and inducing men to think of preparing for another world, he had few peers. As a counsellor, he was unusually kind and wise, and his judgment, in cases of conflicting opinions and interests, was regarded by those who knew him as exceedingly sound and reliable. While firm in his convictions and views, he was very free from stubbornness and intolerance. He could see a point of difference, when it was clearly made, and was usually in a good mood to fall in with others' opinions when they plainly outweighed his own.

In administering the ordinances of God's church, and in presiding over religious bodies, he was so happy and easy as to impress all with his marked personality and quick thought. As a presiding officer in any body, he approached the ideal. He loved home-life, and his courtesy and hospitality to guests and visitors were gratefully enjoyed by many now on earth, and many more in heaven. Afflictions frequent and severe never seemed to shake his confidence in God, nor to lessen his equanimity and peace. His loyalty to his denomination, his able maintenance of its distinctive sentiments, his urbanity toward his brethren in the ministry, his respect for his seniors, and his kind treatment of those just entering the work, were conspicuous in his whole life. These things gave him a high place in the estimation of the church, and make his memory fragrant and precious.

He was no ordinary man. During his entire ministry, he was always anxious to strike some effectual blow against evil, and in favor of God's kingdom. Having an assured hope for himself, he loved to preach the mercy and sweetness of that hope to others. To his very heart, he was a believer in the doctrine of salvation by grace, and he longed to preach that salvation to others. The present writer has heard him preach on the boundless love of God to the lost and the everlasting glory of the finally saved, until it seemed as though his very soul could have taken wing and gone at once into heaven to bow down before the exalted Redeemer, and "crown him Lord of all." He enjoyed many precious revivals, in one of which he baptised one hundred and eighty-two. During his fourteen years' pastorate in Rockland, he had the pleasure of receiving four hundred and ninety-five members, three hundred and two of whom he baptized. He administered this ordinance to many others in other places. He was in the best sense, a real revival preacher, and "the Lord worked with him," and glorious results followed.

It seems a mysterious providence of God that a man of such eminent qualifications for intellectual development, such broad views of divine truth, and such general capacity for usefulness, should have been stricken down at so early an age. But so it was in the order of Him who knows the end from the beginning. After he was called by divine

grace, he lived for God, and human weal, and always seemed inspired with bright hopes of a glorious and blessed hereafter. And in that solemn hour, when the busy scenes of this life are usually shut out, when the noise and stirrings of this world are no longer heard, when rank, and riches, and pleasures bear the humbling inscription of *vanity and vexation*, Christ smiled upon him, and gave him his greatest triumph. As he lay in the humble camp of a miner in the "Golden State," with his eye fixed upon the setting sun, and his loving heart throbbing with thoughts of his home in Maine, and his brighter home in heaven, his last words were words he so often uttered in the pulpit and in his family, "The hairs of your head are all numbered," and, "It is not the will of your heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish." His remains lie in a beautiful spot in Placerville, California, marked by a humble monument which the love of early friends prompted them to erect. Truly, "The memory of the just is blessed."

XII.

MARTIN BREWER ANDERSON.

In the year 1836, two young men from the then town of Bath, Maine, were admitted as Freshmen to Waterville College, now Colby University. Being members of the same church, hailing from the same place, and having in view the same end, it was only natural that they should become room-mates as well as class-mates. It is not often given to any single church to make so notable a contribution to the same college class. One of these eager aspirants for the higher endowments of mind and heart, now known as the Rev. Dr. O. S. Stearns, after laboring with distinguished success in the pastorate for a term of years, accepted a Professor's chair in the Newton Theological Institution where he is still, (1892,) rendering effective service to the cause of sacred learning. The time to speak of his career in fitting terms, is not yet.* With his friend and class-mate it is different, since he has already gone to the other shore. To him the

*It came soon, however, and a pen-sketch of his life and labors, by the Rev. Dr. Hovey will be found near the close of this volume. To that sketch the reader is referred.

writer, especially in our college days, held the relation of quite intimate companionship. Of that period, therefore, he may speak with the freedom and confidence begotten of personal knowledge. In later years, frequent personal contact was hardly necessary to an intelligent estimate of character and achievement, since the life in question was too conspicuous not to be a study to all interested observers.

Martin Brewer Anderson was born in Brunswick, Maine, February 12, 1815. His father was of Scotch-Irish origin, while his mother's ancestry was English, an alliance not a little suggestive of bark and iron in the blood. "The father was a strong man physically and intellectually, yet sympathetic and impulsive. The mother was a woman quick in her intuitions and firm as a rock in her judgments. To know the son one must know the parents. Never was the law of heredity more clearly exemplified. Though bearing slight physical resemblance to either of his parents, the fiery Irish element, the Scotch tenacity of purpose and the English conservatism characterized the boy and the man, the scholar and the teacher."*

While Martin was yet very young, the family removed to the neighboring town of Freeport where they resided until he was sixteen years of age. In 1831, business interests attracted them to Bath where the remaining years of his minority were

* Dr. O. S. Stearns,

passed in alternate study and manual labor as a shipwright. If this period was not the seed-bed of his life, it was, at least, a sure prophecy of what was in the future. For while, during much of the time, his hands were given to manual labor, his mental faculties were in a state of active ferment and development. He was now in lively touch with influences which aroused and called into action the manliest qualities that were in him. A rapid and robust growth in all directions followed. While he took on a vigorous and commanding physique, his inner life asserted its sway with unmistakable emphasis.

A debating club of much local note, gave scope to his powers and inspiration to his reading. It was composed of bright young men ready for the fray and emulous of fame. Their intellectual encounters were often sharp and brilliant. Hot blood and home thrusts were in order at any moment. The eager contestants were thus stimulated to constant investigation along the lines of history, politics, and whatever in literature, art or social economy, chanced to be germane to the topics under discussion. In this way, the club became a spur of no little value to its members. To young Anderson its meetings were of absorbing interest, and so successful was he as a debater that he grew strongly inclined to the legal profession. But at the age of nineteen there came a change, the crowning change of his life. Personal religion

made its claims upon him. His conscience was aroused, his heart changed. His mental activities were thus turned into new channels. The Christian ministry began to occupy his thoughts and fill his vision. He could see light in no other direction. Accordingly, after having received baptism at the hands of the venerable and venerated Rev. Silas Stearns, he entered upon his preparatory course, and in due time, matriculated at Waterville. His preparation was hurried and hence defective, a misfortune, however, which, in a good measure, found its cure in subsequent application.

He was now a little past his majority, and mature beyond his years. Almost from the moment when he first set foot upon the college campus, the feeling became general that he had in him the elements of a leader. This feeling seemed born of intuition rather than of reason. In the port and bearing of the new-comer, there was no hint of assumption or self-assertion, no air of conscious superiority. But he proved a leader, all the same. In a qualified sense, it might be said of him, as of his Divine Master, that to this end he was born, and for this cause came he into the world. It was a clear case of predestination,—a fiat of nature, as well as of God. The poor man could not have been less than a leader, without trampling in the dust the best and noblest endowments of his nature. This is strong language, but I submit that it is justified by his whole subsequent career. In

college society the leaders are many and of diverse types. Wrong is not apt to lack for champions, who, while artfully covering their own tracks, lure the feet of the unsuspecting into the ways of evil.

To such, it is but a pleasant pastime, to foment mischief and outwit the college authorities. And then there are leaders in athletic sports, in the diverse and competing fraternal societies of the little republic, and in the several departments of class study. But Anderson's leadership was general rather than special. It seemed exclusive of evil only, and inclusive of everything else. It was wonderful how it affected upper classmen even, while as yet he wore the badge and bore the name of Freshman. In the spell of his presence there was a power at once difficult to define and impossible to escape. His wit and wisdom, his chance epigrams, his wealth of allusions to the great men and great events of the past, his apt quotations from this author and that, his casual hints, so spontaneous and so suggestive of abundant stores still in reserve, all conspired to give him extraordinary influence with every one whom his college life touched. And the charm of it all was that it seemed so natural, so much a matter of course. In his apparently unconscious influence, was the hiding of his power. Not that his utterances, often so fresh, so suggestive and withal so prodigal, were lacking in aim or purpose.

He was no random talker ; but he seemed to talk out of a mind so full that he often had no adequate sense of the weight and worth and significance of what he was saying. The writer, for himself, desires to bear willing and grateful testimony to the stimulating and wholesome effect of his society in this regard. Many and many a time, in those old college days, did some chance saying of Anderson, suggest, as by a flash of light, new lines of thought and inquiry which he might otherwise have missed, and so have suffered great loss. It is of no trivial moment to the members of any college, and especially of the smaller colléges, to have among them, and of them, here and there one whose influence is at once so commanding and so wholesome. And such was Anderson. His loyalty to the college was beyond all question, and, under the circumstances, beyond all price. It was in his time that it encountered the sorest erisis in all its history,—seemed, in fact, to be in the very throes of dissolution. Reputation it had, money it had not. It was wholly without endowment, unless its few heroic officers, like Professors Keely and Loomis, could be so regarded. Its equally heroic President, Robert E. Pattison, had just resigned and left, impelled thereto by the desperate financial straits to which the college was reduced, and also by the hope that a step so extreme would prove a bugle call to the denomination to hasten to the rescue.

It might have been supposed that a man of Anderson's aims and ambitions would make haste to abandon what seemed to be a sinking wreck. But no! In his own phrase, "So long as a spar should be left standing," he was resolved to remain by the imperilled craft. True, at one time, after it had been virtually decided to *close the college* indefinitely, he asked for a dismissal to a sister college, but only because no other alternative remained to him. No sooner was the decision to suspend revoked, than he gave up all thought of leaving, and settled down to work for the remainder of the curriculum. 'T were difficult indeed, to overestimate the value of such loyalty under such circumstances. The example could not have been otherwise than potential with his fellow students. Had he and a few other faithful ones gone elsewhere just at that crucial stage, the blow must have proved sadly decisive, if not of the life, at least of the prosperity of the institution for years thereafter. This episode in its history, so painful at the time, is very suggestive, especially when put in contrast with what the college has since become, and what it promises yet to be.

But it is time that we leave those student days behind, and follow the subject of this sketch into the walks of public life. As we thus attempt to trace his footsteps, we shall find proofs at every turn, of the intensely practical character of his mind. That he was specially original in his mental

processes, could hardly be claimed. Clearly, it was not his vocation to delve in the mine. But when the precious ore had once been brought to the surface and set free from its baser surroundings, the men are indeed rare who could more dexterously seize upon it and give to it the stamp of current coin and send it on its mission of beneficence and good-will to the race.

After graduating with distinguished honor in 1840, he left Waterville to enter upon his seminary course at Newton, but returned before the expiration of one year, to accept the tutorship of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. During the vacation of 1842-3, he supplied the pulpit of the E Street Baptist Church in Washington, D. C. During his stay there, he delivered a sermon in the House of Representatives, which brought him into the favorable notice of eminent public men, one of whom was John Quincy Adams. About that time, what seemed a great misfortune befell him. He so far lost his voice as to be obliged to discontinue public speaking. This was conclusive of his future vocation, and who is competent to say that he did not accomplish more for his race in the chair of instruction and administration than he would have done in the pulpit and pastorate?

At the Commencement in 1843, he was promoted to the professorship of rhetoric in the college. This chair he occupied with marked ability for seven years. In addition to the claims it made upon him,

he "taught classes in Latin, delivered a course of lectures upon modern history, and pursued a special investigation upon the origin and growth of the English language."

In 1850, he entered upon a hitherto untried sphere of labor, that of proprietor and editor-in-chief of the New York Recorder. His eminent success in this novel position, was only another proof of the exceptional versatility of his powers. He was himself a shining illustration of his own epigrammatic and oft repeated saying, "give me the man that brings it to pass." That a great career as a journalist, now lay at his option, was sufficiently attested by his brief connection with the Recorder. Under his hand, that paper speedily took rank with the ablest metropolitan weeklies. While in lively touch with the current thought and current events of the times, secular as well as religious, it was ever loyal to the denomination for which it spoke and to whose interests it was devoted. Every issue palpitated with a robust and vigorous life, and bore the marks of a master hand. But though thus highly endowed with the "paper instinct," journalism was not to be his life sphere, and for the reason that a place among the great educators of the age was awaiting him.

In 1853 Rochester University, which, like the full-grown goddess from the cleft skull of Jupiter, had just leaped into life at a single bound, was casting about for its first president. The quest was

not a long one. Professor Anderson had become too prominent a figure not to catch and fix the attention of its trustees. His election speedily followed, and in no long time, he was duly installed as president of the young but hale and vigorous institution. It was a position to challenge his best efforts, and the challenge stirred him to action like the sound of a trumpet. For the long term of thirty-five years, he was to Rochester what Timothy Dwight had before been to Yale, Eliphalet Nott to Union, and Francis Wayland to Brown.

That he was the chosen-of-God for the onerous task was never questioned. His commanding physique, his strong common sense, his scorn for mere perfunctory endeavor, his passion for progress and growth, his quick insight into men and measures, and his lofty ideals of what a college could and should be, all conspired to make his Rochester administration conspicuously memorable. His executive ability was of the best. The power to inspire his pupils with his own spirit and aims, was his in a pre-eminent degree. His far-famed "chapel talks" have deservedly taken their place among the cherished traditions of Rochester University.

To judge from a long array of testimonies, they must have been of rare interest and rare value to the fortunate listeners. Informal, and largely the inspiration of the hour, they become, in how many cases, like "nails fastened in a sure place." Beginning in a simple colloquial strain, and often in a sitting

posture, but kindling as he proceeded and gradually stretching up to his full height, he would stand like a rapt seer in the midst of his boys, while he portrayed ideals and possibilities that would send the dullest of them to their rooms with burning purposes to be and to do as became men to whom a noble career was possible. A word from Mr. Henry C. Vedder, a well-known and distinguished alumnus of the University, will be pertinent at this point:—"Greater than all Dr. Anderson's great powers of mind was his power to give his students a lasting moral impulsion, a helpful and uplifting direction, to their aspirations and ambitions. . . . He held up to his students a lofty ideal of Christian manhood,—keeping it always before them by example as well as by precept. He did not undervalue worldly success,—he was often more ambitious for his boys than they were for themselves, and spurred them on to greater exertions,—but he taught them to hold loyalty to truth and manhood in higher esteem than wealth or honors. Coming to him as these men did at the critical stage in the formation of character, with adverse conditions of heredity and training in many cases, it is surprising how uniformly they were turned towards the right and the true."

Such testimony, from such a source, means more than can be told. A higher tribute to President Anderson's work at Rochester, could hardly have been framed into words. Surely, he had a title to

regard the bulk of the men whom he sent out into the world during that memorable thirty-five years, as his "joy and his crown." Many are the regrets that from his ample stores of knowledge he did not put somewhat into *book* form. But better by far than thick bound volumes, were the "living epistles" that he sent forth from year to year to improve and uplift the race. Through his boys, (as he was fond of calling them,) he is even now speaking messages of courage and hope and high endeavor to the world, and will continue thus to speak through all time.

Dr. Anderson had a lively sense of the difficulties of his position. Of these, he speaks feelingly and at some length in a letter to the author, under date of February, 1882. A quotation will interest the reader: "You and I know that the typical college president, one to fill the requisitions of the popular mind, has not yet been born. He is expected to be a vigorous writer and public speaker. He must be able to address all sorts of audiences upon all sorts of subjects. He must be a financier able to extract money from the hoards of misers, and to hold his own with the trained denizens of Wall Street. He must be attractive in general society, a scholar among scholars; distinguished in some one or two departments of learning; gentle and kindly as a woman in his relations to the students, and still be able to quell a "row" with the pluck and confidence of a New York Chief-

of-Police. If a man fails in any one of these elements of character, he is soon set down as unfit for his position. We both know that these contradictory elements of character, and varieties of attainments, were never combined in one man,—not even in the ‘admirable Chrichton’ or Thomas Arnold. Here we find a reason why so many men break down in health in this field, or give it up after a few years of trial, in unmitigated loathing and disgust. My sympathies are excited for the man who takes the presidency of an American college, much more deeply than they would be for a man on the way to the gallows. I am now in my twenty-ninth year of office, and nearly every college within the range of my acquaintance has had, during that period, from three to five presidents, and all of them have been men, in learning, talent and ability very much above the average. You may say that *my* burdens have been exceptionally heavy. That is true. But I speak of the elements of difficulty which fill the path of the college president as he is ordinarily situated, whether he has an endowment behind him or is obliged to create it as he goes along,—as has been my unfortunate condition. In looking back over my career, I am simply astonished at having been able to bear up under my responsibilities as long as I have. On all human principles of judgment I ought to have failed. My success has not been great, but it seems to me to be due to a combination of circumstances which,

without a particle of superstition, I can attribute to nothing but the especial providence of God."

The effort once made to induce Dr. Anderson to become a candidate for the presidency of Brown, will be remembered by many. The suggestion was a tempting one, but was soon waived aside in vigorous terms. "Rochester University invested in me when I was new to such a position, and is, therefore, entitled to whatever gain has resulted from the investment," was his characteristic decision. And the decision was, doubtless, a wise one. A transfer, for the last few years of his life, to the headship of the older and wealthier college, might, in a sense, have won for him higher distinction. But in a sense, only. In another sense, and in *most* senses, the change could really have added neither to his fame nor his usefulness. On the contrary, it might have marred both. His name, his personality, his life even, had become so wrapped up in Rochester, and Rochester had become so wrapped up in him, that separation would only have been another name for dismemberment. Such a process would have been little short of a mutilation, not to say vivisection. The event proved that it was well for him and well for the cause of good learning that he remained with the college which had become to him as the child of his fondest love.

While broad and catholic in spirit, Dr. Anderson never wavered in the matter of his religious

beliefs and sympathies. In the words of the Rev. R. S. McArthur, D. D., an eminently distinguished pupil of his, "He was a leal-hearted Baptist. In the bottom of his soul he loved the interests of the denomination to which he gave the enthusiasm of his youth, the strength of his manhood, and the ripe wisdom of his later years. He knew that the scholarship, the art, the history of the world, are on our side; he knew that the Word of God is the foundation stone in our denominational structure. The prominence of his position, the wide relationships he had with the leading men in other denominations, never hindered him from using an opportunity, when such words could be appropriately spoken, to emphasize our fundamental principles as in harmony with the Word of God, the best interests of the religious life, and with the largest and highest culture. He did not think that the institution he loved would be benefited by silence or ambiguity on his part as to his denominational convictions. He did not crave any modifications or concessions in our denominational policy. He was satisfied—he was proud to be and avow himself a 'through and through Baptist.'"

To all which it may be added that if he was satisfied, and more than satisfied, with his denomination, his denomination appreciated, trusted, and honored him. He exercised a commanding influence in its counsels, was repeatedly chosen President of its great national societies, Home and Foreign, and,

in every way, labored effectually to make it a mighty power in the land.

And then he put his hand to many great questions that no church lines could embrace or limit. Both his pen and his voice were potential during those terrible years of bloody strife, when the Union was in such sore peril. Many a soldier enlisted and hastened to the rescue because of what he wrote and said. He was often summoned to service on boards composed largely of the more eminent men of the times, and entrusted with the shaping of policies whose effect would be to mar or mend whatever they touched. To economies and sociology, in their relation to the family and the state, he gave much thought, and his counsels bearing upon their application to practical life, were highly prized.

His published writings, though never taking the form of hard-bound volumes are numerous, and indicative of great versatility. His range of subjects was very wide, as will appear from the mention of a portion of them. Thus : "The Origin and Political Life of the English Race ;" "Language as a Means of Classifying Man ;" "Sir William Hamilton's Lectures ;" "Berkley and His Works ;" "Growth and Relations of the Sciences ;" "The Arabian Philosophy ;" "The Ends and Means of a Liberal Education ;" "The Study of the Fine Arts ;" "The University of the Nineteenth Century ;" "The Doctrine of Evolution ;" "The Right Use of Wealth ;"

and "Out-Door Relief." To Johnson's *Encyclopædia*, of which he was an associate editor, he contributed articles on Ethnology, Philosophy, *Æsthetics*, and Baptist Church History. As one has well and tersely said, "All these writings are characterized by rhetorical vigor and directness, and by the appropriation of a wide range of knowledge for the purpose of clearly illustrating and of giving weight and significance to the special subjects treated."

To Dr. Anderson, the marriage state proved very happy and greatly promotive of his usefulness. There is a real touch of nobility as well as pathos, in the tribute he paid his wife upon his retirement from the presidency of the University. In a public address on that occasion, he testified that to her more than to any other human cause, he owed whatever of success he had achieved in life. Her maiden name was Elizabeth M. Gilbert of New York City, and her antecedents were of the best. They had no children. The University was more than children to them, and to it they bequeathed their joint estate, amounting to forty thousand dollars. There is something beautiful as well as pathetic, in the fact that their deaths were so nearly simultaneous that the same funeral services and the same grave sufficed for both.

As illustrative of the immortality and pricelessness of the service rendered his race by President Anderson, I quote the following words of Henry

C. Vedder, with which this sketch shall close. "Nothing is so permanent among human institutions as a seat of learning. The University of Salerno has an uninterrupted history from the ninth century, the University of Bologna dates from the beginning of the twelfth century, and the University of Paris from the thirteenth. The oldest dynasty in Europe can boast no such antiquity. Revolutions have swept over the continent, wars have devastated, empires have risen, flourished and decayed, the map of Europe has been reconstructed times without number, but the great institutions of learning have been left undisturbed. The names of their founders and faithful servants have been gratefully pronounced, while oblivion has buried cotemporary princes and prelates. There is nothing in which man can make investments, either of his fortune or his life, with such certainty of permanent results, as in the making of a university."

XIII.

ABNER COBURN.

Among the life-long citizens of Maine, Abner Coburn will always hold a conspicuous place. A plain business man, with no claim to aristocratic descent and no pretence to large learning, he yet won his way to wealth and distinction by the sheer force of what he was in himself, and of himself. His father, Eleazer Coburn, or Squire Coburn, as he was familiarly called, was prominent indeed, but only prominent because of his strong common sense, his sagacious business instincts, and the practice of those virtues which marked the career of his more distinguished son. Industry, frugality, high-toned morality, and reverence for sacred things, were traits common to both. The father was an active and exemplary member of the Baptist church, and one of its chief pillars. The mother too, in her own sphere, but with like aims and sympathies, contributed her share to make the home ample in its supply of current needs, wholesome in moral tone, and Christian in spirit. For those times, it was a home of wealth and comparative distinction. In the far past, New England abounded

in such homes, and pity it is that they are now scarcely more than a memory.

In those vanished days a single family was often a little community of itself,—a veritable human hive in which the drones were few and the producers many. Thus, in Squire Coburn's family there were fourteen children, twelve of whom lived to adult age. The farm on which they were reared was situated in what was then known as the town of Bloomfield but which has since become a part of Skowhegan, and was large, well cultivated, and correspondingly productive. In the long array of sons and daughters, Abner stood second, he having been born March 22, 1803. As was then the custom, every member of the household was held to constant service, the boys at farming or its equivalent, and the girls at the spinning wheel, the loom, or in the kitchen. To this rule, the subject of this sketch was no exception. Save the time spent in the district school, plus an occasional term at the academy, it was his lot to labor as only farmers' boys then did. Work on the land, however, was often supplemented by other tasks that were far from light. Thus, when only fourteen years old, it was Abner's fortune to take the role of a drover, and the novel position doubtless yielded him much pleasure, though at the cost of no little fatigue. His father, deeming it for his interest to purchase a drove of cattle for the Brighton market, the boy, mere stripling though he was, was put in partial

charge of the venture, and accompanied it on foot all the way to Boston. The boy of to-day would be hard to find to whom such a trust would be committed, or of whom such a task would be required.

During much of his active life, Mr. Coburn, Sen., was in great demand as a land surveyor. The virgin forests of the State were just beginning to find a market, and, as a preliminary to their sale, needed to be "run out." For this service, he had exceptional qualifications, a fact that accounts in part for the abounding wealth which afterwards crowned the united and wise endeavors of himself and his sons. He was a shrewd expert as to the relative value of the various sections he was thus employed to explore and survey, and so was enabled to make choice purchases at the low figure then charged by the State. Large areas of what afterwards proved to be very valuable timber lands, thus came into his possession. As a natural result of these purchases, the father and his two elder sons, Abner and Philander, soon engaged in lumbering operations which, in process of time, grew into very large proportions. It was as the companion and assistant of his father in this work of surveying the State lands, that Abner, while still of tender age, became so skilled in woodcraft, and hence, so eminently fitted for the calling to which his life was to be mainly devoted. On the death of E. Coburn in 1845, his two sons who had been

his associates in business, formed a co-partnership under the style of A. & P. Coburn. No firm in the State was ever better known, more trusted, or more successful. Harmonious co-operation, shrewd management, and unflagging industry, brought them large returns from the first, and these returns went on increasing in magnitude from year to year, until in no long time, the joint estate mounted up into the millions, thus leaving the firm, without a peer in point of wealth, in all the State.

But Abner Coburn was much more than a mere business man. He was a patriot, a philanthropist, and a Christian, as well. To this extent, if character and deeds are to count for anything, it is safe to make affirmation. His love of country was of the best. A member of the legislature for a term of years, and afterwards the Governor of the State, no imputation of undue self-seeking was ever laid at his door. As a public servant, he was simply incorruptible. This was shown in many ways, while he was an office-bearer. It fell to his lot to occupy the Governor's chair at the darkest stage of the Civil War, when the nation's life seemed trembling in the balance. It was a time of all others to test the qualities of men in high places. The crucible was in constant use, and revealed many ugly facts. Not a few offices, especially in the military line, were in the gift of the Chief Executives of the several States, and to a venal mind, the temptations were often many and sore to bestow them upon

unworthy and incompetent aspirants. Upon this point, however, Governor Coburn was as firm as a rock. The highest efficiency of the public service was his one thought. He knew full well that at that bloody crisis the country needed the best that could be had, and he resolutely set himself to the task of meeting the urgent want. Accordingly, the incompetent and the time-serving were relegated to the rear, and the capable and the patriotic were summoned to the front.

This Fabian policy, of course, earned for him the enmity of the baffled and unworthy aspirants for place and pay, but that did not matter. He was in the seat of power, and therefore, of high and solemn responsibility. This he felt in all its gravity and significance. Any temporizing policy on his part would be treachery to his country, and hence, to adopt it would be worse than a blunder, it would be a crime. Of such folly and wickedness, Abner Coburn was simply incapable. His one supreme purpose and contention was that Maine should give to the country of her truest and her best, whatever blatant and brazen self-seekers might say or do. And to this principle of action he scrupulously adhered. His State papers are wholesome reading for the young of this day or any day. They have in them the ring of a patriotism above all suspicion of taint or flaw.

Governor Coburn was also a philanthropist, and of a high type, as was shown in manifold ways.

For the cry of suffering he had a quick ear. Had it been otherwise, his princely gifts would never have blessed either the Insane or the General Hospital of Maine. Fifty thousand dollars to the former and one hundred thousand to the latter, are concrete proof that his sympathies for the unfortunate were something more and better than mere transient emotions. His gifts to schools were to the same effect. They betokened a breadth of view not common to men of his antecedents. They furnished ample proof that he had caught more than a glimpse of the grandeur of living for the race and not chiefly for self,—that he saw with a clear vision both his opportunity and his responsibility. The question with him early came to be, not whether he should give, but *how* he should give. How the surplus of his wealth, after making generous provision for relatives and friends, could be made the most beneficial to the race was to him, especially in the later years of his life, the problem of problems. He gave cautiously but never grudgingly. Once convince him that an object was worthy, and both his heart and his hand would open as if by instinct. It was upon conviction to this effect, that he gave to educational institutions as follows:—Industrial School for Girls, \$5,000; Ricker Classical Institute, \$5,000; Coburn Classical Institute, \$100,000; Maine State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, \$100,000; Freedmen's Schools, (including \$50,000 for Wayland Seminary,) \$150,000; Colby

University, (testamentary and otherwise,) \$250,000, making in the aggregate, \$600,000. All this to schools.

But Governor Coburn was more and better than patriot and philanthropist. He was a Christian. True, he never made a public profession of religion, and pity it is that he did not. Naturally retiring, and, in the religious sense, self-distrustful, it was not his habit to admit even his most cherished friends to the sanctuary of his inner life. Habitual, almost stubborn reticence at that point, was among his most marked traits. Of him, it may be truthfully affirmed, that he had little religion *to speak of*. No stranger was allowed to intermeddle in that regard, and almost no friend. On rare occasions, indeed, when prostrated by sickness, it was very grateful to his feelings to have his pastor call and offer prayer by his bedside. At such times, his brief answers to questions would be such as to convince the man of God that it was a *habit* with him to weigh the great and solemn issues of the future life, though mostly apart from the crowd, and in the solitude of his own mind. The late Rev. Arthur Drinkwater steadily maintained that Abner Coburn became a subject of the new birth during his pastorate in Bloomfield which terminated soon after 1840. But fortunately, we are not dependent upon testimony, either oral or written, for proof of his essentially Christian character. The general trend of his thoughts and sympathies, religiously speak-

ing, is easily discoverable from his acts. What he *did* rather than what he said, tells the whole story, and with an emphasis that puts to flight all doubt, and defies all evasion.

Let us see how the account stands so far as bequests are concerned. Here are two or three items in his last will. To the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, \$200,000; to the American Baptist Missionary Union, \$100,000; to the Maine Baptist Convention, \$100,000; to the Baptist church and society in Skowhegan, \$18,000. But more convincing by far were his ante mortem gifts. These were distributed through a long series of years, and were well-nigh without number. It is one thing to give directly out of hand, and quite another to provide for the distribution of our possessions after we shall have passed to the other shore. In the one case we part with what we could still hold and control; in the other, we consent that what we can no longer hold or control may be distributed thus and so, according as our judgment or our sympathies may dictate. For many a year Gov. Coburn was in constant touch with the religious wants of the State. His home was a kind of Mecca to which pilgrims from every point of the compass wended their way. Almost any day several arrivals might be safely counted on, and always with the same end in view. Money was the one absorbing and urgent quest. Tales of misfortune, sometimes real and sometimes feigned, were poured

without stint into the ears of the long-suffering man. Appeals for struggling churches were numerous and reasonably sure of kind but discriminating attention.

The same was true of institutions, whether of learning or of charity. Every case was weighed with what care the circumstances would permit, and, considering their number, it is wonderful that the mistakes were so few. I may, without vanity, say that I enjoyed exceptional opportunities for observation at this point, and not for observation only. Out of my own experience, I can speak, and with emphasis. Many and many an interview did I have with Mr. Coburn touching the wants of our churches and schools. For these interviews, he would designate some evening hour when, at his home and in his office, a quiet talk could be had, with no third person present, except, occasionally, his brother Philander or Stephen. When the interview was solicited by myself, it was his habit to wait for me to broach the errand on which I had come. If the errand chanced to be, (as it often was), to get his pledge in aid of some church or school, his face would instantly assume an impassive look, which, to a stranger, was hardly reassuring. It was the look of a judge waiting for the proof that you had a case, and if that proof was not forthcoming, his face would retain its marble expression to the end. He was not one to give at random. The application, in order to be success-

ful, must rest upon the bed-rock of reason. Only convince him of this, and all hesitation was at an end. It was not reluctance to give that troubled him, but only the question as to the merits of the case in hand. You had but to make these appear, and the case was won without further parley.

At such times his face was a study. It was worth a trifle to witness the successive changes of his countenance as the conversation proceeded,—how the colder tints would slowly go and the warmer tints come, how impassiveness would give place to animation, and how, in the end, his face would grow radiant with the perception that the thing asked for was the thing to give, such a result, however, being always dependent upon the real merits of the case. It is no little pleasure to the writer to be able to add that he never applied to Abner Coburn for aid which he did not receive, but then he never carried an unworthy case to him.

In justice to the character and memory of his brother and business partner, Philander Coburn, a remark should here be interposed to the effect that during the life-time of the two, the gifts, numerous and munificent as they were, came from their *joint* estate. In great part, he left it to his brother to dispense them, but none the less were they the bestowments of the firm and not of one of its members alone. In physical development, and in all those qualities that go to make up a manly character, Philander was, doubtless, the peer of his

older and more widely known brother. He had no craving for office. A term in the State Senate was once endured but not enjoyed, and thereafter all preferments of the sort were declined. In the private but varied and complicated business of the firm he found a congenial field for the exercise of his best powers. The two brothers were the counterparts and complements of each other,—Abner in the counting-room, the market, and the seat of official power, and Philander in the logging camp, on the river, or wherever a directing brain or a vigorous arm was needed. Though both were bachelors to the day of their death, they had a home in common and a home ample in its appointments, abounding in its hospitalities, and every way adapted to the ends for which it was provided. So much for what these two men were to each other, and for what, in their joint capacity, they did for the cause of religion and philanthropy.

But as far as *bequests* went, the governor, of course, could give only from his own private resources, and after what a princely fashion he gave, has already been intimated. What he gave by will alone to objects of benevolence exceeded eleven hundred thousand dollars. The question as to the wisest distribution of this ample store, I have reason to know, cost him much anxious thought. Just before putting the items into legal form, he requested me to visit his home, not so much, I imagine, to acquaint me with the details of what he

proposed to do, as to learn the corporate names of various societies and institutions, and get added light as to their relative needs and merits. Upon this latter point he gave ample proof that he had spent no little thought. It was clearly his supreme wish that what of his estate could be reasonably spared for objects of Christian benevolence, should be made to tell to the utmost upon the welfare of the race.

Of Governor Coburn's denominational sympathies, after what has already been said, it is unnecessary to speak. An exemplary and interested attendant upon Sabbath services, a life-long and liberal contributor to parish expenses, and a firm and judicious friend of his pastor, there was every reason to regard him as a Baptist by conviction as well as by education and association. And then, as if to put the matter beyond all question, consider with what a princely hand he ministered to the needs of the denomination outside of his own town. As a benefactor, the Baptist churches of Maine never knew his like before, and they will be fortunate indeed, if they ever know his like again. In the most practical sense of the word, he took them upon his heart. Which one of them has not been either directly or incidentally encouraged and cheered by his benefactions? While living, he was constantly extending to them the hand of sympathy and aid, and at his death he crowned these numberless acts of kindness with the royal gift of one hundred thousand dollars.

What he did for his denomination in educational lines has already been alluded to. Of Colby University he was a friend in the truest and best sense of the word. As the successor of his honored father, he was for forty years a member of its board of trustees, and for the last eleven years of his life, its presiding officer. It is not remembered that he was ever absent, even for once, from its meetings during this long term of service. From first to last, he was a *working* member. In the conduct of the institution's affairs his counsels were invaluable. Had his last and largest gift to it never been made, he would still have been remembered as one of its stanchest and most efficient patrons. But that gift was simply monumental, and fitly crowned all his previous services for the college.

Though not the founder of the school which so appropriately bears his name, he became its patron almost to the verge of prodigality. Under the name of Waterville Academy, it had for many years been doing good service to the cause of education, but was wretchedly housed, and wholly without endowment. Abner Coburn saw his opportunity and improved it. As a memorial to his brother Stephen, and his nephew, Charles Miller Coburn, both of whom were drowned July 4, 1882, he gave it a building which for beauty of outline and amplitude of accommodations, has few if any parallels in the State. Nor did he then stay his hand, but generously added fifty thousand dollars

by way of permanent endowment. As Coburn Classical Institute, and under the tuition of that Nestor of Maine educators, James H. Hanson, LL. D., it has made a record of downright and thorough work of which any institution in the land might well be proud.

But men will come and men will go. In common with his kind, Governor Coburn's powers of endurance had their limitations, though considering the strain to which they had so long been subjected, it is surprising that they so stubbornly and so successfully resisted the assaults of time. At nearly four score, there were but scant signs of decadence. Especially true was this of his mental powers. Up even to the very verge of his earthly life, they seemed to have lost little if any of their strength and keenness.

The end came January 4, 1885, a few weeks before the advent of his eighty-second birthday. Four days later, the funeral services occurred in the presence of a vast concourse composed largely of citizens from every section of the State. It is safe to say that a more distinguished body of representative men was never looked upon in Maine. Legislators, railroad magnates, presidents, professors and trustees of colleges, clergymen of nearly every name from far and near, and representatives of all the leading industries of the State, as if moved by one spontaneous impulse, turned their steps towards Skowhegan in order that they might

join with his sorrowing fellow townsmen in paying their heart-felt tribute of respect to the memory of Abner Coburn. The principal feature of the occasion was the funeral address by the Rev. Dr. Pepper, President of Colby University. It was a model of its kind. Its characterizations were eminently just as well as vivid, forming, in fact, a real flesh and blood picture pulsating with life and warmth and beauty. With a happy regard to symmetry of proportion, it presented the man in his totality as he lived, and moved, and wrought, and achieved. It is printed at length in "The Life of Abner Coburn by C. E. Williams."

So far as name is concerned, the subject of this sketch was the last of his family, a very remarkable fact, considering its size. Though there were nine brothers, more than half of whom entered the married state, they all preceded Abner to the grave without leaving a single male descendent behind. But there is small danger that the name will perish. A hundred causes will contribute to keep it fresh and fragrant in the minds and memories of what thousands! A life so fraught with good to the race can hardly fall into oblivion. The church, the school, the hospital, the mission fields, home and foreign, his native county with its attractive and well-appointed halls of justice and civil administration, his native town with its permanent fund of \$20,000 for the relief of the poor and unfortunate,

its public park and other benefactions too numerous to mention, all have tongues that will lovingly and gratefully speak the name of Abner Coburn to generations yet unborn.

XIV.

STEPHEN COBURN.

For an introduction to what is now to be said of the late Stephen Coburn, the reader is referred to the preceding sketch of his brother Abner. Both printer's ink and precious time will thereby be saved. In that sketch it was set forth, in detail, that the Coburn home was in Bloomfield, now a part of Skowhegan, that it contained fourteen children, only two of whom died in childhood; that the father, Eleazer Coburn, was prominent among the men of his time for intelligence, enterprise, business ability, and Christian integrity; that as an expert surveyor of the public lands, he was enabled, by wise purchases from the State, to lay the foundation of the future wealth of his family, and that, upon this foundation, his two eldest sons, Abner and Philander, built up a fortune which, in the end, mounted into the millions. In order to greater completeness of detail, however, a few additional facts may here have place. Of the nine sons, four, after a more or less extended service on the farm, entered upon a course of liberal study and in due time graduated from Waterville Col-

lege, now Colby University. Of these four, Alonzo, the eldest, after taking the Bachelor's degree at the Harvard Law School, commenced the practice of the profession in company with his brother Stephen; but, the practice not proving congenial to his tastes, he purchased a farm upon which he lived to the day of his death. He married late, lived to be seventy years old, and left no children.

Samuel Weston was successively, merchant, manufacturer and farmer. He died at the age of fifty-eight leaving a widow and several daughters. He was an active member of the Baptist church. Charles died Oct. 30, 1844, a few weeks after his graduation from college. His age was twenty-two. Of Stephen, the other graduate brother, more hereafter. One of the five sisters died in childhood. Two or three of the others entered the married state. Of Fidelia, the eldest, a special word of mention will be in place. Her interest in the colored race was more and better than a mere romantic sentiment. She was an abolitionist of the primitive type, and at a time when it cost something to champion the rights of the despised and down-trodden race. With her, theory and practice were in normal relations to each other.

She was anti-slavery in the concrete as well as the abstract. She believed and therefore acted. No rest could come to her otherwise. And so it was only natural that, as the wife of Rev. Mr.

Brooks, she should decide to become a missionary to Africa. The voyage thither was undertaken, but she was not permitted to enter upon actual service in the far off land. Before that could be, the summons came that called her up higher. What then,—were her heroic purpose and heroic endeavor in vain? Yes, if David's purpose to build the house of the Lord was in vain, and not otherwise. Her faith and intense devotion to the work to which she had set her hand, have since blossomed out into a fruitage that is pleasant to the eye and helpful to many a feeble one of God's flock. Of this fruitage a goodly cluster matured in the form of a bequest of fifty thousand dollars to Wayland Seminary, that widely famed school for the education of the colored race. As elsewhere recorded, this munificent bequest was made by Abner Coburn in memory of his sister, Mrs. Fidelia Brooks. Hence the presumption that had she never sailed for Africa, the gift would never have been made. And this was but one of many good fruits born of her Christian heroism. A life like hers never dies. It is a misnomer to call its apparent extinction death. In its influence it lives, lives intensely, and will live forever more.

What has now been said is simply incidental to the main purpose of this sketch. The name that stands at its head is indicative of its design. In the order of birth, Stephen was the ninth child and sixth son of Eleazer and Mary (Weston) Coburn,

and was born November 11, 1817. His preparatory studies were prosecuted at the Waterville and China academies, and in both, under the tuition of that veteran teacher, Preceptor Henry Paine. In the Necrology of Colby University I find the following very brief outline which I quote verbatim: "Entering college in the fall of 1835, as a member of a very large and able class, he exhibited great aptitude for the study of mathematics and the languages, and graduated as Salutatorian of the class, Abraham H. Granger" (since widely and favorably known as the Rev. Dr. Granger) "taking the valedictory."

After graduating, Mr. Coburn went South and taught as private tutor in a family at Tarboro', N. C. At the end of a year he returned to Maine, and was immediately engaged as principal of Bloomfield Academy, where he acquitted himself as a most skilful and accomplished teacher; but after four years left the position against the emphatic protest of the pupils, trustees, and the community. Desiring to enter the field of active business life, he began the study of law in the office of Messrs. Bronson and Woart at Augusta. He attended lectures at the Harvard Law School, but did not complete the course. Admitted, September, 1845, to the bar in Somerset county, he opened an office in Skowhegan in company with his older brother, Alonzo, of the class of 1841. The partnership of A. & S. Coburn did not long

continue, his brother's tastes leading him to other pursuits than the law. Mr. Coburn then associated with himself Henry A. Wyman, (B. C. 1844), and the firm entered upon a large and constantly increasing practice. Upon the death of Mr. Wyman in December, 1867, Mr. Coburn gradually withdrew from active practice, the large private interests of the Ex-Governor in time requiring much of his professional assistance; and his own chosen studies, as years passed, engrossed more and more his time and attention."

A common-place and uneventful career the reader will be apt to conclude. And such, at the first blush, it would seem. But seen nearer, and studied more in detail, it will be found to embrace a life too rich and beneficent to be allowed to die out of the minds of men. Stephen Coburn was one of those choice spirits that are met with only here and there in life's journey. A gentleman in the real rather than the conventional sense, he was honest in purpose, clear-eyed in judgment, firm in conviction, and frank in expression. What wonder then is it that he was loved and trusted as few men ever were? Who that knew him, ever suspected him of any sinister design or mean impulse? Without disparagement to others, I may say that his was the most unselfish life that has ever fallen under my notice. Charminglly unconcious of his own worth, it was a pleasure to him rather than a task, to serve others. This is high eulogy, and to the reader,

may sound extravagant. But I knew him intimately in his college days and thereafter to the hour of his death,—knew him in civil, religious, social and domestic life,—had ample opportunities to take the guage of his qualities as a man, a friend, and a Christian brother, and I say again, that for downright unselfishness, I have never looked upon his superior and hardly upon his equal. His religious life was unique. Measured by profession, it was scarcely up to the regulation standard. It had in it no hint of the super-serviceable. It was not his way to be *loud* either in word or act. The current of his spiritual life was not symbolized by the short-lived though noisy spring torrent, but rather by the quiet meandering stream which flows on and flows ever, and whose course can be traced from afar by the verdure and fruitage on its banks.

Among his prominent virtues was that of peacemaker. "If Stephen Coburn had been living, this would never have happened," was once said to the writer. The remark had reference to an unhappy schism in the church, and, in this connection, means much, because it voices the general estimate of the man's love of peace, and of his skill and tact in promoting it. His favorite specific was prevention rather than cure. He knew how to say and do the right thing at the right time and in the right way, and with rare uniformity he acted up to this standard. He did a vast deal of good by indirection. He was quick to foresee any threatened

misunderstanding, and singularly tactful in warding it off. For the good he thus did, he got little credit, since he was only occasionally known as its author. But that did not matter. He sought something higher and better. To prevent harm to the home, the neighborhood or the church, in the quietest and most effective way, was uppermost in his thought and purpose. Of himself, he was comparatively forgetful. To the peace and prosperity of the community and the church, he gave much more heed than many who make much louder professions. What a blessing to any people is even one such person ! How much trouble he prevents, how much good he accomplishes ! "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

The record before quoted, well says of the subject of this sketch, that he was "an earnest and consistent Christian, warm-hearted, unselfish, and generous,"—that his "unostentatious charities were countless," and that "he had the implicit confidence and the highest esteem and admiration of the whole community."

And now that I have got into quotations, I may as well add another from the same source : "Amid the pressure of business, Mr. Coburn found time for extensive general reading and thorough study. He was fond of history, intellectual philosophy and theology, and especially of philology ; and it is understood that he left manuscripts which embody

the results of many years of diligent and enthusiastic research in the latter department. It was his delight to be the companion of his wife and children in their studies and in all their occupations and pastimes, and in turn, his presence and participation in their pursuits was their greatest joy."

For political preferment, Stephen Coburn had little desire, the term he served as representative in Congress being quite long enough to satisfy any faint aspirations he may have had in that direction. The honor came to him unsought, and he was fain to lay it down when the term for which he was appointed had expired. For the position on the Maine Board of Education, which he held during a considerable period, he had eminent qualifications, and was, therefore, enabled to render valuable service to the cause of good learning. He had himself been a practical and very successful teacher, and hence, brought to the position ripe experience as well as ample stores of knowledge.

His domestic relations were of the pleasantest. On June 29, 1853, he became the husband of Miss Helen S., daughter of the Rev. Charles Miller of Skowhegan, a union which proved eminently fortunate. Of their five children, one died in infancy, three graduated in due time from Colby University, and the remaining one became the wife of Charles H. Pepper, a son of ex-President Pepper, and a graduate of the University.

The death of Mr. Coburn brought great sorrow, not only to his immediate family, but to a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances, many of whom were, and are, distinguished in the various walks of life. It was startlingly sudden, being a case of drowning in the Kennebec river near his own home. It occurred July 4, 1882. The event was made greatly more tragic because it involved the death, at the same time and in the same manner, of his only son, Charles Miller, who, in his heroic efforts to save his father's life, lost his own. He was the sole surviving male descendant of a family which had numbered nine brothers. Talented, manly, modest, winning, full of promise, were among the encomiums passed upon him as his lifeless form lay beside that of his father on that tearful and never-to-be-forgotten day when both were borne away to the house appointed for all the living.

Only the year before, he had graduated from college at the head of a class of unusual promise. He had every reason for the assurance that a very large fortune was awaiting him in the near future. But from no word or act of his could any one have inferred that such was the case. If, like many another worthy student, he had been quite penniless, he could not have wrought more diligently, borne himself more modestly, or striven harder to make the worthiest use of all his opportunities. His religious life was unobtrusive but wholesome and full of promise for the future. That a career

so pregnant with grand possibilities should have been thus cut short at its very threshold, is among the thousand other mysteries that are awaiting solution in the blessed hereafter.

In the city of Waterville there stands a classic structure dedicated to the cause of Christian learning, upon whose front, graved in solid stone, are the names of Stephen and Charles Miller Coburn, father and son. It was reared by the late Governor Coburn as a fitting memorial to his brother and nephew. But graceful, costly and stable as it seems, it must eventually crumble beneath the corroding hand of time. Not so the influence of those whose names it so worthily bears upon its forehead. Character defies the assaults of time and will live and work out its ever-multiplying results through the boundless, the infinite future. Surely then, they whose names have just been spoken did not live in vain.

XV.

GEORGE WASHINGTON KEELY.

BY OAKMAN S. STEARNS, D. D.

I have been requested by my friend, Rev. Joseph Ricker, D. D., to sketch the life of my beloved and revered teacher, Professor George W. Keely, allowing me the freedom of personal reminiscences. I shrink from the attempt. It is like entering the Holy of Holies. To lift the curtain and gaze upon the mysteries of such a heart and life as were his, is a daring act. I fear to touch with other than the tenderest hand the rare and beautiful vase, lest I mar it, or possibly break it. Dr. Keely was the one man among the three whose impact had more to do with my public life than all others combined. The others were my father and the late Rev. Barnas Sears, LL. D. To name them stirs the purest emotions of my heart.

George Washington Keely was born in Northampton, England, December 25, 1803. He was the eldest son of Rev. George and Mary (Ramsay) Keely, his father being then pastor of the Baptist church in Northampton. His father, at the time of

his conversion, united with the Baptist church in London, of which Dr. Rippon was pastor, now world-known as the church over which the lamented Spurgeon so long presided. He received his theological training in Bristol under the tuition of the venerable John Ryland, and besides being pastor at Northampton, was for several years pastor in Ridgemont, in the county of Bedford. He was an intimate friend of Robert Hall, Francis A. Cox, Joseph Ivimey and John Rippon. It is said that in consequence of his political as well as religious sympathy with these men, he made *Washington* a part of his son's name. He removed with his family to this country in 1818, and became pastor of the First Baptist church in Haverhill, Mass., October 7th of that year. He was a man of marked intellectual power, in the pulpit and out of it. He resigned April 13, 1832, and spent the long evening of his days among his own people, beloved and revered, dying at Hampton Falls, Mass., at the advanced age of 94 years.

The son George pursued his studies under private tuition in England, and by himself after his coming to this country. He entered Brown University, and graduated with the highest honors in the class of '24. His theme at graduation was "The Present Disinclination for Scientific Research"—a hint of what he was to become, and a theme far in advance of the times. He became tutor in the University, in Greek and Latin, from 1825 to

1828, * "discharging the duties of his office with the highest success. On his retirement from the tutorship, he was for one year associated with two gentlemen in the establishment at Providence, R. I., of a school of high grade." He was called to a professorship in Waterville College in 1829, expecting it to be that of the Greek and Latin classics, and was much disappointed to find himself assigned to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He, however, accepted the position, and soon made himself master of its exacting demands. But he never lost his love for the classics. He deemed them the best accompaniment to the study of the Natural Sciences. "It was an observation of his, as a teacher, that the mind which found something congenial in the noble languages and literature of Greece and Rome, readily applied itself to the study of science when required, whereas, one trained in scientific methods exclusively, acquired a certain stiffness and narrowness which interfered with the reception of new ideas of another order."

"Going suddenly into his study one day," says his daughter, "I found him reading Euripides, and, looking over his shoulders, saw that tears had fallen on the page in which the doomed Alcestis bids farewell to her home forever." This was in

* Indebtedness to the tribute to Professor K., in the Watchman, July 24, 1878, by the late Professor Hamlin, and to reminiscences by his daughter, Mrs. Mary H. Taylor, is acknowledged by marks of quotation.

his later life—a touching memento of his early classical love. But his department was that of the sciences, and he gave himself to it with unabated ardor. He engaged in original research, but, with characteristic modesty, published but little. What came from his pen in brief articles in English and American scientific journals, won for him a high reputation among scientific men. "In 1847, he was invited by the heads of the British Colonial Surveys to make a series of magnetic observations in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the results of which were published in England the following year."

In 1833 he was acting president of the college for a few months, and on the resignation of President Pattison in 1839, filled the same position for about two years. Gladly would the trustees have made his presidency a permanency, but the office was uncongenial to him and he steadfastly declined it. In 1849, he received from his *Alma Mater* the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1852, he resigned his professorship to the great regret of the trustees faculty, and students, having won the love and admiration of all friends of the college during a service of twenty-three years. As Professor Hamlin says, "Associated with able colleagues in the faculty, he was powerfully instrumental in establishing for the college that standard which gave to an institution, poor and unendowed throughout the whole of his connection with it, that well-earned reputation for

securing hard work and solid discipline of mind, which has been down to the present time its glory and strength." After his resignation he continued to reside in Waterville until his death, a period of nearly twenty-six years. For some years he kept himself busy in the mathematical work of the United States Coast Survey, but to the close of life he prosecuted his private studies, supplying himself with works of the highest order as fast as they issued from the press. He read extensively in Latin, Greek, French, German and English literature, history and metaphysics.

It was at this time, I think, that he took up the German by himself, and acquired great facility in the use of it. He had long before been at home in the French language, and we students, in my day, had a belief that Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste* with which he was so familiar, would in due time appear in English dress from his deft hand, but the belief was probably a myth except so far as he may have aided in the translation of it by Dr. Bowditch. Professor Hamlin, in his tribute already referred to, speaks of Dr. Keely's article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, 1871, entitled "Sanchoniathon in Court." I happen to know the genesis of that article. He wrote me several letters on the paper before and after, (by Professor Park's "playful stratagem,") it appeared in print. He punctured Sir John Lubbock's misquotation by his superior knowledge of Greek, not for the sake of showing his scientific

skill for the benefit of scientists, but to prevent the "multitude," to use his own word, from accepting on mere authority, what is inexact and untrue. He says in one letter, "Could I, in full sight of that multitude, have given the hearty kick which I did, *a tergo*, to one of that Darwinian tribe, on the downhill way with their monkey friends, I should feel that I had done something, not for my own reputation indeed, but for the benefit of a cause, which, however my position may have belied it, is, in my opinion, the only one worth fighting for, in this world." Any lover of Dr. Keely who will read that short article will be amazed at the range of his reading on topics foreign to his supposed specialties.

That article reveals his habits as a scholar: minute, comprehensive. A false accent in Latin was detected and remembered by him as readily as an error in the deepest and most far-reaching astronomical problem. His students often queried whether or not he was omniscient. Out of the habits of the worm he anticipated the generalizations of Darwin: with a meagre self-made observatory in his garden, he read the stars and mapped their positions. Before evolution had come to the front he had felt its power and its weakness. On one occasion when giving some experiments to his class, the results of which evoked a murmur of astonishment, he turned and said, "Gentlemen, there are those who will tell you that you have here an instance of the certainty of natural law

operating under the original impulse which first set the world-system of the universe in motion and whose First Cause must forever remain unknown to us. I, for my part, believe that we see the immediate act of God himself, present with us at this moment in this manifestation of His power which we have asked of Him." That was the difference between a theistic evolutionist and a pantheistic evolutionist. In his later years he took up the subject of evolution as expounded by Herbert Spencer with "the calmness of a Christian who was also a philosopher. No revolution in human opinion, he held, could affect the relation of man to his Maker, or shake the confidence founded on experience, in the revelation of Jesus Christ. The question by what processes, and through what periods of time, the Infinite Power had manifested itself in creation, might safely be left to the solution of Science." That was Dr. Keely, catholic as the sun to all that was true, firm as the rock to what was as yet unproved. He waited for light, he welcomed the light when it came. He kept obscure or unanswered questions in suspense, and was at once *en rapport* with the solution when it appeared—minute, comprehensive, sympathetic, intuitive, all in harmonious development,—were the characteristics of a scholar recognized as a scholar among scholars, and almost worshiped by his pupils.

These characteristics gave the charm to his teaching. When he took his chair in the class-room it

was as a king taking his throne. Always courteous and sympathetic, his words few and fitly chosen, his explanations clear as crystal, his familiarity with the topic of the hour as complete as if he had originated it himself, every man sat at his feet with the docility of a child and with the reverence of a devotee. I recall no instance in which his statement was questioned. Yet the recitations were very largely dependent upon the accuracy of the text-book. Some of us, particularly in mathematics, having no fondness for them, were accustomed to memorize them, and sometimes to our own discomfiture. I remember returning from a winter's school-teaching two weeks after the opening of the term. My chum, (Dr. Anderson,) said to me, "Well, Stearns, what are you going to do? To-morrow morning is spherical trigonometry, and we have been at it a fortnight. You certainly will be called upon in the advance. It will be your section," referring to the professor's custom of calling us up alphabetically. I replied, "Then I must memorize, for I know nothing about it." Sure enough, I was called up as ignorant of the formulæ as a blind man. Down they went upon the board. No explanations were asked, and but one correction suggested. But standing near him, as I passed to my seat he motioned with his finger to me and said very quietly "Did you commit that?" I replied in the affirmative. "*I couldn't do it,*" was the reply. That was all. But who would ever

memorize again in such a presence? He was pained. So was I. But it was a love-pain.

I remember another instance of his keenness and kindness. The leading recitationist in my class committed to memory all his lessons except those in the classics. We were engaged on the calculus. The formulæ were given in the text-book, with occasional gaps to be worked out by the student. On a certain occasion, these formulæ were printed erroneously. I had wrought them out and was puzzled; I couldn't make them agree. About ten o'clock in the evening, a classmate, a mathematician by nature as well as by education, came in to my room, asking, "Well, Stearns, have you worked out the morning's lesson?" I replied, "I can't make the formulæ agree." "Good reason," said he, "there is a mistake. Now we will see what the professor will do. C. will have that to-morrow morning." C. did have it—a formula covering his blackboard, all there as in the book. The mathematicians were on the alert. What will the professor do? C. recited, perfectly. Ended, the professor calmly asked if certain signs and exponents were so and so. C. answered, "Yes, sir." Nothing more was said, but a ripple of keen joy rushed through the class, assuring the class that the professor understood the case but was too kind-hearted to expose it.

It was this urbanity of his nature which won him his place in the hearts of his students. They would

as soon wrong their mothers as play tricks with him. Their confidence in his purpose to deal justly with all, exact just that which was right from all, and their supreme belief that his teachings were the results of investigations most carefully made, and expressed with a deep sense of responsibility for the truthfulness of his utterances, made him their ideal teacher, and secured for him a place in their hearts, not only of confidence, but of "deep affection and reverence."

Reverence begets reverence. Dr. Keely was the most reverent man, in the best sense of that term, I ever knew. He bowed down to nature, because nature was an expression of Nature's God. "He knew the plants, the birds, the wild creatures of the forest and stream, and, familiar as he was with their haunts and habits, would often, on our woodland walks," says his daughter, "approach them with a half-whimsical pretence of being in their confidence; which was, indeed, not altogether a pretence, for I have known him to stand motionless in his garden, on a summer morning, surrounded by birds who had alighted near him, apparently with no other attraction than his presence." And again, she says, "In his fondness for wild flowers, there was a quality quite indescribable; where another would have gathered them heedlessly, he would pause, and linger, and examine minutely, but refrain from plucking. For him they lived, and had a joy in living." Nature, to him, was Nature's God.

But there was something, to him, more than Nature's God. He believed in a God of revelation. He accepted the main truths of what we call the Bible. He endorsed no specific creed; he united himself with no denominational church, but I know what I say, that he accepted for himself the central truths of revelation, and that for him "the Christ of the Gospels was *all in all*."

On the morning of the thirteenth of June, 1873, in the enjoyment of usual health, a few minutes after dinner, standing near the chair of his invalid wife, he fell dead without a word or a sigh. The great teacher, to me the greatest of teachers, had ascended to the Great Teacher of us all.

XVI.

CHARLES EDWARD HAMLIN.

An uneventful life is not necessarily a colorless life. Very much of the best work done by man lies beyond the ordinary range of human vision. The world's production of gold would scarcely be worth estimating but for the initial processes of mining and smelting. Without the patient and exhausting labor of bringing it to the surface and separating it from its baser surroundings, it could never be accepted at the mint, nor become useful in the arts, nor be made tributary to personal adornment. Such is the thought which naturally comes to one when making a study of the life and characters of men like Charles Edward Hamlin. To an unusual extent, he lived and toiled apart from the crowd. His work, though incessant and of rare quality, was not of a kind to catch and hold the public eye. And yet he was ever in sensitive touch with contemporary events. He was well posted as to current happenings, and their bearing upon the weal or woe of the race. He watched them with keen interest whether they pertained to his own or to other lands. In this respect, he bore

no slight resemblance to a revered and eminent teacher of his, Professor George W. Keely, whose memory is so jealously cherished by many of the older graduates of Colby University.

Both were men of the cloister rather than of the forum. They were in the world indeed, but the world knew them not. They wrought well and faithfully for the race, but the race gave them scant recognition, and all because they wrought in the mine and not in the mint. Their coming was unheralded by the blare of trumpets, and their going was like the noiseless setting of the sun. Their influence, however, lives to bless the world, and will live forever-more.

Charles Edward Hamlin, son of Charles and Elizabeth (Williams) Hamlin, was born in Augusta, Maine, Feb. 4, 1825. He was the eldest of five children, all sons. He took his preparatory studies in the schools of his native city, and at the age of twenty-two, (1847,) graduated from Waterville College, now Colby University. He was then Principal of the Literary and Scientific Institute at Brandon, Vt., for one year, and of the Bath, Me., High School, for another. For the four years beginning in 1849, he was Associate Principal of the Literary Institute at Suffield, Conn. In 1853, he was elected to the chair of Chemistry and Natural History in the college at Waterville, where he remained twenty years, or until 1873, when he resigned to become Curator of Conchology and

Palæontology at Harvard University, a position which he held until his death in 1886.

He was a trustee of Colby during the last six years of his life, and for a much longer period was the Necrologist of the Alumni Association of the college. In this latter position, his services were simply invaluable. Until the college was nearly forty years old no formal attempt at obituary records had been made. Professor Hamlin was selected to take in hand the peculiarly difficult task of supplying this lack of service. The amount of patient and painstaking labor in order to its fit accomplishment could hardly be exaggerated. Of the graduates who had deceased during that long period, few data had been preserved save their names and the fact of their death. Of the volume of inquiry that must be set on foot and prosecuted to the bitter end, in order to secure the data necessary to a necrology worthy of the college, the reader knows something, Mr. Hamlin's intimate friends more, while he alone could know it all. But he did not falter. With unflagging purpose and incredible industry, he labored for years at what to most would have seemed a hopeless task. Nor did he labor in vain. For conciseness, neatness, and completeness, the result was a simple marvel. In the end, scarcely a fact necessary to his purpose was lacking. As if they had been grains of gold, the coveted data were one by one reclaimed from the rubbish and ruins of the past,

and put into print in due and beautiful order. For this one service the sons and daughters of Colby owe Professor Hamlin a debt of no small magnitude. This, merely by the way.

In order to complete the bare outlines of his life, it should be added that he took his Master's degree in course, and in 1873 was made a Doctor of Laws by the Lewisburg University. His life-work of thirty-eight years, was continuous. He found his recreation in his work, and not outside of it. True, he visited Germany once but it was in the interest of Harvard University, and quite apart from personal considerations.

In August, 1853, he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Ann Smith of Conway, Mass., an estimable lady of like literary tastes and pursuits, and who survived him but a short time. No children were born to them.

Leaving now the region of dry details, let us turn for a few minutes to the contemplation of what Professor Hamlin was inherently, and what he became to others. It was not until his Sophomore year that he professed faith in Christ as his personal Saviour. His baptism and membership in the church soon followed, and from that time to the day of his death, his loyalty to his religious profession was never questioned. It was not his wont to open the sanctuary of his heart to all comers. The general crowd respected him both for his learning and his piety, not being able to do otherwise ;

but he was not in touch with them in the sense in which most public men are. Indeed he could not be. His natural temperament made it impossible. Constitutionally shy and reserved, the best there was in him was not readily apparent to the casual observer. That the voice of such a man should have rarely been heard in the prayer and conference meeting was only natural. And yet in the privacy of his own home, the daily service of prayer, accompanied by the reading of God's word, was a matter of course. To his more trusted and intimate friends also, he was constantly betraying glimpses of his inner life that were of refreshing interest. In his admirable commemorative discourse delivered at Waterville, July 5, 1887, Rev. F. W. Bakeman, D. D., very justly says: "The religious faith of Professor Hamlin was simple, strong, constant, and entirely unmingled with speculation. His scientific researches had awakened no doubts. Handling God's works all his life and interpreting God's thoughts from day to day, only brought him nearer to God. He often said, 'There are difficulties in faith, but infinitely greater ones in unbelief.' He had no sympathy with what is called the scientific scepticism of the day. He had no fear of being called unscientific because he began and pursued his studies in the devout spirit of a Christian, and with constant reverence for God as manifested in His works. What the true attitude of all Christian teachers should be towards the oppositions of

science, he has most ably set forth in an article published in the Baptist Quarterly in 1872; an article, by the way, which makes us sorely regret that so facile a pen could not have been oftener employed in similar service." As showing that Professor Hamlin clearly understood the chief secret of scientific scepticism, the closing words of that article are here reproduced: "To hasten the coming of that day when science shall no longer appear to be the foe, but as she truly is, the coadjutor of faith, let all religious teachers strive together whether they occupy pulpits or instructors' chairs. But that day cannot be established in its fullness until the alienation of the human heart from Nature's God, shall cease to pervert the judgment of man in the study of His works."

Professor Hamlin was great in small things. His powers of observation were of the keenest, and hence his knowledge was minute as well as comprehensive. In the line of critical analysis he had few peers. To him, the study of nice details was as nectar to the palate. He seemed to feel all the thrill and joy of the poet in the study of the tiniest crystal of the cleft rock, and the thousand varying tints and convolutions of the sea shell. For him, the down upon the butterfly's wing had its lesson, and the native note of this or that song-bird its peculiar and distinguishing music. The composition and history of the unsightly fossil, were among his choice delights, as were also the wonderful and

ever-varying revelations of the thousand chemical agents with which earth, air, and water abound. And so to his mental eye, the secrets of nature became more and more an open book as the current of his life flowed onward.

Well did Dr. Bakeman say that the prime characteristic of Professor Hamlin was his absolute sincerity from which, as a root, all his other good qualities sprang or received invigoration. Among these were transparent truthfulness, unusual exactness, scrupulous faithfulness, and a high sense of honor tempered and made more intense by a passionate love of justice. The extent to which this last-named virtue dominated his life, was shown by an incident that attracted no little attention at the time. This inborn love of justice could not do otherwise than put his whole being in revolt against the institution of human slavery. Nor did he lack the courage of his convictions. Accordingly, he took measures to put them into concrete form. Mere theory could not satisfy his yearnings for the right. He would give the world an object lesson to which it would be impossible to turn a blind eye. And so, with the cordial consent and approval of his wife, he made a colored child, (then a mere babe,) a member of his household. Its parents had been slaves until given their freedom by the exigencies of the civil war. To this girl he became more than a simple guardian. In her training no father could have been more

tender, more considerate, or more pains-taking, while in Mrs. Hamlin, she found all that goes to make up the wise and thoughtful mentor and mother. It was a bold but successful experiment. Its lesson was, that the training which is good for the white child, is equally good for the black child. It showed that ebony can take on as fine a polish and be made as valuable to the world as ivory. Under such conditions, this favored girl proved as strong of brain, as quick of perception, and as susceptible of culture, as her pale sisters. It was an experiment that paid, though made at a heavy cost. In the words of the writer above quoted: "All the more noble was it because done in the teeth of popular disfavor and even ridicule. . Polite society shook its head, lifted its eyebrows, and expressed ominous fears. In social circles, it was regarded as a visionary undertaking, an attempt to put into practice what was extreme and ideal in theory. The bringing up of that little child of an alien race, as if it were of his own flesh and blood, with the social world against him, with the refined, but no less positive prejudice of our New England spirit of caste expressing its disapproval, was an act of moral heroism which deserves a place among the brightest examples of historic philanthropy." Even so! And the best of it all is, that it paid, paid as all moral heroic endeavor pays, paid as a convincing object-lesson to all on-lookers, and paid in its more immediate, and tangible results. For this

young lady, thus disciplined and cultivated, was eminently fitted for work as a teacher among her own race in the distant South.

Of some other features of Professor Hamlin's character, let us now take a hasty review. The twin virtues of exactness and faithfulness were his in a very high degree. The one would have been impossible without the other. We can scarcely think of him without thinking of them. They seemed to belong to the very fibre of his being. What he saw ought to be done, his hand was prompt to do up to the limit of possibility. And he saw with singular distinctness. His mental vision was both microscopic and telescopic. It took account of the individual atoms as well as of their aggregation into the wondrous universe which he so loved to survey. A sloven he never could have been if he had tried. All his instincts were against it. And his disgust at the ugly sight in others was simply intense. As Dr. Bakeman tersely says, in substance, "*Almost* did not belong to his vocabulary; *quite* could alone satisfy his ideal." Nothing short of a finished task could command his approval,—finished as to *quality*, as well as to the mere act of accomplishment. And this touches the only point at which he was in any-wise unpopular in the class-room. It was but natural that he should have been more or less disliked by such of his pupils as thought to make pretense pass for current coin. For any hint of sham

excited his disgust as almost nothing else could. A recitation that evinced a genuine mastery of the lesson in hand, was always a joy to him. He was, moreover, kindly tolerant of failure when incurred in spite of honest endeavor. But for any attempt to substitute sound for sense, he had nothing but righteous scorn. Pupils thus minded soon found to their confusion, that no device of theirs was cunning enough to be proof against the keen insight of their professor. Of *such* students he, of course, could not have been a favorite. But by all others, (and fortunately for college life, they are sure to be largely in the majority,) he was ever held in the most affectionate esteem.

This intense intolerance of the twin vices of slackness and indolence, sometimes made Professor Hamlin doubt whether teaching was his natural vocation. He often felt that he lacked the grace of patience so essential to the best work in the class-room. The effort necessary to keep wayward students up to even a decent measure of application and self-respect, caused him sore weariness and unrest. His own manhood was so superb and his standard so high, that he found it hard always to exercise due forbearance towards those whose standard was so far down in the scale of manly endeavor. If just here, some drawback in his grand equipment for class-room work became apparent, it seemed to be the only one; and even this was more apparent to himself than to others.

A fault it may have been, but, at the worst, a fault that "leaned to virtue's side." His too keen consciousness of its existence was supposed to account for his refusal of a professor's chair in Brown University to which he was once unanimously elected. He preferred to continue to pursue the even tenor of his way in the Museum at Harvard, where the work lay in the line of his special tastes, and quite beyond the frictions and foibles of the class-room.

A man of Professor Hamlin's high ideals could not have been otherwise than humble. The great disparity between his aspirations and his utmost achievements, (great as they were,) put an effectual check upon everything like pride of intellect. He saw that though he might labor up steep after steep, the towering summit would still seem as distant as ever, and that, at the best, he would at last find himself very much nearer the starting point than the goal. Such is the tendency of all good learning. Only the pedant is proud. In as far as one is a true scholar, he cannot be otherwise than modest and humble. And such was Professor Hamlin. He saw with ever-growing distinctness that his foot had, as yet, pressed only the margin of the interminable field of knowledge, and that, therefore, any feeling of elation or self-congratulation would be quite out of place. And what he was as a scholar, he was as a Christian, shy, unpretentious, quiet, but firm and unwavering

in his adherence to the teachings of revealed religion.

The reader must have inferred by this time that Charles Hamlin was very human. To a mere spectator of his work-day life, he might have seemed a cold and self-absorbed recluse. But the fact was far otherwise. In reality, his nature was many-sided, and abounded, (as his familiars well knew, but as casual observers did *not* know,) with qualities that upon occasion, could both surprise and charm. Thus, there was in this man who walked so much apart from the crowd, a touch of pathos that would have done credit to the most sensitive woman, and a stronger touch of humor that would sometimes sparkle and effervesce almost beyond the limit of control. Of his well-nigh vehement sense of injustice, and his consequent indignation at sight of cruel wrongs done to others, mention has already been made. At such a spectacle, the silent man was silent no longer. Hot words would often leap from his tongue as if they had been arrows of fire. In vigorous English, he would hurl invectives after no doubtful fashion, but always in the interest of righteousness. In a word, Professor Hamlin, as before said, was very human, which means, among other things that he was not perfect. He was a man, with man's infirmities and limitations. But, taken all in all, he was a rare specimen of the race. If a tithe of his kind were up to his level, the world would be immeasurably better than it now is.

Let a few concluding words now be said touching his service to his race. Nothing is more subtle than human influence. Its depths cannot be sounded, its heights cannot be measured. It cannot be handled, cannot be weighed, cannot even be estimated with any degree of exactness. Especially true is this of the teacher's influence. The products of the sculptor's or painter's art address themselves to our outward senses. We can look upon them, and handle them. The data for an opinion as to their symmetry, their tintings, their shadings, and the like, are at hand in concrete form. But not so with the influence in question. Its proportions cannot be taken in, for the reason that it has no clearly discoverable outlines. To the finite mind, it is altogether an indeterminate quantity, as indeterminate in fact, as the perfume of the rose or the poisonous breath of the pestilence. Its character, and even its presence can only be judged of by its effects. But its effects are apt to be of slow growth. They manifest themselves only partially, and often, not even thus until after long waiting and watching. As before said, this is especially true in the case of educators, and is among the testing features of their calling. Shortly before his death, Dr. M. B. Anderson, so long President of Rochester University, wrote the author in a strain at once surprising and saddening. He should die, he said, and make no sign. His life, in a great degree, had been a failure. Adverse

conditions had thwarted his hopes of achieving anything worthy of his ideal of what a true life should be, and much more to the same effect. *This*, from one of the grandest educators of the age, from one whose "living epistles" are known and read in every section of this land, and in other lands as well! His influence, great while he was yet in the body, has constantly grown greater since he passed to the other shore, and will continue to grow and multiply as the generations come and go. Thousands upon whom he put the stamp of his thought and personality are speaking for him to-day from the pulpit, the platform, the instructor's chair, and the printed page, thus influencing other thousands who will rise up in long succession to do service to the generations to which they will respectively belong.

Let this illustration stand for much that might be said of Professor Hamlin. His character, though less picturesque, was as unique and forceful as that of President Anderson. To this, hundreds of his pupils now fighting life's battles here and there, would bear prompt testimony. The impress of his strong personality is upon them. Though dead, he continues to speak through them to the world. He gave to their lives a momentum that is ever bearing them on to better and still better things. It was a piece of great good fortune for the institution to have the services of such a man at such a time in its history. The period of his service

embraced many of the dark and perilous days of the college, days of poverty and sore struggle,—days made more dark and perilous because of the horrors of civil war which for years shook and well-nigh shattered the very pillars of our fair republic. But many battles other than those upon the field of blood and carnage, were fought in those days, and in one of them was involved the weal or woe, if not the very life of our college. But through it all, Professor Hamlin walked with firm step and erect bearing. He believed in the college, in its methods, its purposes, and its destiny. To its interests he was loyal to the core. He loved it with a love that nothing could quench. This he showed in manifold ways. Here is one of them.

I quote again from Dr. Bakeman. "When a strenuous effort was made in 1861 or '62 to raise funds for our needy college, different portions of the State were assigned to the faculty, from which to solicit money. To Professor Hamlin the counties of Hancock and Washington were given. Without a murmur, this sensitive, diffident man, much as he must naturally have shrunk from such a task, plunged into the wintry gloom of the coast towns of Eastern Maine in the forbidding season of December and January, and going from house to house became a beggar for the sake of the college. He secured quite a number of scholarships as the result of such laborious gleanings on that barren field. It is safe to say that all the

money he raised would never have tempted him to do for himself what he so cheerfully undertook for love and duty."

In lieu of money, of which he had but moderate store, Professor Hamlin bequeathed to the college the bulk of his library which was of good size and rare value. His books were his pride and his joy. Though not kept for mere ornament, they were cared for with a vigilant eye. He knew how to *use* and not abuse them. He knew also how best to make them tell in the interest of good learning for all time to come.

Another of Professor Hamlin's pains-taking services for the college was the collection of all its annual catalogues from its birth, a seemingly small matter at the first blush, but really a great matter when rightly viewed. The value of such a collection to the future historian of the institution can hardly be over-estimated. To his credit also should be largely placed the fine mural tablet in Memorial Hall,—the "Lion of Luŕerne,"—commemorative of Colby's fallen heroes in the War of the Rebellion. In short, if all he was to the college and all he did for it, could be eliminated and become as though it had never been, what a void would be created! This suggestion is no reflection upon his co-laborers during those twenty years. Their meed of praise may already have been spoken or may remain to be spoken. But in any event, their services cannot be belittled by rendering due credit to him.

They did their work and he did his, and their united and patient endeavors were so far crowned with the blessing of God, that the life and usefulness of the college were not only perpetuated, but the promise of a grand future made possible.

Thus far, what Professor Hamlin did at Waterville. Of what he did in his thirteen years at Harvard only a word can be spoken. At the time of his death, a Cambridge paper printed a paragraph said to have been contributed by Professor Agassiz, the very distinguished son of his more distinguished father, in which are the following appreciative words: "One of the most lovable men who ever walked the earth passed from among us last Sunday when Professor Hamlin died. It is difficult to speak of such as he was in fit terms, in terms that will not seem over-praise to those who had not the happiness of his intimate acquaintance; but to those who had,—and how many there are in his old home at Waterville, how many students who have been under his care, how many who have been associated with him in some way!—to such no words of admiration and reverence of his beautiful nature can seem to come up to his desert. 'Beautiful' is the fitting word. Such sweetness and purity, such stainless integrity, such delicacy and refinement, such graciousness and geniality of manner are rarely to be met with. It will be long before we look upon his like again. *His loss to science the university will keenly feel*; but beyond and above his work, to which he was devoted, was the man

himself, that most charming of companions, a simple-natured, loyal-hearted Christian gentleman. How warm the praise seems—but he deserved it all. It is a mournful satisfaction to lay this leaf of remembrance on his grave.”

We are here favored with a glimpse of the man as he appeared to other eyes than our own. The praise is indeed “warm” beyond what is common, but was evidently meant. To have uttered it in the presence of its subject would only have filled him with confusion. If he could have said anything, it surely would have been in honest deprecation of such eulogy. Pain rather than gratification would have been the outcome. He was too modest, too self-conscious of his own shortcomings and limitations, not to have felt in his innermost heart that the picture was over-drawn, and so untrue to life. But he surveyed himself from one standpoint, his friends surveyed him from another. His ideals were so far in advance of his attainments, that he saw, or thought he saw, quite as much of failure as of success in his career. It is commonly thus with men who best serve their race. The ideals which inspire them are so impossible of present and actual attainment, that what they *do* achieve is liable to seem of little account, and hence, they often walk along the path of life with chastened step, if not with clouded brow. Their joys may, indeed, be many, but these joys will not grow chiefly out of the consciousness of

the great things they have done, or are doing for their race. For on this point their misgivings are also many. They do not yet realize that they have "buildeâ better than they knew," and hence, will be filled with glad and wondering surprise when the King shall at the last address them, as his elect ones, saying "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Then shall they realize as they never realized before that service to God's creatures, and because they are His creatures, is the best and highest service to God himself.

XVII.

CHAPIN HUMPHREY.

An outline of Chapin Humphrey's earthly life can be traced in very few words. He was born in Yarmouth, Maine, September 27, 1823. After bidding adieu to the schools, of which he evidently made good use, he served an apprenticeship at the trade of wool-dressing and the manufacture of one of the lighter varieties of leather. On attaining to his majority in 1844, he began business in Belfast where he plied his trade for eight years. In 1852 he removed to Bangor which continued to be his home to the day of his death in 1874. As is usual in such cases, persistent industry, frugal habits, and good management won for him both position and wealth. In 1849 he married Miss Lucy L. Harris, also of Yarmouth, who survives him as the wife of the Rev. Dr. George W. Field of Bangor. No children were born to them. A few months before his death, Mr. Humphrey was elected into the Board of Trustees of Colby University. He was also a trustee of the Maine Baptist Missionary Convention, a society in which he felt a deep interest,

and to whose needs he ministered with a generous hand both directly and by testamentary provisions.

In the municipal affairs of his adopted city, he bore a prominent and creditable part, having been repeatedly and in due succession, called to serve on both its Boards of government. On the morning of November 30, 1874, while at his place of business, he was suddenly stricken with paralysis and though taken at once to his home, "he lingered in consciousness only long enough tenderly to press the rings upon the fingers of his wife,—pledges of his love,—and then towards evening to gradually pass into a deep sleep" from which he never awoke in this world.

With a view to the profit as well as pleasure of the reader, let a short season now be devoted to a study of his character. In this attempt I shall avail myself not only of my own memories, which are both vivid and tender, but of such other helps as are at hand. His pastor at the time of his death and for several years previous, was the Rev. F. T. Hazlewood, D. D., between whom and himself there was a strong tie of mutual fellowship and affection. On the Sunday next after the fatal stroke, Dr. Hazlewood preached a special and very appropriate sermon which, along with other tributes of esteem and affection, was afterwards printed in booklet form. Upon all these resources I shall draw as occasion may serve. Most of the characterizations are the result of my own observations,

but with them I shall blend the testimonies of others who had equal advantages for forming a correct estimate.

Mr. Humphrey's character was of the well-rounded variety. It had both fullness and symmetry. The nicely adjusted balance between its different parts was apparent to all. His self-poise, his modesty, his sincerity, his unfailing good nature, his delicate sense of right, his firmness, so happily tempered with kindness and charity, his faculty of discrimination, his knowledge of men and of current history, all worked together to form one blended whole that was as pleasant to look upon as it is delightful to remember.

Without special allusion to his conversion, this sketch would be unpardonably defective. He was trained in the stricter school of morals and religion. His parents were devout members of the Baptist church, and were all that that relation, in those days, implied. To them, the authority of the Bible was beyond question, and its prescribed ordinances of high and sacred import. The Sabbath day was an holy day, and the house of God a place of habitual and reverent resort. Daily family religion was as much a matter of course as the daily family meals. In such an atmosphere Chapin passed all his earlier years. In outward morals he was a pattern of propriety. It is not remembered that any vulgar or profane word ever passed his lips. In speech he was pure, in disposition amiable,

and in act without reproach. In a word, he was a model boy not in outward conduct alone, but, to all appearances, in thought and feeling. All the while, however, he lacked the one thing needful. Neither the influence of home or sanctuary or both combined, availed to bring him into personal and loving relations to Christ. On the contrary, soon after he commenced business for himself, he became somewhat sceptical, and less constant at public worship. But though often substituting a solitary stroll in the fields for a visit to the house of God, his mind was ill at ease. He could not forget the past. The memories of his boyhood days were vivid and potential. To lightly thrust them aside was a vain thought. They haunted his footsteps and troubled his night visions. The old home, the old sanctuary, the voices of prayer, the words of counsel, how tenaciously the memory of them clung to him while he seemed, for the time, to be drifting away from the faith of his parents and out into the dreary night of doubt and unbelief!

But rescue was at hand. His sceptical tendencies were suddenly checked, and on this wise. While he was thus tossing upon the uncertain tide of religious speculation, it chanced in the good providence of God that his pastor preached a series of sermons on the doctrine of human depravity. Mr. Humphrey heard them all, and they proved to him a word in season. As the discussion proceeded from week to week, he came to see the nature of

sin as never before. Hitherto he had mistaken the mere symptoms of the disease for the disease itself. A new light burst upon his vision. That it was possible for one to see and not perceive, was no longer paradoxical to him. His own consciousness bore witness to the fact. It was at once a revelation and a surprise. He saw with new eyes, and the sight startled him into action. The fact had now dawned upon him that sin, in its last analysis, is subjective rather than objective, that it must exist in essence before it can exist in speech or act, and this discovery, (strange that men are so slow to make it!) brought him face to face with the question of his own status before God. It proved the supreme crisis of his life.

He now saw, for the first time, how one could be a great sinner without being outwardly reckless and vile,—saw how possible it is for a man to have the approval and esteem of his fellows and still not be at one with God. What was to be done? Something, and that immediately. It was not like him to hesitate. The stated prayer-meeting was at hand, and wholly contrary to his usual habit and to the surprise of all, he was there. But a greater surprise awaited them, for before the meeting closed he arose and tearfully testified to his sense of sinfulness and his need of Divine help, and begged Christians to pray for him. With quiet mien, and in modest phrase, he spoke. His words were few but winged with power. All

hearts were thrilled, and many eyes were moist with emotion. Chapin Humphrey felt himself to be a lost sinner, and desired prayers! Some present could not understand it. There must be a mistake somewhere, they said, since *such* a man could have no need of repentance, and, therefore, no need of forgiveness. The old story over again. They saw but did not perceive. With him how different! Few men, at the commencement of their religious life, ever had a more intelligent perception of the *nature* of sin, nor was evidence of its pardon long withheld. Having thus come into possession of the inner Christian life, he lost no time in putting on its outward form. Avoiding, alike, unseemly haste and unnecessary delay, he solicited membership in the church at Belfast, and it was my privilege to lead him down into the holy waters of baptism.

This was in the spring of 1849, a few months before his marriage, and when about twenty-five years of his earthly life still remained to him. A quarter of a century allotted him to "serve his generation by the will of God!" It is not too much to say that during all those years he was faithful, quite beyond the average, in all the relations of life. His piety proved to be of the enduring and genuine stamp. There was in his outward demeanor no suggestion of cant, no hint of that shallow sanctimoniousness that deceives none but shallow minds. In him, nature had free play. None of his associates could fail to see and admire

the harmony between his outer and inner life. To their apprehension, he assumed nothing and concealed nothing. Sincerity was among his crowning virtues. Winning as a companion, devoted as a husband, kindly as a neighbor, faithful as a friend, public spirited as a citizen, wise as a counselor, generous as a giver, and true and helpful as a member of the church, he pursued the even tenor of his way, a blessing to all, and blessed by all. If it is true, as it surely was, that he had but few if any enemies, it was not because he lacked those stalwart qualities so essential to the best type of manhood. His was no effeminate nature. To his convictions he was as true as steel. To determine his course he only needed to know that a thing was right and its alternative wrong. But his spirit was so gentle, his honesty so transparent, and his points so well taken, that opposition was apt to be baffled if not abandoned at the start.

To the reader who really knew Mr. Humphrey, there is small danger that the above estimate will seem strained or fulsome. His was one of those rare characters that would bear the ordeal of a microscopic study. Whether as husband, or neighbor, or citizen, or church member, there was small danger that the test of the balances, however or whenever applied, would have found him wanting. In his domestic relations he was notably faithful,—faithful not so much as a matter of obligation as of tender and thoughtful devotion. His home was his

earthly paradise. The two, made one by conjugal ties, were sufficient for each other to a rare degree. And the same was approximately true of all his other relations in life; no matter to what sphere of activity they pertained. To his church vows he was constant as the sun. Both the Sabbath and week-day meetings found him in his place. He made it a point not to be absent without cause. Was the hour stormy, and the attendance likely to be small? He was especially careful to be one of the little company. Were heavy financial burdens in prospect? To him they were light. His share, and often much more than his share, was borne not only without a murmur, but with a cheerfulness and alacrity that was delightfully contagious. As a model giver, he stood in advance of all whom I have ever known, and my observation in that direction has been far from restricted. At first, the amounts were not large but they were many, and as his means increased, they increased.

Of the great field, which he regarded as *one*, he took an intillegent survey and then contributed to its different departments with rare discrimination as well as liberality. This habit dated almost from the day when he received the church's hand of welcome. Even in that early period of his religious life, he never waited to be asked, never waited for the church to move, but would quietly place in the hands of his pastor his offering, now for the foreign, now for the home, and now for the domestic depart-

ment. Nor were the education, or publication, or Bible societies forgotten. This at Belfast. How it was at Bangor the members of that church who still survive would testify out of full hearts. In a word, the good man simply loved to give to all worthy objects, and so, as God prospered him, he dispensed his gifts far and wide, but with a wise and discriminating foresight as to results.

But it is time that this sketch were verging to its conclusion. If, in its draft, I may seem to have been betrayed into exaggerated statements, it is a comfort to know that I am in excellent company. In proof of this, I am minded to cull here and there a paragraph from Dr. Hazzlewood's memorial sermon of which mention has already been made. Thus :

"His benevolence was like a hidden spring in the desert. His purse was emphatically the Lord's purse, and from it he took liberally, for the support of every good work. No one gave more heartily of his substance to the great Christian enterprises of the day ; no one bore more cheerfully the pecuniary burdens of the church."

"He was a man who carried his religion into the whole business of his life. With him the transition from the one to the other was not formal and abrupt, but natural and easy."

"The church had no greater friend than he."

"Possessed of such a character, and living such a life, he seemed to grow in all the graces of

true religion, until, at last, he stood forth among us as a beautiful illustration of the possible in the attainment of true manhood."

"He was a man to whom we could always point as a good illustration of the value of the Christian religion. For this reason also he was a strong anchor to hold men, who, tried by the inconsistencies of others, and by the low standard of morals in business life, almost lost their faith in Christianity, and drifted with the multitude out upon the wide sea of infidelity."

Thus far the pastor. Let us now listen to a brief word from Moses Giddings, Esq., the long-time and noted Superintendent of the Sunday School. This word will be the final and fitting word to be here put upon record:

"Those who are teaching here now, have been associated together for many years; some for more than a quarter of a century; and for nearly all that time, he whose loss fills us with so much sadness, has been a teacher with us."

"Our brother qualified himself for his work here, taking special care to be thoroughly informed upon the lesson of the day. He studied well; he thought well. With a nicely balanced mind, he brought to the study of the word a thoughtful and reverent spirit; and when he spoke, it was not only what he had well considered, but also clearly understood."

"In all the essential requisites of manly and Christian character, his life passed steadily onward and upward, maturing, as was evident to us all, when suddenly, with his sun at its meridian, without a cloud in his sky, or a shadow on his path, before sorrow, or disappointment, or adversity had come upon him, in the high noon of his life, the Angel, whose garment is a cloud, was commissioned to come down and bear him hence;—who, on his coming, sprung an arch across the dark valley over which he passed, without so much as seeing the waters of the river which rolled below,—the name of which is Death. He passed up the shining way; the gate of the celestial city swung open; the music of its heavenly chorus burst upon his ears; and he passed into the presence of God and the Lamb to go no more out forever. O! brother beloved, citizen of Zion, what a favored lot is thine! We send thee salutation upon thy peaceful accession to the joys of Paradise."

XVIII.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD BOSWORTH.

BY REV. HENRY M. KING, D. D.

Dr. George W. Bosworth was pastor of the Free street Baptist church in Portland from February 1855 till September 1865. Immediately upon coming into the State he identified himself with the interests of the denomination at large, and became not only a successful pastor of the important church which he served, but a wise and valuable helper of the denomination in a critical period of its history. He was at that time in the prime of a vigorous manhood, well fitted by native gifts and by education and experience, by broad views and intelligent sympathies, to take a place among the acknowledged leaders of the Baptists in Maine. No history of the denomination, covering this period, would be complete, without a recognition of his able and valuable services.

Dr. Bosworth was born in Bellingham, Norfolk Co., Mass., September 30, 1818. His home was a Christian home, and his attention was early given to the claims of Christ upon him. At the age of

thirteen he professed conversion, and united with the Baptist church of which his parents were members, being baptized by the pastor, Rev. Calvin Newton. From the first he was active as a Christian. He cultivated the gift of God that was in him, and gave promise of the readiness of utterance which afterwards distinguished him. Guided by personal conviction and the approval of friends, he sought an education with a view to the Christian ministry. His pastor, being soon called to a Professorship in Waterville, welcomed young Bosworth into his family. Here he pursued his preparatory and collegiate studies, being a member of the college class of 1837. Regaining his health which had been somewhat impaired, he took the full course in Newton Theological Institution and graduated in 1841, at the age of twenty-three.

In September of that year he was ordained as pastor of a newly formed Baptist church in Medford, Mass. Here he labored wisely and successfully for nearly five years, and was then called to the pastorate of the South Baptist church in Boston. In this larger field he remained for nine years. During his ministry the church was greatly increased and strengthened, and he acquired a reputation as an able preacher, a faithful pastor, and a judicious administrator of church affairs. He was now prepared for what was in some respects the most important ministry and the most influential service of his life.

The Free Street church cordially welcomed him as the worthy successor of the beloved Rev. Jeremiah S. Eaton. The congregation was one of unusual intelligence, and was deeply appreciative of his thoughtful and earnest presentations of Divine truth. The people responded to his suggestion, and at once set about renovating and beautifying their house of worship. The congregations increased in size. The benevolence of the church was developed, and many spiritual fruits from the congregation and Sunday School were gathered into the church. The growth was continuous and healthy. Under his counsel and the inspiration of his example no less than three of the young men of the church were at the same time in the process of preparation for the Christian ministry. It was a period of great prosperity to the church and to the denomination in the city. Dr. Bosworth took rank with the oldest and strongest pastors in the other denominations, and commanded the respect of the entire community. At the First Baptist church the pastorate of Dr. William H. Shailer, the long-time friend and true yoke-fellow of Dr. Bosworth, had ante-dated the Free Street pastorate by a single year, and together they worthily championed the faith as held by our denomination in Portland, and made their influence felt throughout the State.

Two events during Dr. Bosworth's ministry in Portland revealed his wise leadership and

the strength and genuineness of his character. The financial crisis of 1857, which affected the whole country, was followed by a religious awakening no less widespread, the most remarkable, probably, of this century. That revival, in Portland, was traceable to a daily morning prayer-meeting appointed by Dr. Bosworth in his church, and open to the public. The meetings continued (not always in the same place) for fifteen months, and were characterized by great power. They brought very rich blessings to all the churches which participated in them. In the year 1858, more than one hundred persons were welcomed by Dr. Bosworth to the church, about three-quarters of them by baptism. The work was serious, genuine and free from extravagances, and the fruits were permanent and added great strength to the church.

Then followed the War of the Rebellion with its bloodshed and sorrow, its wasted resources, its enormous sacrifice of life, its trial of faith in God and in the perpetuity of the Republic, and its demand for Christian sympathy and Christian patriotism. Dr. Bosworth thought clearly, spoke strongly and hopefully even in the darkest days, and commanded the attention and inspired the courage of his congregation and of his fellow citizens, by his noble, patriotic utterances. No pulpit pleaded more eloquently in defence of national union and human freedom, and none more effectively. Fifty men

enlisted from his congregation and went to the front, some of them never to return. Among them was his oldest son, the costliest sacrifice the father could make for the cause of freedom. Women, too, volunteered their services in the hospital and on the battle field. In honor of the living father and the dead son, a Grand Army Post in Portland, was named "Bosworth," commemorating the patriotic devotion of one no less than the other.

The Baptists of the State were not slow to recognize the character and the ability of the new pastor who had come among them. He was at once made the Secretary of the Baptist Education Society and faithfully filled the position until he retired from the State, and was soon made a Trustee of Waterville College, (now Colby University,) and for twenty-two years gave to this honored institution an amount of thought and self-denying service of which no record would be adequate. He was deeply interested in the cause of education, both ministerial and general, and clearly perceived its vital connection with the growth and progressive influence of the denomination. His coming to Maine was providentially timed. The future of the college seemed precarious. It had apparently reached a crisis in its history. Dr. Bosworth had broad views of what was necessary, strength of faith, wisdom and courage of purpose. His influence was felt in the college counsels. He knew men. He knew Massachusetts men. He

knew Gardner Colby. To say that "Dr. Bosworth took a very active part in the service which secured the endowment of Colby University" is a simple statement of fact. While to no one man should be ascribed the credit of an accomplishment to which many hands and hearts were earnestly given, yet should the history of the endowment, the enlargement, the regeneration of Colby University be fully written, the name of Dr. Bosworth would be found to occupy a very conspicuous place.

The President of the college had no warmer friend or more helpful ally in the great undertaking than the Portland pastor. The college appreciated the character and labors of its son. It had conferred upon him the degree of M. A., in 1854. It honored him with the degree of D. D., in 1862. After his removal from the State, his interest in his Alma Mater still continued. It was fitting that at the dedication of the Memorial Hall, August 10, 1869, he should be invited to deliver the address. The address reveals the man who delivered it. It is filled with the loftiest patriotism, the sublimest faith in God, and an unshaken confidence in our institutions of learning as the bulwarks and defenders of the nation, developing and nourishing true manhood, inculcating the spirit of subordination and loyalty, educating the conscience and fostering the spirit of true religion,—all expressed in the most eloquent and fervid rhetoric. The address will stand as a truthful and imperishable portrait of the man himself.

During Dr. Bosworth's residence in Maine, there was no object pertaining to the progress of truth and the Redeemer's kingdom at home or abroad, which did not receive his warmest sympathy and support. After ten years of exhausting labor, he sought such rest and recuperation as a change of field brings, and accepted a call to the pulpit of the First church, Lawrence, Mass. His ministry here, though brief, continuing less than four years, was blessed to him and the people. In 1869 he became pastor of the venerable First church in Haverhill, Mass., and for ten years gave to it the benefit of his ripe experience, his larger knowledge, his instructive preaching from the pulpit and his sympathetic ministry from house to house. A service so rich and wise could not fail to be greatly appreciated. This was his last pastorate.

From the care of the individual church, he was now called to the care of many churches. In 1879 the Massachusetts Baptist State Convention, needing a man of rare judgment and commanding influence to look after the interests of the smaller churches in the State, selected Dr. Bosworth as its General Secretary. "Feeling that this call was imperative, he resigned at Haverhill and at once took charge of this larger work. For such a service he had many admirable qualifications. He was a good leader, a wise counsellor, a ready manager, and a man of independent, though safe judgment. He was fertile in resources and had tact and skill equal to any

emergencies. He could command with authority or plead with tenderness." In this important and delicate service, which called into exercise all the stores of his wisdom as well as of his sympathy, he spent the closing years of his useful life. He died at his home in Wakefield, Mass., January 19, 1888.

In addition to the positions already mentioned, Dr. Bosworth was for fourteen years Corresponding Secretary of the Northern Baptist Education Society, for more than twenty years a Trustee of Newton Theological Institution and Secretary of the board, and for many years Recording Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. These numerous burdens which were laid upon him by his brethren were indicative of their esteem and confidence. He looked upon them not as places of honor so much as places of service, in which he could be useful in promoting holy causes which lay near his heart. They always sought him, not he them, and received his most earnest and pains-taking effort. They meant to him in every instance added thought and anxiety and toil. He coveted no empty honor. When he took from the post office the letter announcing that the college had conferred upon him the Doctorate of Divinity, he was heard to say "I fear more will be expected of me now than before." He lost sight of the distinction in the thought of the new demands. The motto of his life was truly the same as that of his Divine Master,—"I am among you as he that serveth."

As has been intimated, Dr. Bosworth's preaching was thoughtful, instructive and thoroughly scriptural. It was calculated to persuade men to an intelligent belief in the great and reasonable doctrines and duties of Christianity, and to build up character solidly in truth and righteousness. He appealed to the reason and conscience rather than to the emotions, and thoughtful hearers were edified by his discourses. He believed strongly in the truths of Revelation, and his utterance was always earnest and forceful. He held firmly to his denominational views, but was not a controversialist. He was full of charity and good will to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. He could bring forth things new and old out of the Scriptures, but evidently preferred the old. In his judgment, conservative preaching produced the most radical changes in character and life. He drew his illustrations from the Bible, from history and biography, and from nature. He never related anecdotes or told stories in the pulpit, never said anything for momentary effect, and never forgot that he stood in Christ's stead, commissioned to deliver God's message of reconciliation to men. He never said or did anything in the pulpit or out of it that was beneath the dignity of a Christian minister. His sermons always showed thoughtful preparation, and often produced profound and lasting impressions.

As a pastor Dr. Bosworth was attentive and sympathetic. Though naturally quiet in demeanor

and careful in utterance, he could adapt himself to all classes and be at home in all circumstances. He knew his people and they knew him. He won not only their respect, but their confidence and love. In perplexity and affliction, in the varied experiences of human need, they never looked to him in vain. He was ever watchful for opportunities to direct the thoughts of old and young to spiritual things, and knew how to use them wisely and successfully. Whether people wished it or not, he was ready, and more than ready, to be their spiritual adviser. In conduct and conversation he never so far forgot himself, that a religious turn to the conversation seemed inappropriate. If he erred at all, it was on the safe side of reserve, rather than on the side of too great freedom. Without a touch of affectation, he was always and everywhere the true friend, the faithful pastor, the welcome and respected Christian minister. The ideal of ministerial life and service which Dr. Bosworth illustrated was a noble and inspiring one. He was a sincere, unselfish, conservative, able, useful, manly minister of Jesus Christ. He served well his day and generation, and fell asleep within a few months of the end of man's allotted time on the earth.

In the eighty-sixth annual report of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, in the service of which Dr. Bosworth was at the time of his death, Rev. Dr. C. M. Bowers, that prince of obituary writers, concludes an appreciative and admirable tribute to

his memory in these words: "In Dr. Bosworth's character there were no weak elements. He was genuine as a man throughout. His heart had like glorious strength with his intellect. He was deeply religious and always ready for any service that might advance the cause of Christ. Few men have been so conspicuous before the denomination in various ways, and his death was like the removal of something that was a part of every one of us.'

XIX.

JAMES McWHINNIE.

BY REV. HENRY CROCKER.

In the autumn of 1874, Rev. James McWhinnie, Jr., visited the Free Street Baptist Church in Portland, Maine, which was then seeking a pastor. He had consented to come only after much persuasion. The important question pending led the people to observe him closely. As he walked to the pulpit platform the swing of his well-proportioned body, and the peculiar tread of his left heel, betrayed to some the fact that he was supported on that side by an artificial leg, and awakened instant sympathy, and memories of the days when many brave men left limbs on Southern battlefields. To some minds came the natural query, whether his lameness might not be a hindrance to him in pastoral work. The stranger's face was manly and full of expression. His voice was mellow and musical, of wide compass and under good control. His reading of hymns and Scripture was true to the sentiment and remarkably flowing and rhythmical. His prayer was reverential, simple, unaffected worship, as if he

was conscious of the friendly presence of the infinite God. The breadth of his sympathies, his knowledge of human needs, and his confidence in God were manifest in his fervent petitions.

His sermon was simple, clear, convincing, soul-stirring. Without any manifest attempt at oratory, he was eloquent. His interpretations of Scripture were clear and satisfying; his illustrations apt and impressive; his appeals earnest and affectionate. It was evident that he was not seeking simply to please the people but to preach the word and to please God.

When introduced to new friends his greetings were warm and hearty, his conversation easy and without any sign of self consciousness. He met strangers as though they had been friends. He left upon all an impression of Christian manliness.

As was natural he won the confidence of the Free Street people, a people proverbially appreciative of true men. With unassumed modesty he hesitated before accepting their urgent call, distrusting his ability to maintain a position so ably filled by previous pastors; but at length he consented, and began a happy and successful pastorate of more than nine years, which was reluctantly ended by a call which seemed to be imperative duty. The work which he did in Portland, and the wider influence he exerted by voice and pen and deed entitle him to most honorable mention among the worthy pastors of Maine, who being dead, yet

peak, and will long be cherished in loving remembrance.

James McWhinnie, Jr., was born in Thompsonville, Conn., March 6, 1840. His ancestors were typical Scotchmen. His father was an intelligent, sturdy Christian. His mother is described, by one who knew her well, as "a woman of acute mental faculties, and deep sympathies." She belonged to the Scottish Kirk; but after much meditation, prayer and restudy of the New Testament, without conference with anyone, she was led clearly and completely into Baptist views, and her soul received a diviner illumination and confidence which were ever to her a joyful experience. She was baptized by Rev. S. D. Phelps, D. D., in 1857.

Two years after his mother's baptism, Nov. 5, 1853, James was baptized by Rev. N. M. Perkins and united with the Baptist church in Waterbury, where the family had established a home. He was in his fourteenth year, and according to the church record he gave "an interesting relation of Christian experience." Much of his boyhood was spent in the factory, where he earned good wages as a bur-nisher. When seventeen years old he received an intellectual impulse which never lost its force. Happily we have an account of this in his own language.

"In 1857, during the hard times, while out of employment, I became impressed with the duty to get an education. I began to prepare for school, and in the following year, entered the Connecticut

Literary Institute at Suffield. There I became a member of a literary society that held a debate every Friday night. The very air was full of the great controversy over the question of slavery, its extension or repression. No one dared to hope for its abolition. Our debates naturally ran in political lines, generally on the burning questions of the day. To take up any other questions seemed a waste of time. We youngsters easily found our arguments, *pro* and *con*, in the great debates continually going on in Congress. Unfortunately for the fair balance of things, there was not a Democrat in our society. Somebody must take up the side of the question against his convictions and this task generally fell to me. For a year or more I had to uphold the pro-slavery side of the discussion. This was not to my liking, yet it did me good, giving me a broader view of the matter than if I had not been compelled to put myself in the slaveholder's place. I became very glib on their side, and often had the satisfaction of winning from the President the decision the weight of argument on my side, while we all voted against the weight of argument on the merits of the question."

This bit of autobiography helps us account for much that followed his school days. His teacher was Prof. H. A. Pratt. Those days at Suffield were often referred to with pleasure. There he became intimately acquainted with Louise Shailer, daughter of Rev. N. E. Shailer of Deephaven, Conn., whom he afterward married.

In 1861, he entered Rochester University. But soon he felt the irresistible duty to give himself to the defence of his country. In August 6, 1862, he enlisted as a corporal of Company H, 20th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers. He was promoted to the rank of sergeant. No soldier ever enlisted with more intelligent and intense convictions or more patriotic ardor than he. He served in the Army of the Potomac until May 20, 1863. Within this short time he shared in all the phases of army life, the dull drudgery of camp life and drill; the fatigue of marches, hunger, and sometimes needless exposure through some one's blunders; sickness in the hospital, and one well nigh fatal battle. When his regiment was ordered to the front he was in Washington, in a hospital, where he had been sick with a fever. He longed to join his regiment, volunteered to go and was denied permission. But he said "If I cannot be sent I will go myself," and he did go at the risk of detention and court martial. He joined the regiment on the eve of the fight at Chancellorsville.

In the midst of that disastrous battle, his company with two others was surrounded. His Captain hesitated whether to surrender or attempt to fight the way out. McWhinnie advised charging upon the enemy. At close range he was shot, a minnie ball completely shattering his left knee, and ploughing its way through the muscles above the right knee. He fell, and was left amid the dead

and dying, within the lines of the Confederates who were pursuing the retreating Union troops. For thirteen days he lay upon the battlefield before receiving surgical attention. The woods where he lay took fire and with two broken muskets for crutches, he dragged himself out, and with his last greenback induced some rebels to bring a comrade out. The weather for four days was cold and wet, and his sufferings intense. Attempting to sleep, his arms folded over his breast would slip off into the cold water with a splash which put an end to sleep. Food was scarce and poor. Ambulances came near and turned away, in search of men in another corps. Daily disappointment came, and it seemed as though death must come sooner than relief. At length help came, then a dreadful ambulance ride over corduroyed roads, and through deep mud to a hospital at Aquia Creek, where his left leg was amputated above the knee. The wound had hardly healed, when a terrible abscess necessitated another surgical operation, and later, bone disease made a third necessary. Life was brought to the very verge of death, and only the most tenacious vitality could have survived the dreadful suffering. He came out of the army sadly weak and crippled.

Added to all was deep affliction. His mother, who had hastened to his help when he was first wounded and had returned home, died suddenly of heart disease, which was aggravated, no doubt, by news of James' critical condition under the later

surgical operations. Then a sister and two brothers followed the mother to the spirit world. Upon the sufferings of those days he rarely ever spoke, but they made their lasting mark on his life and character.

In September, 1864, he entered the Sophomore class in Brown University. His personal qualities and scholarly traits soon made him a marked man. He declined to unite with any of the secret societies, but threw his whole force into one of the open societies. There were students who outranked him by the marking system then in vogue. He did not study for marks or for recitation merely, but spent much time in reading. His mind was far more mature than most of his classmates. During his college course his religious convictions underwent complete review; and, as a result, he came into stronger, more confident and unquestioning faith. He was graduated in 1867.

In the fall of the same year he entered Newton Theological Institution. An incident at the very opening of the course revealed the spirit of the man. He applied with others for the aid of the Education Society. During the examination a painfully suggestive remark was made to one of the students by a member of the Board. McWhinnie, upon hearing of it, keenly resented it, and promptly declined the assistance of the Society. He would not allow himself for an instant to stand where the purity of his motives could be held under the least

suspicion. He was, no doubt, over sensitive in this instance, but no one could help admiring his manly independence and high sense of honor. It may be added that this incident did not permanently estrange him from the Education Society and its work. His magnanimity was afterward as manifest as his sensitiveness had been. By his manliness and fidelity as a student he made a happy impression upon the faculty. Says Dr. Hovey, "He gained without effort, and retained to the last, the confidence and love of his teachers:" Among his fellow students he was always popular. They enjoyed his breezy conversation and ready wit, his frankness and fearless independence, his knowledge and thirst for wisdom. He exerted among them a powerful personal influence. His first sermon was preached during his theological course. The theme was "Recognition of Friends in Heaven." He commenced his ministry as a Son of Consolation. He completed his course at Newton in June, 1870.

August 10, 1870, he married Louise Shailer. That wedding day was marked by much that was beautiful and picturesque. So many were the loved intimates that wished to be bridesmaids and groomsmen that with impartial love they received them all, and they formed in happy procession, and under the leafy shade trees of the village, walked to the church where the couple, flanked on either hand by their friends, were married by their beloved pastor Rev. J. N. Chase. There was something Arcadian in the festivities that followed.

His first pastorate was in Lansingburgh, N. Y., where he was ordained May 25, 1870. There he labored faithfully for four years.

From Lansingburgh he was called to the Free Street Church in Portland. If any at the outset entertained fears that he might not be able to do pastoral work they were soon reassured of his ability. With unwearied patience he devoted himself to his people, going from house to house. In all his peoples' homes he was a frequent and welcome guest. He fed the flock, he led them through paths that taxed his power of leadership. His pulpit preparations were thorough and his utterances were with the authority of truth spoken in love. His leadership in social meetings was edifying, evangelistic and fruitful. Upon this pastorate let his beloved people speak for themselves. Upon the records of the church is this appreciative testimonial recorded after his death.

"His memory is endeared to us by ties most tender, and we shall continue to associate with his name the career of an able and eloquent preacher, a successful pastor, a warm-hearted friend and Christian brother, an excellent citizen, and a self-sacrificing patriot of the highest and purest type. Nor can we fail to recognize with thankfulness the universal respect in which he was held in this community, and the wide extent of his usefulness as a leader in efforts to promote the public good and the advancement of Christian enterprise in all departments,"

The simple record of his ministry in Portland is thus made in the semi-centennial discourse of the church :

"Dr. McWhinnie's term of service covered a little more than nine years. These were years of toil, earnest and untiring, and resulted in great blessing to all concerned. Nearly two hundred united with the church, of which number more than one hundred were baptized. Dr. McWhinnie's work was characterized by his high sense of truth and his faithful declaration of it in public and in private. He had decided opinions and proclaimed them. A clear head and a warm heart united in the service, and abiding results followed."

Says Dr. H. M. King : "It may be said truthfully that that people never had a ministry that was more loyal to the truth, more thoroughly devoted to the highest interests of the church, more wholesome and uplifting in its influence, and more fruitful in permanent results in the character of the church and the life of the members. The name of Dr. McWhinnie is a household word in Portland, and many who own him as their spiritual father, and helper, and friend, rise up to-day and thank God for this great gift to their lives."

With no little pain to both pastor and people this pastorate ended in May, 1884, when he accepted a call to the First Baptist Church of Cambridge, Mass. His labors in this important position were extremely arduous. The difficulties met and over-

come, the work accomplished during the eight years of this pastorate, exhibit the strength and manliness of his character, which were taxed to their utmost.

In addition to the duties of his pastorate he entered with zest into the wider activities and responsibilities of a metropolitan minister. He identified himself with educational interests. Brown University, his Alma Mater, honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Newton Theological Institution placed him on the Board of Trustees. By his influence the late Deacon J. W. Cook of Cambridge became interested in Hebron Academy and bestowed on it a generous bequest. He gave his powerful influence to the cause of temperance. The war veterans of the G. A. R. found him a comrade indeed. In the Boston Ministers' Conference his influence was strong. No good cause appealed to him in vain. His contributions to the columns of religious papers were many and always full of interest. An eager reader of newspapers and current periodicals, he kept himself thoroughly informed upon all questions under public discussion, and had his own pronounced convictions concerning them which he was able to express clearly on proper occasions.

But amid all his excessive labors he maintained a buoyant spirit. He found relief in song and restful reading, and in social and domestic pleasures. In his family he was happy with his faithful wife

and his two children, a son and a daughter. In vacations he sought retreats where Nature's scenes and voices spoke peace to him, and stirred within him emotions, which sooner or later, found expression in purest verse or poetic prose. He visited the old battle fields, and in days of peace, reviewed the scenes of war. Drawn by the fascinations of that field at Chancellorsville where he suffered as few men ever do and live. he visited it, and with a rebel soldier, sat under the apple trees once more, and with wife and boy drank from the memorial spring, to the memory of the blue and gray. At length, he was permitted to carry out a life-long wish to visit the Old World. With his son James he crossed the ocean, and amid scenes which history had made him familiar with, he spent a delightful season. Returning he had the great joy of baptizing this dear son and welcoming him into the church. His life seemed never more happy, and fruitful and promising. He was reaching out for men everywhere, his sympathies extending to the ends of the earth. He heard the cry of the Alaskan children and voiced them in lines which will long be sung, a sweet memorial hymn. But in the midst of his high employments and corresponding delights, he was suddenly prostrated by a fatal disease, and after brief illness, on March 2, 1892, he departed to that country of which he loved so often in Scottish verse to sing.

His bereaved people have recorded their estimate of their pastor in the following words :

“Therefore, We, as a church, have it in our hearts to put on our records some expression of our sorrow at such a loss. We desire also to declare our ever increasing love for our pastor, our growing appreciation of his faithful labors, and our constantly deepening respect for him as a consecrated Christian minister, and a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

As a preacher of the gospel, and a teacher of the Word of God, our pastor has won our grateful esteem by his careful, conservative, intelligent and faithful unfolding of the Holy Scriptures, as well as by his practical, fearless and wise application of them to our needs. His preaching has ever been ‘speaking the truth in love’—‘as the truth is in Jesus.’

We believe our pastor to have been one of the best among many noble examples of what is most truly desirable in a Christian minister at the present day. We believe him to have been one of those best fitted to build up the church of Christ in love of truth and true holiness, on the great and beautiful principles of the Word of God.

As a pastor Dr. McWhinnie has greatly endeared himself to us all by the constant though unprofessional manifestation of a tender and sympathetic heart. His presence in chambers of sickness has always been a comfort and a cheer ; his wise counsels have encouraged the doubting ; his prayers

and consolations have strengthened the faith of the dying. When we have borne out our dead, his ministrations have been as balm and oil to our wounded hearts. In all our afflictions he was afflicted with us. With a true shepherd's care he sought to lead us in the paths of righteousness.

Considered as a man, we rejoice in our pastor's irreproachable character. Honorable in all his dealings, he was straightforward as a sunbeam in seeking all his aims and purposes. Sincerity was the very warp and woof of his nature, the key-note to his whole character. We thank God to-day for his genuine and impressive manhood, as an example to our children and an inspiration to us all.

We desire, finally, to express our gratitude to the Great Head of the church that he has permitted us, in his merciful kindness, to enjoy for nearly eight years the faithful and helpful ministry of so inspiring and instructive a preacher; so tender and watchful a pastor; and so noble and true a man.

He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. He wears the crown.'

The Boston Baptist Ministers' Conference, desiring to put on record some fitting testimonial commemorative of Rev. James McWhinnie, D. D., embodied their appreciation and affection in the following tribute:

"With deep and unfeigned sorrow and surprise, the tidings of his death, on the evening of March 2d, came to us all. He had sat among us so

recently, we could hardly believe the first sad words.

We recognized in him unusual qualities of mind and heart. Nature had nobly endowed him. Culture had refined in him the choicest intellectual gifts. His abilities as a preacher were of the highest order. He had a traditional fondness for the stalwart and essential truths of the gospel, and these he preached with great simplicity and persuasiveness. His power of appeal was centered in the soul, chastened and all aglow with the truth he pressed home to the acceptance of others. His life was singularly illustrative of the gospel he preached, and he was a true exponent of the faith he proclaimed.

Dr. McWhinnie was catholic and charitable. He was conscientious and consistent. His path of life was cut for him in the truth, and in the truth alone, and he asked no man's pardon for walking in that path. For him life was too intense and too short for either compliments or apologies. He saw at a quick glance what was noble or genuine in his brethren, and none was quicker than he to touch them with his modest approval. He detested sham.

He has a two-fold eulogy in the character he bore and in the work he wrought. His heroic soul panoplied itself in an armor of duty, and when anchored to duty he was unswerving. He had a heart as sensitive and delicate as that of the tenderest child. In-wrought into his impressive per-

sonal, masculine attributes of manhood were the softest, sweetest graces of affection and sympathy. He could forge thunderbolts, he could cast in the mould of his dreams the most exquisite poetry.

Dr. McWhinnie had a high sense of the dignity of a personal manhood. He believed in the reserve of human life. The secrets of his individual suffering, as a soldier in our late war, were things with which, in his opinion, the world had nothing to do. He rarely opened those secrets. He left a record for his children, found after his death, which told the story as it was never told before.

Dr. McWhinnie was as transparent as sunlight, as true as steel, as pure as gold, as genuine as mortal could be. He was an ornament to the Christian ministry. He has adorned the doctrines he professed with a beautiful life."

To these loving and appreciative tributes little need be added, and yet, all who knew him well find any brief sketch of his life unsatisfactory. All will agree that the tributes recorded are not extravagant eulogies. His friends said among themselves, when he was living, more than they could say when their hearts were smitten with the grief caused by his death. None would claim that he was faultless. He had his conflicts with himself as all have. But his virtues so far outnumbered his faults and so illumed him that no one thought of him as other than one of the most manly and most Christian of Christian men.

In one of his letters written to comfort an intimate classmate he says : "You remember my first sermon was on the 'Recognition of Friends in Heaven.' I have never ceased to believe it. Let us cling to our hope and work on trustfully a little longer, and then you and even I shall realize the glorious truth which you first preached, 'Said I not unto thee that if thou would'st believe thou shouldest see the glory of God?' The Resurrection morning is coming, the last farewell has been spoken to the dear ones, the next shall be the greetings of joy unspeakable and full of glory."

XX.

GEORGE PENDLETON MATHEWS.

BY REV. W. A. NEWCOMBE.

George Pendleton Mathews,* the subject of this sketch, was born at Lincolville, Waldo county, Maine, August 19, 1818. The place was but thinly settled, the inhabitants mostly farmers, and the advantages of schools and churches were limited. The number of pupils in the district was so small that the public money was insufficient to keep a school more than ten weeks in the year. These limited opportunities, however, our brother highly appreciated and exerted himself to improve. At thirteen years of age, he tells us, he first "awoke to the importance of improving his mind and acquiring all the knowledge within his power." This longing deepened throughout his life and made him the earnest student he ever continued. His progress, however, in these early years was of

* Only a few weeks before his death, Dr. Mathews sent the author his sketch of Rev. Amariah Kalloch printed elsewhere in this volume. How little he then thought that his own memorial would appear in the same volume!

necessity slow. So that it was not until he was fifteen, that he began the study of mathematics and English grammar.

Nor was there anything as yet to develop any especial purpose in study or to separate him in any degree from the life about him, until in the providence of God, as I judge, while at work in a lime quarry on his father's farm, he received a bodily injury which at once changed all the outlook. He realized, as did others, that being unfitted henceforth for a laborious occupation, he must endeavor to secure an education. Accordingly, with the thought of preparing himself for the profession of medicine he began attending school in the village of Camden six miles from his home. Here the advantages were better and with the diligence born of a purpose, he applied himself to new studies.

Of his Christian life which more particularly concerns us, we are able to form a very clear idea from his journal. At the age of twelve he received his first religious impressions. Gospel services were held at the time in the district and during these "he felt himself a lost sinner." But these feelings soon faded away, for his heart "though young was proud and hard." When he was sixteen, the Methodists held meetings in Lincolnton Center where many of his most intimate friends were converted, but with no deeper feeling than "an occasional solemnity he went through the revival heedless and unconcerned." Three years passed with no recurrence of serious

impressions, when the Free Baptists had meetings in the community. Here his old convictions returned with power, to which at length he gave expression by going among others to the "anxious seat." Here the "light of truth broke in upon his soul; a strange new peace filled his heart; a sense of nearness to the people of God took possession of him, and he felt he had passed from death unto life."

It was immediately after this that he entered the school in Camden to which allusion has been made. Here, as with so many on leaving home for the first time, his faith suffered eclipse. Among other things he heard for the first time the doctrine of "Universal Salvation" preached and talked. This proved a great snare to him. For if true, he reasoned quite naturally, "wherein the particular necessity of struggling against self and sin." He seemed indeed for a time in danger of embracing this faith, for he attended a school soon after taught by a man of this persuasion in whose abilities and character he had great confidence. Thus, instead of "searching the Scriptures for himself he accepted the reasonings of others and labored for a time to ground his hope, in the general mercy of God." But the fact, which he quickly observed, that such doctrine injuriously affected his life furnished a corrective. In reviewing this period from a distance, he makes the remark that "liberal notions in religion were with him invariably accompanied with remissness in conduct, while evangelical truth issued in greater watchfulness and prayer."

As a result of this experience, however, he continued for some two years in a state of spiritual declension, teaching and at intervals attending school. During a series of meetings held at Lincolnville Centre where he had been first awakened, he was happily restored to his former views of truth and became established in the faith and hope of the Gospel. In the course of these meetings he says that remorse of conscience took hold upon him as to bring him almost into despair and he was obliged for a time to leave the place. But he soon returned "though to still longer resist the strivings of the Spirit." The conflict was severe and protracted and "he found no peace by day or by night." His Christian friends made him a subject of earnest prayer. At last the pressure of his convictions become so great that he was forced to pray for himself and after much supplication he obtained pardoning mercy. Soon after this it was his privilege to hear the preaching of Rev. C. G. Porter of Searsmont. Hope Corner, within a mile of Brother Mathew's home, was one of his stations. Now he found what his soul needed—the bread of life. The preaching was adapted to his tastes, as well as clear, convincing, biblical, spiritual. It satisfied both mind and heart.

His doubts disappeared, his wanderings ceased. His soul was established in the truth and upon a profession of his faith he was baptised by Rev. C. G. Porter, uniting with the Baptist church in Hope.

This was in April, 1841. His time was still occupied in teaching and at times in attending school, taking up gradually more advanced studies such as Latin, Algebra and land surveying, and as yet apparently with the practice of medicine in view. But his journal reveals the gradual awaking of a new taste that soon carried him in another direction. A love for Christian work sprang up. A longing for the salvation of others. He became concerned for the conversion of his pupils. He took increasing delight in hearing the Gospel and quite full abstracts of the sermons he heard appear henceforth in his journal. His memory thus trained seemed really wonderful for he was able throughout his life to recall apparently all the sermons and addresses he had ever heard, not only the themes but their outlines and development. Though as yet it would seem he knew it not, his powers were being educated for the work he was to do.

The ordination of Rev. Amos Pendleton at Hope, impressed him deeply. To be set apart to the work of the Lord seemed to him "a most beautiful and sacred calling." "The great privilege of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ" took strong hold upon him. He was seeking earnestly at the time the salvation of his own brothers as well as of other particular friends, making them all the subjects of prayer and effort. His tastes and tendencies were rapidly converging into a single channel. His spiritual life was growing richer and deeper.

The sun of righteousness had arisen upon him and all things were bathed in light and heat. His journal covering this period is filled with expressions of holy joy and wonder, adoration and praise. What immediately arrested his attention as to the possible meaning of so many concurrent influences we are not told. The first intimation that he was awakened to the consciousness of his call, occurs under the date March 28, 1842. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Is it possible thou hast chosen me out of the world of sin and folly to proclaim the gospel of Thy Son?"

The conviction of duty had come. The choice was made, and henceforth all the forces within him concentrate to the accomplishment of his purpose. He preached his first sermon in Lincolnville in March, 1843, among his own people from Luke, 14:33, but feeling deeply his lack of preparation for the great work, in June of the same year, he went to East Thomaston, now Rockland, to study with Rev. Amariah Kalloch. This gifted man was then at the height of his popularity; his audiences being limited only by the size of the house where he preached. Under his supervision Brother Mathews began a systematic course of Bible study accompanied with general history which continued for two years. The experience acquired in occasional preaching and Christian work, the studies pursued, as well as the eloquent and instructive sermons to which he listened made these years very

profitable. At the recommendation of Mr. Kalloch, he spent one year after this at New Hampton Theological Institution. Thus equipped, he entered upon his work in his twenty-ninth year. His first pastorate was at Liberty where he was ordained June, 1847. From there he removed to Alna, and from thence to Gardiner. From Gardiner he went to Bath, and from there to Auburn where he remained for nine years. After this he removed to Thomaston continuing for nine years.

His last pastorate was at Brunswick. Thus his ministry was wholly in Maine. When his term ended in Brunswick he had spent forty-five years in continuous service. In all his settlements he was successful. The churches were enlarged. Their spirituality and efficiency increased; their temporal equipments likewise bettered. In Auburn when he began the church assembled in a small and badly placed meeting house. He left them in one of the finest and best situated houses in the State. It was so in Thomaston. The house was enlarged and beautified during his stay. It was the same in Brunswick. The house was old and dingy. He left them in a beautiful and convenient house. In these pastorates he preached 4,700 sermons, baptized 377 persons.

Only this brief sketch will my limited space permit, of a strenuous and useful life. It was too evenly balanced perhaps to become especially conspicuous; its career was too consistent to arrest

the popular eye, for it was marked by no inconsistencies, distinguished by no eccentricities. He lacked the assurance necessary to famousness, despised the tactics essential to notoriety, as well as notoriety itself. His tastes were eminently of a literary order, and his was a student's life. And yet his abilities and acquirements were recognized by those able to judge. He was made President of the Maine Baptist Convention in 1897. In 1863 Colby University conferred upon him the degree of A. M., followed in 1883 by that of D. D. He was not a man whose strengths meant corresponding weaknesses, but was what would be understood in the phrase an "all round man,"-for as a preacher he was clear, logical, instructive and interesting, while as a pastor he was judicious and sympathetic. Besides, he was an excellent adviser, for his estimates of men were rarely at fault, his judgment of affairs penetrating and accurate. He was a man of untiring industry, an example to all in patient, persistent effort.

His sermons were laboriously prepared, written in full, and invariably delivered from the manuscript. In this method he was a firm believer and consistent as well, for he greatly preferred it in others. A defect in his vision obliged him to write in a very large hand on every other line of the paper. Nature had endowed him with a voice clear and resonant and of remarkable penetrative quality. He was passionately fond of music for which he had

exquisite taste and in which he found both recreation and inspiration. The account of his death—almost a translation—is familiar to all. He had removed to Thomaston to spend his last days, and at the time was in Waldoboro attending the Quarterly Meeting of the Damariscotta Association. He had just completed a sermon, preached with his accustomed energy, when the arrow struck him swift and sure, and with the triumphant utterance "Bless God this is a good place to die," his spirit took its flight to realms of eternal day. No sketch of his life would be complete without at least a brief mention of his estimable wife. She helped him to become all he was—to do all he did so well. They had two sons, both graduates of Colby ; one of them has deceased and the other is living at Tenant's Harbor.

XXI.

OAKMAN SPRAGUE STEARNS.

BY ALVAH HOVEY, D. D.

Oakman Sprague Stearns, an honored and useful son of Colby, was born in Bath, Me., on the twentieth of October, 1817. His father was pastor of the Baptist church in that place from its organization in 1810 to his own death in 1840, and, though not college-bred, was a close student, able to use Hebrew, Greek and Latin with more ease than a majority of graduates, for at one period of his life he was accustomed to read from the original text of Holy Scripture at family worship, morning and evening—sometimes, however, substituting the Latin Vulgate for the original.

Young Stearns took his preparatory course in Bath, and was admitted to Waterville College, now Colby University, in 1836, at the age of nineteen years. Martin B. Anderson, the late distinguished president of the University of Rochester, New York, was his classmate and room-mate. Thus was begun a life-long friendship between men of rare nobility of character and purpose. Like many others who

have achieved distinction in later years, they learned in early life to practice economy and self-denial. They resorted to school teaching through the winter months, that they might have bread and books during the rest of the year. This discipline of self-support was, doubtless, wholesome, though severe.

Dr. Stearns was graduated in the summer of 1840, and the next autumn took charge of an academy in Bedford, Westchester county, New York. At the end of a year he became principal of another academy located in the same town, and at the close of a year's service in this he returned to Bath and taught a third year, in the high school of his native place. During these three years (1840-1843) he had opportunity to review with great thoroughness many of the most important branches of his college course. But he did more than this. Looking forward to the ministry as his life work, he gave most of his spare moments, under proper guidance, to theological inquiries, expecting to pass but a single year in the seminary. These preliminary inquiries reveal the fixed purpose and the great energy of his mind. He afterwards decided to go over the whole curriculum of studies with his teachers at Newton, but the investigations made beforehand must have rendered his work at the institution uncommonly interesting, thorough and profitable.

His seminary life from 1843 to 1846 was delightful. The subjects which engaged his attention were

congenial. The teachers who guided his work were men of high character and attainments. He was drawn to Dr. Ripley by his sound learning, utter candor, and "sweet reasonableness," to Dr. Hackett, by his mental acumen, exact scholarship, and captivating eloquence, and to Dr. Sears, by his clear understanding, vast knowledge and enthusiastic purpose. To these men he always referred with gratitude and admiration, as well as to Professor Keely and others in the faculty at Waterville.

After finishing his theological course Dr. Stearns remained about six months in the Institution as an assistant of Dr. Hackett in the Biblical department, his special work being that of instructor in Hebrew. It is needless to say that his difficult task was performed to the satisfaction of all. At the close of his engagement with the Institution, he was ordained pastor of the Baptist church in Southbridge, Mass., May 19th, 1847, where he remained seven years. He then accepted a call to the Second Baptist church of Newark, N. J., which he served one year. And then, in response to a repeated and urgent invitation from the church at Newton Centre and with the reluctant but cordial consent of his people, he left Newark and became pastor at Newton Centre. His ministry in this place continued thirteen years, until in 1868 he was made Professor of Biblical Interpretation, Old Testament, in the Newton Theological Institution—a chair which he filled twenty-five years.

Dr. Stearns possessed qualities of mind and heart that rendered him a model pastor. "In his intercourse with men he was equally removed from haughtiness and servility." No man ever thought of him as proud or distant, and no one ever dreamed of trifling with him. He was "unimposing and slender in habit." At no period of his life did he weigh more than a hundred and twenty pounds. His body was always thin and frail, with more of nerve than of muscle, and rarely free from pain for a single day. But this was only the earthly tent; within there was a soul of highest quality, firm and bright, free and kind, touched with genius, sustained by faith, aglow with love. He was sympathetic in feeling and apt in conversation. His sentences were often few and crisp, but the law of kindness was on his tongue. A cordial greeting, a friendly inquiry, a suggestive comment, and lo! he was gone. Yet there was no haste in his manner, and the word that fell from his lips was likely to be remembered and cherished.

As a preacher Dr. Stearns was unique. His sermons were always written, and were read without constraint or hesitation. His bearing was natural and self-possessed. He used but little gesticulation, yet what he did employ was simple and forcible. He made no excursions about the platform, yet he never seemed to be still, for there was motion in his eye, his voice, his hand,—rapid, vital, effective. His entire being was tense with purpose

and energy. His swift glances penetrated every part of the room, and revealed to him every friend and stranger in the assembly. His voice pierced, if it did not *fill*, every part of the house. It was charged with personality. It kept the dullest awake. Nothing under his treatment was commonplace. There was life in every paragraph which he uttered; and, as radiated from his spirit, truth already known appeared more precious and divine than before. The impulse for good which came to his hearers from this type of preaching will never be lost.

In 1868, after twenty-one years of service in the pastoral office, Dr. Stearns was called to the chair of Biblical Interpretation, Old Testament, in the Newton Theological Institution. For this chair he was qualified by his knowledge of human nature, his interest in young men, his linguistic ability, his familiarity with the Hebrew Scriptures, his enthusiasm for the study of divine truth, his devotion to the service of Christ, his high ideals of theological education, his warm attachment to the Institution, and his early experience as a teacher.

He was successful in his new work, and his success was due, in the *first* place, to his singleness of aim. He gave himself up to the work of teaching, and sought to enrich that work by everything which he saw or heard or read. In the *second* place, to his mental energy. This was intense; his action was rapid without haste, vigorous with-

out noise, effective without bluster. His quick glance and speech betokened tension of mind, and conveyed a measure of his own alertness to those before him. Drones preferred to be in some other hive. In the *third* place, to his mental candor mingled with caution. This rendered him conservative as well as progressive, friendly to principles attested by ages of experience, as well as hospitable to opinions broached for the first time in his own day. It was his ambition and aim to teach religious truth as it is revealed in the Holy Scriptures. He was remarkably free from a dogmatic temper, and his work in the class-room was exceedingly helpful to those under his charge. In the *fourth* place, to his spiritual insight. He saw the beauty of holiness; he knew the secret of love. He was attracted to the Psalms, though less by their form than by their spirit, less by their noble harmony of expression than by their Divine rhythm of praise and trust. He knew their language and employed it freely in worship.

Still more precious to his heart were the words of Christ and of his apostles. Wherever spiritual truth was most clearly expressed, he was wont to pause and muse until the fire burned. And, in the *fifth* place, to his rare friendliness. He was deeply interested in every one of his pupils, and a part of his influence over them was due to their recognition of the perfect genuineness of the regard which he manifested for them. He was intent upon their

well-being. It was a custom of Dr. Stearns to invite the students under his instruction to visit him at his home in groups of three or four. Those evening visits brought professor and pupil into more intimate and friendly relations to each other, and the result was finer work in the classroom, and fuller preparation in intellect and heart for the Christian ministry.

Dr. Stearns was a wise counsellor. His judgment in regard to the proper work and conduct of the school was sagacious and influential. It was his habit to study actual conditions in the light of settled principles and high ideals, and his final position as to any practical matter was apt to be safe and expedient. Given the present, what is the greatest and fairest that can be made to come out of it for our children? This was the question which he always sought to answer.

For many years Dr. Stearns was a trustee of Colby University, his beloved *Alma Mater*, and at much personal inconvenience he discharged with fidelity the duties of his office. His counsels were highly esteemed by his associates on the Board, and his loyal and devoted service to the school which he never ceased to love is worthy of the highest commendation.

A word should be added in respect to his forms of exercise and recreation. What did he do when his armor was laid aside and his movements were left to his own will? God's literature was dear to

him. Not only was he eager to lay hold of every new volume or article which bore upon the origin, the preservation, or the meaning of any part of the Old Testament, but he was scarcely less eager to peruse the latest treatise on vital points concerning the New Testament, or on recent discoveries in the lands of the Bible, or on any subject of present interest to mankind.

Biography had strong attractions for him, and fiction also, in so far as the plot and outcome of the story were concerned. For it was life-struggles and issues that held his attention most closely and moved his spirit most deeply. Literary and social intercourse with friends was another diversion and source of joy. He was a member for a long time of two literary clubs, the "C. C.," composed of ministers, and "The Neighbors," composed of gentlemen engaged in various employments, and his life was made richer and clearer by friendly contact with other lives in these groups of earnest men.

Most of his exercise was taken in the open air by walking. When a pastor, these daily walks led him to the homes of his people where he found many a sermon for their good. His preaching was, therefore, timely, pertinent, and effective, since it was an application of divine truth to the moral condition of his people. The same mode of exercise was continued after he became professor, for he loved the works of God in nature, he was attracted by everything that has breath, and he even petted the

trees of his garden. The very air of a clear day was grateful to his senses, and to walk with a congenial friend was refreshing to every fiber of his being.

Dr. Stearns was twice married; first, to Anna Judson Grafton, June 8, 1847, who died, April 1, 1848, and then to Hannah Jane Beecher, December 2, 1850. His children by the second wife were William Oakman, Annie Beecher, and Charles Kinmouth Stearns,—the oldest being an honored minister of the Gospel, the second, wife of Mr. Kendall, a Boston architect, and the third an electrician residing in St. Paul, Minn. A true home is the holiest place on earth, and a true wife is the best gift of heaven to her husband; but when she is surrounded by a band of thankful and affectionate children, we may venture to say that the tabernacle of God is with man. Dr. Stearns had such a wife and such children, and his home was therefore dearer to him than any other place under the sun.

XXII.

JAMES HOBBS HANSON.

BY WM. H. SPENCER, D. D.

Among Christian educators, no name is more familiar to hundreds of men and women, the world over, than that of Dr. Hanson. To the student of human nature, his life and character present a subject of unusual interest, not because of brilliant qualities and exploits, but by reason of the triumph of plain intelligence and painstaking work, dignified and ennobled by Christian principle, in his long career as an instructor of youth.

He came from hardy New England stock. The family of one of his ancestors suffered the worst horrors of Indian captivity, two of the children being killed by the savages. His father, James Hanson, moved from South Berwick, Me., in 1812, and settled on a farm in China, Me., combining the trade of tailor with the toil of a farmer. James, the subject of this sketch, was his second son. His two brothers, one of them several years older, still survive him, showing the vigor of the stock.

James H. Hanson was born June 26, 1816—a year memorable for unparalleled rigors of climate

in this region. During the month of his birth seven feet of snow fell on the hills around his home. The babe that could survive such a stern reception from nature was ready for any struggle that might await him with trying human conditions.

His boyhood was like that of many another Maine boy of seventy years ago. Farm work gave him pure air, out-of-door life and wholesome exercise, and this it was that built the frame and knit the fibre that were to support and nourish the brain, that might work, without pain, almost without rest, for three score years.

It was before he left the farm that he passed through that greatest of all changes in the career of a human soul, which gives it a new and upward impulse toward God and holiness. He was converted under the ministry of Rev. Daniel Bartlett, then pastor of the Baptist church in China, and was baptized by him in China pond, March 26, 1835, the ice being cut for the purpose.

In his youth he gave early promise of the application and thoroughness of the true student. This was signally illustrated by the way in which he became a singer. It is well remembered that he had no natural gift or aptitude for music. But stimulated by the example of his brothers, he was determined to learn how to read music and to sing. He took it up as he afterwards took up Latin and Greek, mastering the principles of the art and training his voice, so that he became a very acceptable teacher of vocal music and was leader of the

choir in his own church for several years. It is no wonder that he was accustomed to declare that anyone could learn to sing if he chose to.

Dr. Hanson's career as a teacher began in 1835, in a small town in Penobscot county while preparing for college. After that, he taught two terms on Fox Island, now Vinalhaven, still in a country school. His next venture was in a village school in Searsmont, where he mustered courage to try the work of a singing-master, succeeding so well that he was induced to open a second school in another part of the town. This work brought him better compensation than that of the day schools, and during the next winter he carried on three singing schools. Thus he eked out a meagre support and paid his own way through the academy in China, which was then a school of considerable reputation, and also through Waterville College, where he graduated with honor in the class of 1842, standing second in his class.

He was now ready for his life-work, and just here he came upon one of those turns in life involving sore disappointment at first, which we can only account for through the superintendence of an over-ruling Providence. After his graduation, he went to Hampden, Maine, with the hope of becoming Principal of the academy there. They gave him a trial in a district school in one part of the town, but a rival in another district captured the academy, and Mr. Hanson was obliged to return to his early home on the farm in China, baf-

fled in his first attempt to find his place in the world, but kept for a place that was sorely needing such a one as he.

At this time Waterville Academy, which had been running down for several years, needed a resolute and steady hand at the helm, and indeed at every point, and Mr. Hanson was induced to come over and take the school in hand, having, as he said, nothing else to do, little thinking that here he was to find the real work of his life. The outlook was not cheering. The building had never been finished. There were no desks in the upper story. The only furniture in the school-room was a row of long pine benches. At first he was sole teacher, principal, janitor and treasurer in one personality, the last function filling the smallest place, for he had only five pupils to begin with. At the end of the first quarter the number had increased to twenty-five, but as this number was not large enough to support him, and as the trustees of the academy were not sustaining the forlorn hope, he made an arrangement with Preceptor Henry W. Paine of China Academy to assist him.

This woke up the Waterville trustees, who offered such inducements that Mr. Hanson was prevailed upon to continue at the head of the academy in Waterville, where for ten years and a half he worked with all his might. His own words best describe this period: "I never worked so hard in my life as during these years while I was building up the academy. I could not afford to hire an

assistant and had to do the work of two teachers. I heard recitations at six o'clock in the morning and after tea in the evening, and devoted ten hours a day to solid teaching."

During this period occurred his first marriage to Miss Sarah B. Marston, in 1845, a union which was terminated by her death in 1853.

In the following year there came a change in the course of Mr. Hanson's life, permanent as he then thought, but as it proved, only a temporary break in his career as the veteran principal of the fitting school in Waterville. In 1854 Eastport was one of the first towns in Maine to start a system of graded schools. Mr. Hanson, worn with the work of carrying on the academy with insufficient help and no backing from its well-wishers outside, was induced to take charge of the Eastport high school for \$1,000 a year, a high salary at that time. Those were pleasant years that he spent in Eastport. He was married a second time, in 1854, to Miss Mary E. Field, of Sidney, Me., who, with a daughter and son, survives him.

After three years, he listened to an urgent call from Portland to take charge of the boys' high school, which was in a demoralized state, and needed a strong and experienced hand at the helm. He soon triumphed over the difficulties of the situation, and remained at the head of the school six years. One of his pupils at that time, Rev. C. V. Hanson, D. D., says, "No one less resolute than he could have mastered the situation. Earnest and

honest work was resumed, and the school was brought again to a high standard."

Here occurred the great literary event of his life. In 1861 his Preparatory Latin Prose Book, on which he had bestowed the labor of many years, was issued from the press. The pupil just quoted says: "I remember well the first recitation in the book which was his joy and pride. The good doctor came to that eventful hour with a strange light in his face. I shall never forget its expression at that time. The labor of years was done, and the best of his work had come." Four years later he finished his work as joint editor of a Hand-Book of Latin Poetry.

In 1863, Mr. Hanson retired from the head of the Portland high school, but remained in the city two years longer at the head of a private school.

In 1865, he was recalled to Waterville by the trustees of the college, who had resumed the control of the academy, with its name changed to Waterville Classical Institute. From that time until five days before his death, a period of nearly twenty-nine years, he worked in season and out of season for the success of the most celebrated fitting school in Maine. He was its life, its one sufficient attraction and for many years its sole endowment. The cash endowment which it received from Governor Coburn in 1874, and the elegant memorial building erected by the same munificent giver in 1883, to the memory of his brother and nephew,

were secured largely through the influence of this tireless Principal.

In 1862, Mr. Hanson was made a trustee of Waterville College, now Colby University, and no trustee has ever taken a deeper or more intelligent interest in the college. In 1872, his Alma Mater honored him and herself at the same time, by conferring upon him the title of LL. D.

Although Dr. Hanson was so closely connected with Coburn Classical Institute for forty years that the history of one is almost the history of the other, this was not all. He was more than a school teacher or scholar. In the churches with which he was connected he was always an active member, and held almost every office except that of pastor,—chorister, Sunday school superintendent, teacher, treasurer, clerk and deacon, and in all he was faithful, not sparing himself. He used his power for work in every way, as teacher, and citizen, both of this world and of the kingdom of heaven. All his work was Christian work. Take him all in all, he was a man of the highest type, conscientious, thorough, pure-minded, generous, just, truth-loving and God-fearing. In person he was of medium height and spare, quick in motion, except during the last eight years of his life, when disease and weakness delayed his pace and shortened his steps.

There was one word that filled up the conception of life for Dr. Hanson, and that word was Duty. To meet and fulfil that conception he was able and

willing to work with almost tireless energy. To carry on the Institute with the very last breath of vitality that he could command, was what he seemed at last to live for. For him to live was to work. The day of his life was given for work, and when the time came that he could work no more, then night speedily came. He laid him down upon his couch and fell asleep to wake in full strength to a service which shall be endless, tireless and painless forevermore.

